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# THE MUNSEY



## NOVEMBER

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# Munsey's Magazine

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# IMPORTANT

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# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

## The Sport of Kings in America.

*BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.*

THE REMARKABLE GROWTH OF RACING IN THE UNITED STATES AND OF INTEREST IN THE SPORT—IN 1902 SOCIETY AND THE PUBLIC HAVE CAUGHT THE FEVER AS NEVER BEFORE.

THE season of 1902 saw the American running turf make more rapid strides towards the high standard of sport set by that ancient and honorable organization, the Jockey Club of Great Britain, than any previous year had ever witnessed. Well might the enthu-

siastic patron of the "sport of kings" point with pride to the progress of thoroughbred racing in the United States during the first two years of the twentieth century. Little less than marvelous was the increase of interest in the sport, an interest which extended to

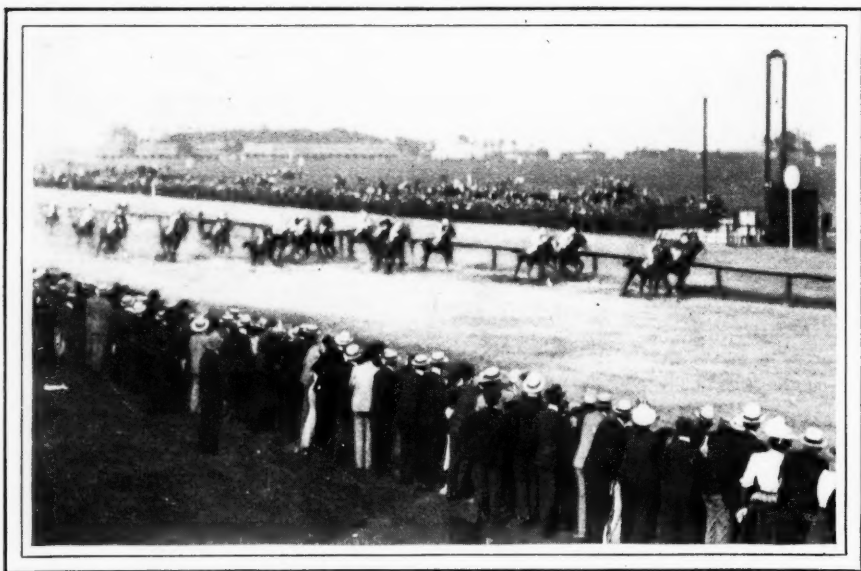


GOLD HEELS, WINNER OF THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP, AND PROBABLY THE PREMIER THOROUGHBRED OF 1902—GOLD HEELS IS A FOUR YEAR OLD BAY, SON OF THE BARD AND OF HEEL AND TOE, AND IS OWNED BY GENERAL F. C. McLEWEE'S RACING FIRM.

every stratum of society, and which reached its culmination in the meeting at Saratoga and in the fall meetings at Sheepshead Bay and Morris Park.

Small wonder that the twenty two day meeting of the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses eclipsed any race meet ever held in this country. William Collins

stone, F. R. Hitchcock, R. T. Wilson, Jr., P. J. Dwyer, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and John Sanford. The meeting of 1901 came too soon for the new syndicate to carry out half of the plans which its energetic and far seeing president had in mind. Notwithstanding this paucity of time, many improvements were made, and the meeting was the



THE FINISH OF THE RACE FOR THE FUTURITY STAKES AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, AUGUST 30—SAVABLE BEATING AUGUST BELMONT'S LORD OF THE VALE BY A NOSE.

Whitney, the foremost American patron of the thoroughbred, and his confrères, all representative of the highest type of American sportsmen and gentlemen, had expended a sum estimated at a quarter of a million dollars in making the race course at the famous spa a spot worthy to be called the "American Newmarket," or, as Mr. Whitney himself preferred to style it, the "American Epsom."

Standing at the head of the patrons of racing in this country, William C. Whitney has done more for the American thoroughbred than any other man. It was in December, 1900, that a syndicate with Mr. Whitney at the head purchased the race track property at Saratoga Springs. Included in the syndicate were such lovers of the thoroughbred as Perry Belmont, Alfred Feather-

most brilliant ever seen at the spa. With eleven months before them, the syndicate went to work with a will to prepare for the meeting of 1902. More land was purchased. The course was almost laid out anew. New stables, paddocks, and stands were erected regardless of expense. No pains were spared to beautify the course. Everywhere the master hand of Mr. Whitney and his open purse were visible.

The Saratoga track was always a beautiful spot. Under the magic touch of its new owners it became a paradise. Beautiful Horse Haven, noted the country over for its pure air and the enormous benefit which accrues to the thoroughbreds summered there, was made an Eden. Workmen were busy at the course up to the opening day. It was freely predicted that the 1902 meet-



SAVABLE, WINNER OF THE FUTURITY STAKES—A TWO YEAR OLD BAY, THE SON OF SALVATOR AND STRATHFLOWER, SAVABLE IS OWNED BY THE WESTERN HORSEMAN, JOHN A. DRAKE.

ing at the springs would break all records. The prediction sank into insignificance when faced with the reality. The racing and the social world stood



A GROUP OF THE PROMINENT JOCKEYS OF 1902.



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S STRING OF THOROUGHBREDS OUT FOR THEIR MORNING EXERCISE AT SARATOGA.

amazed at the Saratoga meeting of 1902. While it lasted patrons and public alike were carried away with the inspiration of the hour and failed to appreciate what was happening. After it was all over sobriety returned and men realized the pinnacle to which the "sport of kings" had attained in this country. Everything favored the meeting at the spa.

#### THE SEASON'S RECORD.

The season of 1902 opened on March 25 with the meeting of the Washington Jockey Club at Bennings. Better horses than ever before were pointed for the early spring racing at the capital city. The meeting ran its seventeen days with great success.

On Tuesday, April 15, when racing began around New York, the appetite of the public was keenly whetted for the

sport to follow. The Queens County Jockey Club raised the price of admission at its plebeian course at Aqueduct to two dollars. The wiseacres predicted a falling off in the attendance and a resultant loss to the club. Many improvements had been made at Aqueduct since the fall meeting of 1901. The opening day found the track, with its enlarged grand stand and better facilities, unable to accommodate the crowds which surged out of the city. Fourteen days of racing followed at this track under ideal weather conditions.

The opening at Morris-Park came, and with it the running of the Metropolitan Handicap, the first of the classic races of the year. A new element added itself to the racegoers. Society turned out as never before. Beautiful Morris Park became the Mecca of the people who never be-

fore had visited a race course. The record breaking attendance on the opening day was only an omen of what was to follow. The quality of the sport was excellent. There was less "in and out" running than ever before. All the prominent stables were by this time sending horses to the post daily. The throng on the club house lawn was a brilliant as well as a select and representative one. Rich stakes were run and won.

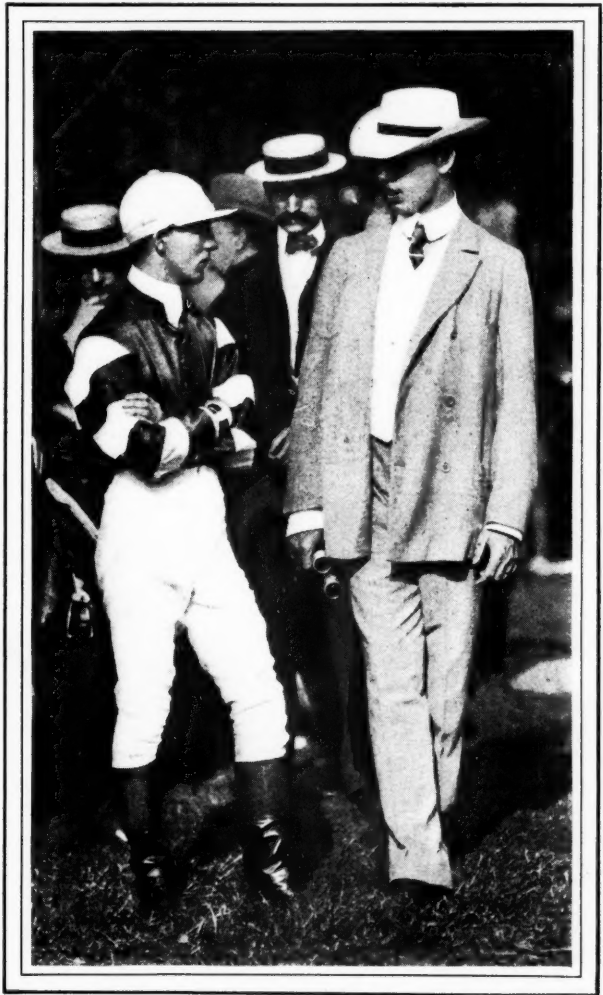
The Brooklyn Jockey Club threw open its gates at Gravesend on May 24. The popular Brooklyn Handicap was won by an outsider in the presence of a crowd which delighted those who had the welfare of racing at heart. It was estimated that more than thirty thousand people paid for admission. The public continued to support the sport throughout the eighteen days of the meeting despite a losing streak of favorites, which always in the past has worked against a large attendance at a track.

Suburban Day came, and with it the opening of the beaches. The Coney Island Jockey Club made preparations to handle the crowd of its history. It was not disappointed. The day dawned bright and clear. New York emptied itself upon Long Island, and the beautiful Sheepshead Bay course was overrun. New York was race mad.

The whole country reflected the fever. In Chicago, on June 21, at Washington Park, when the American

Derby was run, sixty thousand people witnessed the race. In staid New England, a week's meeting was successfully run off at Providence under the auspices of the Rhode Island Jockey Club. The races were held at Narragansett Park, and were well patronized, although New England is the home of the trotter. There were also well attended meetings at New Orleans, Oakland, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, and other Western and Southern cities.

In the metropolitan district, when the



A GROUP IN THE PADDOCK AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY—THE FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND ARE NASH TURNER, THE JOCKEY, AND HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY.

Coney Island Jockey Club finished its eighteen days, the midsummer meeting of the Brighton Beach Racing Association followed, lasting from July 5 to August 2—twenty five racing days. The seaside track had undergone extensive improvements since 1901. A new club house and a new paddock offered pa-



JOHN A. DRAKE, THE WESTERN HORSEMAN, WHOSE TWO YEAR OLD COLT SAVABLE WON THE FUTURITY STAKES.

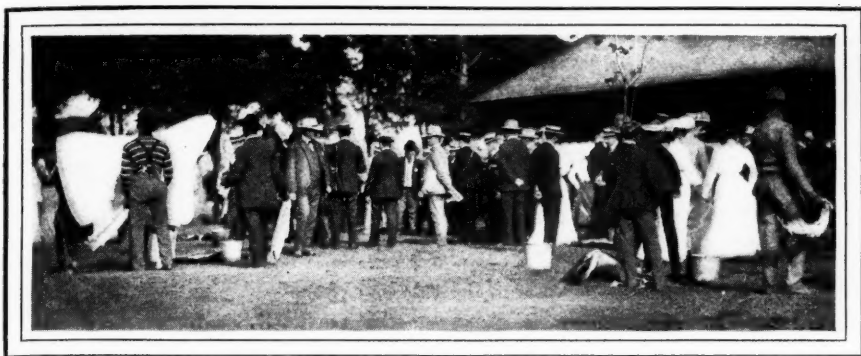


LUCIEN LYNE, THE JOCKEY WHO WON THE AMERICAN DERRY, AT CHICAGO, AND THE FUTURITY FOR MR. DRAKE.

trons better opportunity to see the sport. The meeting was very successful. Purses were larger than ever before, and more of the prominent owners raced at Brighton.

#### THE CARNIVAL OF SARATOGA.

Consequently, all things pointed to such a meeting at Saratoga as had never been chronicled in American turf annals. At the spa course, on August 4, there were assembled all the prominent horsemen and all the speediest thoroughbreds of the country. Racing had been booming all over the United States, and conditions were ripe for a record breaking meeting. It was here that the West sent its champions to meet the best that the East could produce, and right well did the Western owners and horses do the work expected of them. With such an assemblage at the springs the meeting could not but be brilliant. Owners, breeders, trainers, plungers, and hangers on, all were at Saratoga. Financiers, statesmen, politicians, and men of all sorts and conditions flocked to the course. Millionaires were at every hand. The gambling fever was in the air and sent the blood tingling through the veins of large and small speculators alike. Men who usu-



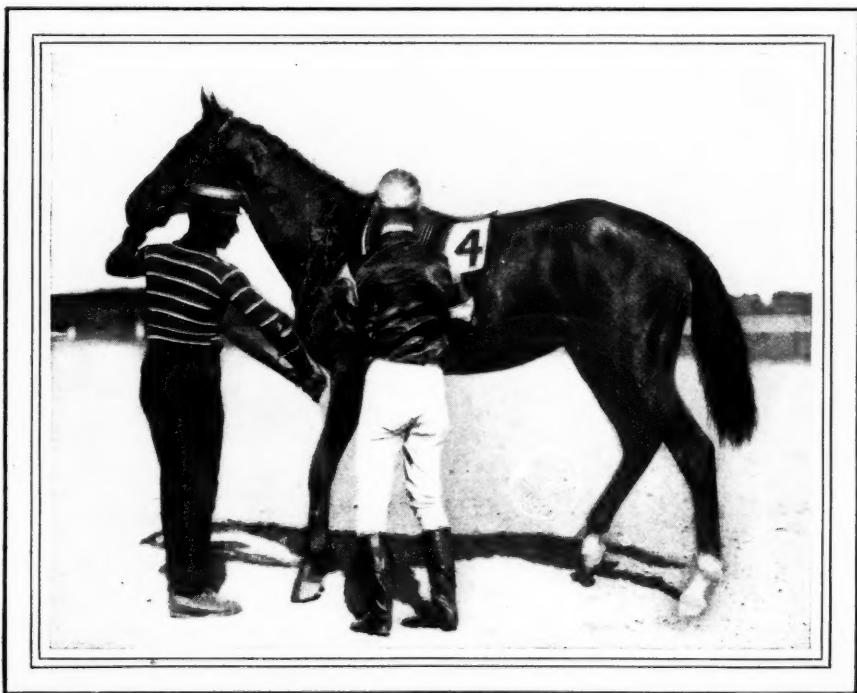
A SCENE IN THE PADDOCK AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY ON FUTURITY DAY.

ally wagered five dollars on a race bet hundreds at a clip.

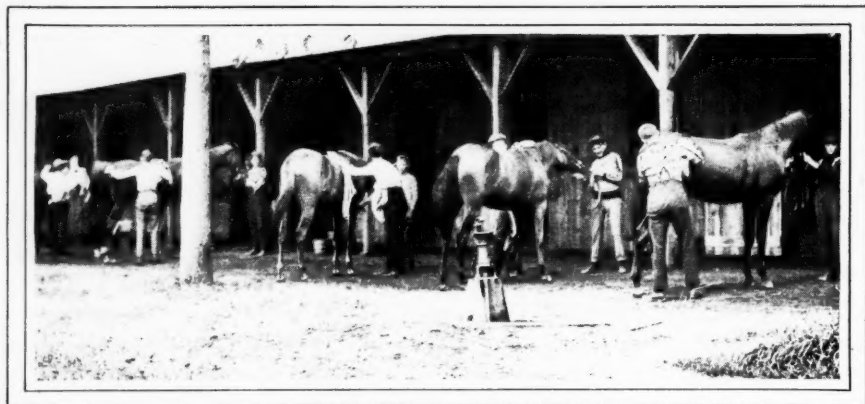
In the afternoon the race tracks, and in the evening the clubs, were the scenes of such high speculation as the American turf world had never before seen. John W. Gates and John A. Drake led the Western crowd, and deluged the betting ring with Western gold. David Gideon, Dave Johnson, George E.

Smith, and M. F. and C. F. Dwyer bet tens of thousands at a time, and were the most prominent of the Eastern plungers.

The program of a day at the spa reads with delight to the lover of excitement and ease. It was the fashion to rise early, if the hour of retiring permitted it, and drive out to the race track to watch the morning gallops of



IRISH LAD, WINNER OF THE SARATOGA SPECIAL AND THE FLATBUSH STAKES, AND ONE OF THE BEST TWO YEAR OLDS OF THE YEAR, OWNED BY HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND HERMAN DURYEA.



THOROUGHBREDS "COOLING OUT" AT HORSE HAVEN, SARATOGA.

the horses. A splendid appetite for breakfast was the result. The morning was spent in lounging about the hotels and clubs. Soon it was time for luncheon and the racing. Then came a drive out to the lake, after the races, and a return in time to dress for dinner—the event of the day. In the evening the clubs drew every one. Here the scenes were brilliant and play was high. Such was a day at Saratoga during the racing season.

Society found Saratoga an ideal sojourning place. It was picturesque. It was popular. Every one and every one's friends were there. And last, but not least, society was at its ease and was supremely comfortable at the springs.

Nothing which money could buy, or which the connoisseur could crave, was wanting. A week's amusement cost a small fortune. Those, therefore, who had the small fortune, spent it, and felt amply repaid.

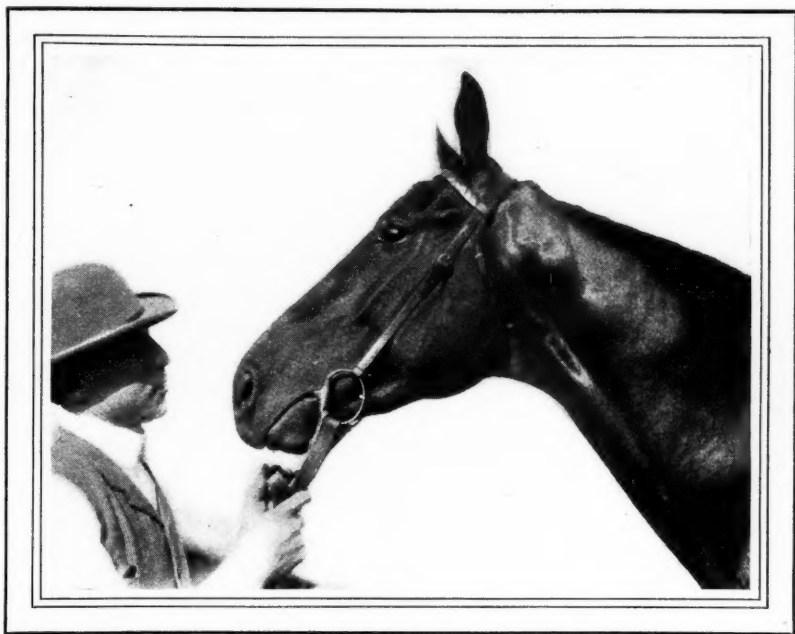
Among the victims of the racing fever were two prominent society women, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Mrs. Herman B. Duryea. The husbands of these two ladies had earlier in the season formed the racing firm of Whitney & Duryea, and had purchased some promising two year olds at prices equal to a king's ransom. The idea of emulating their husbands occurred to the ladies. The thought was no sooner conceived than acted upon. The racing



A SCENE ON THE LAWN AT SHEEPHEAD BAY ON FUTURITY DAY.

firm of "Mr. Roslyn" was formed. Colors—green and white—were registered with the Jockey Club. A likely two year old colt was secured and pointed for his first race in the new silks. Not until the Sheepshead Bay meeting was the colt sent to the post. Alsono, in his first start in the colors of the new

undying fame by his plucky races. Inheriting speed and stamina from his sire and dam alike, Gold Heels showed himself the peer of the all aged division. Much to the disappointment of his owners, and of horsemen in general, he pulled up lame after winning the Brighton Cup, and was thrown out of



ALSONO, THE TWO YEAR OLD WHO FIRST CARRIED TO VICTORY THE COLORS OF "MR. ROSLYN," THE RACING FIRM FORMED BY MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY AND MRS. HERMAN B. DURYEA.

firm, won a handy victory, to the vast delight of the club house contingent.

#### THE RACE HORSES OF 1902.

So much for the attributes of the turf. What of the thoroughbreds themselves during the season of 1902? Was there progress or retrogression? There was much progress. One horse stands out prominently in the annals of the year's racing. At the top of the page, in bold relief, is Gold Heels, the four year old bay son of The Bard and of Heel and Toe, winner of the Suburban Handicap, the Advance Stakes, the Brighton Handicap, and the Brighton Cup—a truly remarkable list of victories. Owned by General F. C. McLewee's racing firm, and trained by Matt Allen, the son of The Bard gained

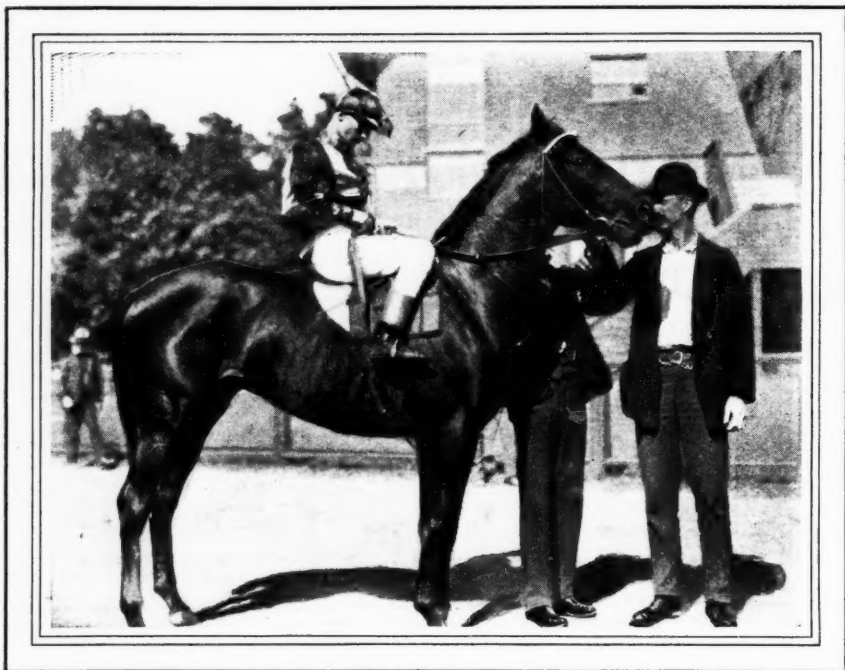
training for the remainder of the season. The bay horse, however, had well earned his rest.

In the same stable with Gold Heels was Major Daingerfield, the showy black colt, by Handspring-Mon Droit, which captured the three year old laurels of the year through his victories in the Brooklyn Derby, the Tidal Stakes, the Lawrence Realization, and the Annual Champion, although he trained off about midsummer and was beaten in the Brighton Derby Stakes and the Century Stakes. The son of Handspring was one of the handsomest horses in training. Gold Heels and Major Daingerfield won close upon seventy five thousand dollars for General F. C. McLewee and "Diamond Jim" Brady during the season.

Next to Gold Heels, in point of popu-

lar favor, was Advance Guard, the five year old chestnut son of Great Tom and Nellie Van, owned by Carruthers and Shields, the Western horsemen. The "iron horse," as he was familiarly termed, stood a continuous campaign from early spring to late fall, and acquitted himself nobly in view of the hard racing he had. Advance Guard

The most important stable of horses raced during the year was without doubt the Whitney-Madden-Duryea string. This stable had four strings to its bow, and raced under four separate sets of colors. All were trained, however, by one man, John E. Madden, acknowledged to be the best trainer on the American turf. The stable raced



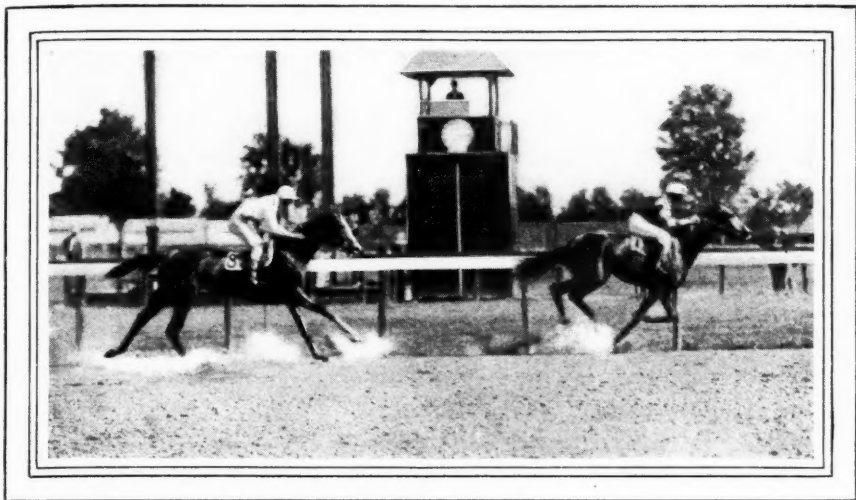
CHUCTANUNDA, THE FOUR YEAR OLD SON OF LAUREATE AND LA TOSCA, OWNED BY SANFORD & SONS  
—ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL THOROUGHBREDS OF THE YEAR.

is better classed as a handicap horse than as a stake horse, although the old campaigner placed many a stake to his credit.

One of the best horses in training during the season was Chuctanunda, owned by S. Sanford & Sons, the Amsterdam breeders. The four year old son of Laureate and La Tosca was not started until the Saratoga meeting. Needing his first race to put him on edge, the colt won four successive races, several in track record time, and was forthwith pronounced the best horse in training, Gold Heels having retired. Chuctanunda kept up his winning record at Sheephead Bay.

under the light blue and brown of William C. Whitney, the cherry and white of John E. Madden, the green and white of Whitney & Duryea, and the green white bars of "Mr. Roslyn." In the stable of Mr. Whitney, Sr., were such horses as Gunfire, Morningside, Blue Girl, King Hanover, Goldsmith, Smoke, Ballyhoo Bey, Yankee, Girdle, and Payne.

The 1902 crop of two year olds were an excellent lot, although no single horse stood out as did Commando or Hanover. Early in the year, it looked as if Mizzen would be the horse of the division. He went back, however, and was beaten frequently at Sheephead



IRISH LAD WINNING THE SARATOGA SPECIAL, THE CHIEF STAKE OF THE SARATOGA MEETING, FROM THE KEENE FILLY DAZZLING, ON AUGUST 9.

and Saratoga. Mizzen won the Juvenile, the National Stallion Stakes, and the Eclipse Stakes for August Belmont at Morris Park. The son of Hastings and Donna Mia did not start again until the Great Trial Stakes at Sheepshead Bay, when he was easily beaten by Irish Lad. At Saratoga, Irish Lad administered another defeat to Mizzen in the rich Saratoga Special. Mexican, the Mirthful-Landrinio colt, running in the colors of Clarence H. Mackay, won the first half of the Double Event at Sheepshead Bay. The second half went to Whitechapel, by Chorister-White Rose, owned by James R. and F. P. Keene.

Savable, the son of Salvator and Strathflower, came out of the West and beat the best two year olds of the year in the Futurity Stakes, the rich event run off at Sheepshead Bay on the last Saturday in August. The colt went lame directly after the race, to the great disappointment of John A. Drake, his owner, who had agreed to match this equine Lochinvar again against the best Eastern colts of his age.

The Keenes' two year old string was one of the strongest of the year. It included such sterling performers as Dazzling, Duster, Dalesman, Clarion, Sir Launcelot, Prediction, Whitechapel, Injunction, Biturica, Flying Prince, Hurst Park, Gimcrack, and Rigodon.

The white and blue spots of the Keenes were also carried to victory on frequent occasions by the three year olds Delagoa and Port Royal. Mr. Alfred Featherstone, the Chicago turfman, started the season well with Arsenal, who won the Metropolitan Handicap, and with Reina, who captured the Brooklyn Handicap. After these two victories, however, his successes were not numerous.

Throughout the season there was a dearth of good riding talent, and the capable jockeys earned princely salaries. The racing, under the guidance of the Jockey Club, was unusually clean and free from fraud, and the general public showed its appreciation of the efforts of the stewards by its generous support of the sport. Speculation was higher than ever before, and more than a million dollars changed hands on the result of several of the big races. The heavy plungers carried on their operations legitimately, however, and it was but seldom that the powers that be had occasion to interfere.

Looked at from every possible standpoint, the season of 1902 was the most successful in the history of the American turf—from a breeding as well as from a racing outlook—and the "sport of kings" stands on a firmer basis today in this country than it has ever reached in the past.



THE DUTCH TRADER OF NEW AMSTERDAM AND THE INDIAN WHO SOLD HIS BIRTHRIGHT FOR A MESS OF POTTAGE.

# The Evolution of Manhattan.

BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

THE SEVEN AGES OF NEW YORK—HOW THE INDIANS SOLD THEIR BIRTHRIGHT TO THE DUTCH; THE COMING OF THE BRITISH, AND THE BIRTH OF INDEPENDENCE; THE NEW YORK THAT DICKENS SAW, THE NEW YORK OF THE CIVIL WAR, AND THE NEW YORK OF TODAY—NEVER WERE THERE SHARPER CONTRASTS, NEVER A MORE MARVELOUS CIVIC DEVELOPMENT.

THERE is as little cause to envy the dwellers along the Rhine when we have the Hudson at our feet, as to envy the historic glories of European cities once we are familiar with our own. With swift mutations of form and color, the scenes have been changing throughout Manhattan's annals—even from that day, nearly four centuries ago, when a band of frightened red men, clad in skins, crouched in the bushes at what we call the Battery and watched the approach of the first white man's ship they had ever looked upon. Can you bemoan the absence of romance in the city's history when that scene was its commencement—sublime like the crea-

tion of a continent, wonderful like human birth? Europe has nothing more picturesque than the earliest periods of Manhattan, nothing more overwhelming than its latest.

## IN THE DAYS OF PETER MINUIT.

There are memory haunted nooks and corners which to every New Yorker, even to every American, should be sacred. There are pavements that still echo the footsteps of men who rank with the heroes of the world. There are still existing houses in which occurred the most dramatic events in the story of the republic. Can you pass the Bowling Green, tipping the southerly end of

Broadway, and not recall that here the giant city had its birth; that here one day, two hundred and seventy six years ago, Peter Minuit, earliest of our Dutch governors, stood with his aides, gay in

Here was the Government House. Here were the May Day dances. It knows no gatherings now save those of the lonely families of the skyscrapers' janitors; and the nearest dancing is that



THE EVOLUTION OF MANHATTAN—THE  
OLD AND THE NEW COMMERCIAL  
ARCHITECTURE OF NEW YORK.

velvets and laces, and with a payment of tawdry trinkets, estimated—by the payer—to be worth twenty four dollars, purchased from the native chiefs the whole beautiful island of Manhattan?

The Bowling Green remains, and probably will remain until the city is no more; but today there is no trace of the old time architecture of New Amsterdam that surrounded it. Gone is even the row of quaint old houses which but yesterday looked up Broadway from the farther side of the green; yet if with loving care you seek in neighboring streets you will find some scattered evidence of the time when here were the residences of our early families of wealth and power.

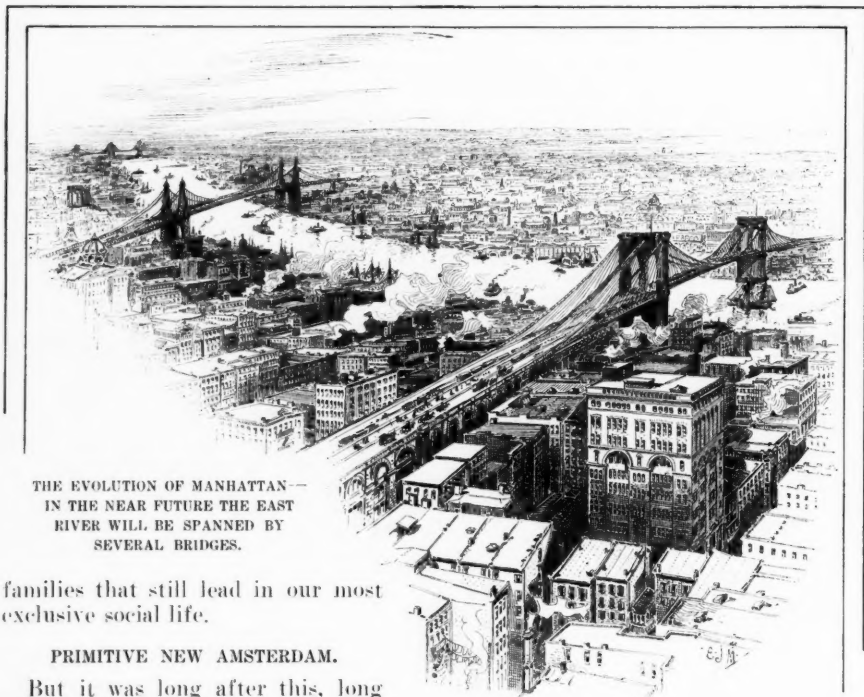
From the first the Bowling Green was the center of the people's social life.

of frenzied brokers on the floors of the exchanges.

On the other hand, how strange that even in Minuit's time, when heavily wooded hills extended along the center of the island from the Battery clear to the northern extremity, when just above Wall Street were wigwams, cowpaths, and corn fields, and when at high tide the waters of the two rivers joined across the marsh where now is Canal Street—that even then, by a peculiar colonization which socially affects the New York of today, development went far above the limits of the island itself. For the great Dutch West India Company, whose imperial powers make twentieth century trust magnates seem like petty shopkeepers, granted the feudal title of "patroon," together

with vast tracts along the Hudson, in return for planting there a colony of fifty people. And thus arose the Hudson's splendid estates and those old

Beyond, all is primeval forest. At nightfall the town herdsman drives the cattle within the wall, delivering each cow to its owner, whom he notifies by



families that still lead in our most exclusive social life.

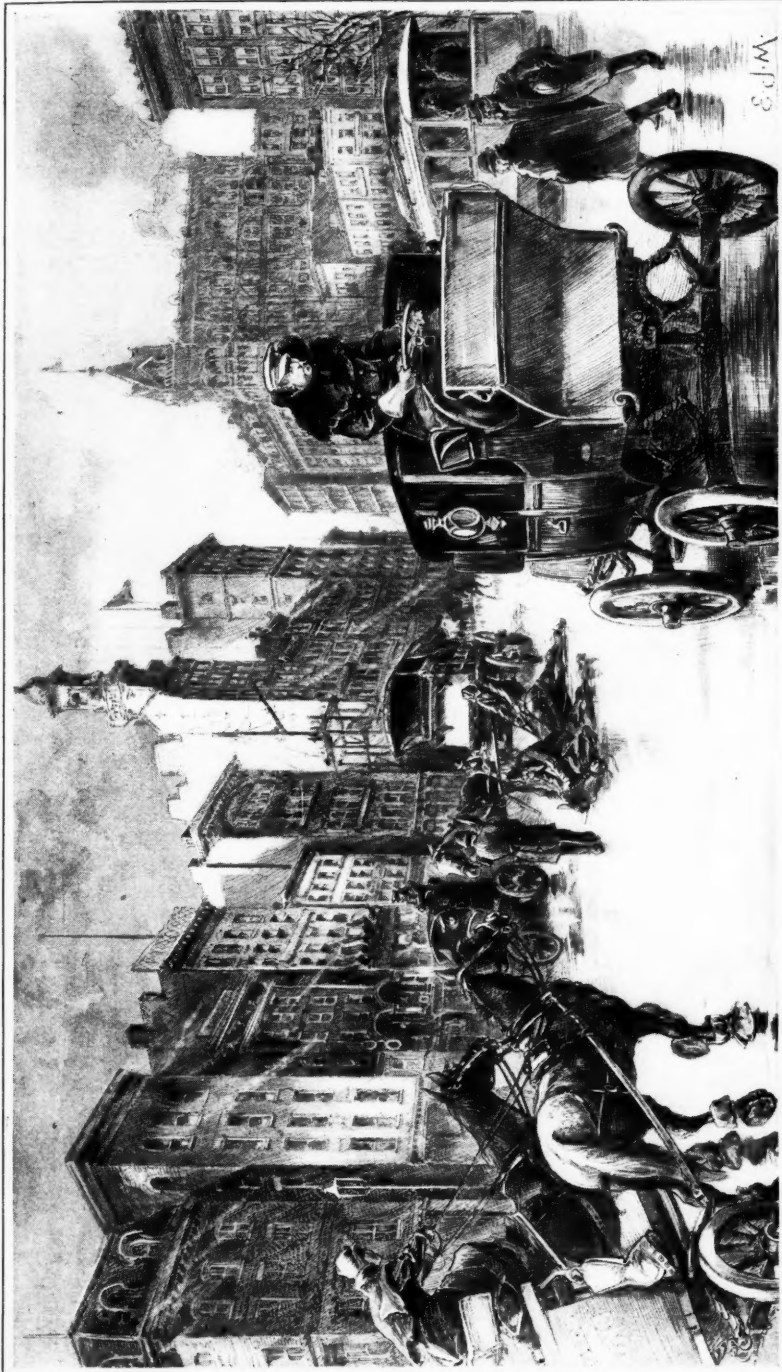
#### PRIMITIVE NEW AMSTERDAM.

But it was long after this, long after Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, lord over seven hundred thousand acres, had married his niece to fat old Wouter Van Twiller, whom Washington Irving has so deliciously described, before the town itself crept northward even as far as the farm of Peter Stuyvesant. The town he knew—and does ever a Wall Street broker think of it?—ended at our financial thoroughfare, where then a palisade extended across the island. At its East River extremity one could pass through an arched gate to a country road, which, a short distance out, was joined by a footpath from Broadway, running beside a tiny, spring fed stream. Here rosy cheeked Dutch girls washed their home spun linen, making the path by oft going to the little brook. Hence it came to have the name of Maiden Lane—the street where now great jewelers annually import millions in precious stones to bedeck the fair descendants of those pretty barefoot girls.

the blast of a horn. The curfew tolls from the fort, the city gates clang to—and old Dutch New York goes to sleep. What think you of that, midnight revelers miles and miles north of the spot where that quaint gate clanged but two centuries ago? Wolves then prowled where now your glasses clink, and—but so do they today, for that matter.

#### THE PASSING OF DUTCH RULE.

Then, in a setting of the sun, without bloodshed, almost as if by magic, we became English. Dutch democracy passed away, and we had our first aristocracy—the patroons excepted, and they became lords of the manors. It was the heyday of Captain Kidd. Pirates and privateersmen swaggered through the streets, lavish with gold, bringing African slaves and marvelous products from the east. And the Sunday show on Broadway was far gayer than our Easter pa-



THE EVOLUTION OF MANHATTAN—MODERN IMPROVEMENTS HAVE THEIR PENALTIES, AS THE SLIPPERY ASPHALT SHOWS ON A SLEET DAY IN WINTER; BUT THIS PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED WHEN THE AUTOMOBILE SUPERSEDES THE HORSE FOR CITY TRACTION.



THE EVOLUTION OF MANHATTAN—THE HUGE UP TOWN APARTMENT HOUSES WHICH ARE MAKING NEW YORKERS A RACE OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

rade on Fifth Avenue, notably so as regards the men, strutting towards old Trinity in embroidered silks and satins, silver buckles and whitened wigs. Even more resplendent were they at the governor's residence on the Battery, wherein was much stately festivity, particularly on the occasion of a royal birthday.

And then, but not in a day, not without bloodshed, and sadly unlike magic, we became American. Even then all the country above the present Union Square was a wilderness, broken here and there by farms and tiny villages. We advance another half century to find an unceasing stream of stages running from the Battery to Greenwich, Yorktown, and elsewhere. The old families on State Street, or Canal, attended the fashionable Park Theater, near the City Hall, or spent the evening at Vauxhall Gardens, extending from Broadway to the Bowery.

#### THE TAVERNS OF OLD NEW YORK.

Now was the glory of the old time road houses, whose passing was sadly significant of the city's awakening to

giant growth. Vanished are even many of the roads themselves, along which New Yorkers once sped behind fleet trotters, or the lumbering coaches to Boston and Albany scattered the dust. The old Bloomingdale Road is one such memory, with glistening vistas of the Hudson at every foot and the best of cheer at a dozen hotels and taverns. A Bloomingdale boniface—of a race now gone forever—once said of the dying out of driving on his road:

"There was no dying out. It just disappeared one afternoon all of a sudden, and that was the end of it. Central Park was opened, and one Sunday the whole crowd went through it and up Harlem Lane, and they never came back to old Bloomingdale!"

And that is typical of changes in New York. Things do not die out. They just disappear some afternoon all of a sudden, and that is the end of them. For a few weeks you remain away from the shopping, the theatrical, or the fashionable region. You again visit it, and it is not there. The bargain hunters, the thespians, the smart set, have gone elsewhere, never to return.

The passing of the road house was not a trivial matter. It was vital and prophetic. As to Colonial and Revolutionary New York, its whole history could be told in that of her taverns; of Cregier's, opposite the Bowling Green, the club house of the old Dutch merchants, each of whom had his long stemmed pipe in the rack of the public room; of Fraunce's, near the Royal Exchange, the scene of many a heart thrilling gathering in Washington's day.

#### NEW YORK'S NORTHWARD MARCH.

Where we have dined is here more pertinent than where we have fought. Seventy five years ago our forefathers frequented a little shop somewhere in the neighborhood of the Battery. It was kept by a Swiss with an Italian name, whose wines were of such excellence that his customers followed him to Beaver Street. Faithful even to his descendants, they followed again to Broadway and Morris Street, where Louis Napoleon, later Emperor of the French, supped with James Wallack and Jenny Lind. In the first year of the Civil War, New Yorkers were dining with the same Swiss family at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. In the Centennial year they had reached Twenty Sixth Street; and only the other day the old timer seated himself with a sigh of content, and for the first time as far up as Forty Fourth Street critically looked over the *carte du jour*. And that in a nutshell is the story of Manhattan's upward march—within the limits of one of its most characteristic phases.

But in the meanwhile, back there at the Battery, Castle Garden—where the Dutch had lowered their flag to the English, and where, long after, the Americans had given their hearts to the Swedish nightingale—had become an immigrant station, and the whole region fell upon evil days, vice and squalor holding high carnival in its low grogeries and lodging houses. And so at last the old families were forced from their homes to journey regretfully up town, taking only the memory of days when the Battery was the haunt of stately fashion and of happy poverty; the scene of Lafayette's landing and of Kossuth's,

of the triumphs of Jenny Lind, Mario, and Grisi. And as we walk in the reclaimed park, all of us may have the pleasant knowledge that it was the favorite walk also of Washington, Hamilton, Talleyrand, Jerome Bonaparte, Louis Philippe, and other actors in great dramas of the past.

#### A TIME OF SOCIAL TRANSITION.

Doubtless the period of this exodus was our worst—architecturally, morally, politically. We had just emerged from another—that in which Charles Dickens saw us—when, having forgotten the refinements of Washingtonian days, we were somewhat boorish and decidedly provincial. But more deplorable were the years immediately following the Civil War. Then we first had a hideously vulgarized society. Then we first saw the pauper in the twinkling of an eye become the millionaire. Then we first knew civic and corporate robbery on a colossal scale. And there were times when, noting how official corruption was taken quite as a matter of course, it seemed as if the republican form of government were a farce, and that it would have been a blessing if affairs in the long ago could have stopped short; if old Peter Stuyvesant could have continued indefinitely to stump along lower Broadway, or if the English royal governors for centuries of Sundays to come could have driven in their state coaches to the doors of old Trinity. But the evils were fleeting; and probably we should march to the Bowling Green to pull down King George's statue with our old time fury if we had it to do all over again.

Other results, less serious, appear permanent. In our up town march we have driven one of our most picturesque elements practically out of our midst. Magnificent houses are still erected—from habit, perhaps; but with the multimillionaire a town house is largely a storehouse. As a residence it is as obsolete as the unbounded hospitality of its old time New Year's Day receptions. Many families would never come to town but for the Horse Show or the opera, and even for these they put up at the hotels and their clubs. The city is gay. The hostelrys, restaurants, and theaters

are as splendid as any in the world. The life is brilliant, beautiful, alluring; but that of the old time New York home is gone except among the middle class—whose home, alas, is the flat! Fifth Avenue is no more what it was fifteen years ago than Wall Street resembles itself in the days when its gate led to the garden of the West India Company.

#### A CIVIC MONUMENT TO MODERNITY.

But weightier matters engross the New Yorker of today. From the Bowling Green of Peter Stuyvesant to the battlefields of Central Park and far beyond, the mighty city is a chaos. Men toil far beneath its streets, waving flags of red heralding the hourly dynamite explosion. On the surface entire blocks are razed, and palaces erected by merchant princes are cast aside as if mere cabins of the pioneers. Beneath one river men tunnel towards the Jersey flats. Far above the other, still other men, mere pigmies, creep along spider-like threads that swing from shore to shore. Where the red men sold the island for paltry baubles rises a stately custom house. From that spot to a

point far beyond the lands they sold there is naught but the making and spending of millions. Millions are pouring into vast tunnels, are crushing down upon tiny triangles of earth, crystallizing in the beautiful lines of libraries and halls of government, rising in the grandeur of the cathedral on the city's Acropolis, and stretching out in the steel arms of huge bridges to welcome the outer boroughs to a more perfect union.

The universality of the pending metamorphosis, the way in which, of a sudden, the whole city seems bent upon self destruction as if with a grim faith in reincarnation—this is the first wondering impression. Even the staggering financial phase is all but forgotten, and the comparatively rapid evolution from cowpaths and wigwags is a secondary thought.

Never in the history of the world has a whole city so tortured itself in the eager desire for comfort, luxury, and beauty. For all is but in anticipation of a stupendous transformation that will make Manhattan unequaled as a civic monument to modernity.

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#### THE QUEST OF JOY.

WHILE myriads pursue her  
With breathless, eager zest,  
She waits not those who woo her  
In royal splendor dressed,  
But peeps unseen as they rush by;  
For Joy is shy.

Those who in rude contending  
Push fiercely on their way,  
Too hurried for befriending  
The weaker ones than they—  
These run too madly to descry  
When Joy is nigh.

Their heart's desire she flings them;  
Yet in the hands of such  
No true delight it brings them,  
But crumbles at their touch;  
And heeding not their bitter cry,  
Stern Joy rides by.

It is to those who, trudging  
Their toiling, cheerful way,  
Give sympathy ungrudging,  
With clearer glimpse each day  
Of human hearts and earth and sky,  
Joy lingers nigh.

Grace H. Boutelle.

# Odd Railroad Incidents.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN.

A FORMER ENGINEER RELATES THE MOST SINGULAR AND INTERESTING EXPERIENCES THAT FELL TO HIS LOT WHILE ON THE ROAD.

ONE day last summer I came to town over a line of railroad on which I had once expended some time and much vitality in trying to keep the wheels turning at the desired rate of speed. The superintendent eventually relieved me of that responsibility, which accounted for the fact that I was now lounging in a chair car, instead of inventing defensive fairy tales up there in the dust, grime, and general pothor on the "head end," with which to meet the "old man's" cynical criticism on my arrival.

While languidly noting the changes that had been made since my time, we glided past an old engine coupled to a train of gravel cars on a siding. A big dent in her rusty Russia iron jacket, just above the check on the fireman's side, caught my eye as we passed. I failed to catch her number, nor can I recall it now; but I should have known that ten year old dent had I seen it on the Siberian steppes.

## A HOODOO LOCOMOTIVE.

That engine had wilfully killed her engineer with a broken side rod, scattering his remains for a quarter of a mile. She was a notable hoodoo, and nobody wanted her. When repaired, the "old man" turned her over to me, with an air and manner that discouraged dissent on my part. How carefully I inspected the old vixen, slightly riveting every bolt on her to prevent the nuts working off! My fireman, wiry, gritty little Danny Cole, helped me. When we had finished I defied her. I pounded and slammed her all over the division that night, and she behaved so well that we agreed that she had been slandered; victim, no doubt, of a bad name and lazy crews.

We started on our return trip early on Sunday morning, when there were few

passenger trains on the road. She was making a famous run; I had to sidetrack but once in eighty miles, and we were both in high feather.

When oiling at the water plug, after following the passenger train out of the switch, I caught the first glimpse of her cloven hoof. The crosshead key on the fireman's side was so nearly out that it could have been lifted clear with a broom straw.

Now, the taper end of the piston rod is forced into a taper hole in the crosshead, and secured there by a taper key driven solidly, point down, through them both. I had never heard of one of those keys coming out, nor do I know of any one else who has. Why the piston had not been blown through the front cylinder head is a mystery to me to this day.

As I drove that key in again, memories of the tales I had heard of her unaccountable deviltries flitted through my mind, and you may be sure I gave her another thorough inspection before leaving the plug. The train crew had become interested, and refrained from setting brakes on the grades, giving me a chance to "get a swing on 'em." There was a place where the road dipped sharply into a deep hollow, rising again abruptly on the other side. There was a station down in the hole, but it had a day operator only. As there were block signals at the stations on each side of it, night freights whooped through there at a lively gait, so as to get up the other side without "doubling the hill." It was daylight now, and the block down in the hole was in operation, but I had had "clear blocks" all over the road, and knew there was nothing ahead of me, so I let her out and sailed down there. A curve hid the station until I was within an eighth of a mile of it. I glanced back

just before I turned the curve, and the way those cars were dancing through the dust was inspiring.

In the very next breath I shut off and blew a call for brakes that brought the boys out of the caboose like a fire alarm. A man was coming down the opposite hill on the run, frantically waving a red flag. There was another curve ahead which prevented me seeing the obstruction, whatever it might be.

Although the men were twisting breaks for dear life on the roofs of the rolling cars, her speed seemed to accelerate, even after she struck the rising grade. I knew by the flagman's antics that there wasn't much clear track ahead of me, so I tried to reverse her. Even with Danny's help I couldn't get her past the center.

The reverse lever is hinged to the frame at its lower end. It comes up through a slot in the cab footboard—made a neat fit to exclude snow and dirt—and describes an arc with its upper end. The reach rod under the engine is connected to the lever by a bolt which, in this instance, came up through the slot when reversing. Despite my riveting precautions, the nut had worked off the bolt far enough to prevent it passing through the slot; so there I was, galloping into something, and unable to reverse.

A desecrator of the Sabbath had hauled two big blocks of granite upon the crossing, dropped a wheel, and dumped his load on my track. The track walker saw it, and it was he who flagged me—not that it mattered much. I plumped into it in fine style, at the top of the hill, and with all hands tearing wildly at the brakes when we passed the station operator.

"Second class trains must not exceed twenty miles per hour."—*Extract from book of rules.*

On my return from my enforced thirty day fishing trip I found "the hearse," as Danny had christened her, in worse shape than ever. Nearly all hands had had a crack at her, making one trip apiece and reporting sick on their return. My unwarranted enthusiasm had evaporated; she was her own sweet self, and caused me many painful interviews with the boss.

One day she stalled dead in the middle of the hill. I sat under a tree, relieving my mind according to railroad usage, while Danny labored with the fire. He put on the blower and sat down beside me, swearing he wouldn't do another stroke till she got to the top of the hill if she stood there till doomsday. She started when she got good and ready, and I threw a stone at her, saying:

"Git app, confound ye!"

Danny approved, and commenced firing stones at her as she gathered headway. It seemed to do her good, so, each on his own side, we stoned her all the way up the hill.

I got aboard and called Danny. He was standing on the low bank with a stone as big as his head, which he threw with both hands as she came along. It made that dent above the check, slid down, and wedged itself between check and boiler. There came a hissing jet of water from behind the check, which doubled in volume in ten seconds.

Danny, his sooty face a mere rim about his white eyeballs and gaping mouth, climbed into the tender. I simply said, "Dump your fire, Dan," for all the pumps on the road wouldn't have kept water in her with the check half off the boiler.

Unique reports of "the hearse" no longer aroused curiosity, and as I happened to be solid with the foreman just then, my report that a stud had given out was not questioned.

#### A PROBLEM FOR GEOLOGISTS.

I was just enough late for the main line connection to make it interesting. The horse of the fellow who flagged me through River Street had gone lame, and the man favored him to such an extent that a truck driver, with whom I had exchanged civilities the day before, backed up to the curb before I could get by. The railroad being an interloper, I was forced to possess my soul in patience until he got his load off.

Trains were often late at the junction, but while a mail line man *may* have a valid excuse, branch trains should arrive on time and not delay the traffic of the road.

No finer night ever shone out of the

heavens. The autumnal sharpness was grateful after the long, hot summer, and the half risen full moon, like the golden portal of a great tunnel, lay squarely on the track ahead.

The weather had cleared after a rainy spell, during which the blue clay cuts along the road had given trouble. In some places the clay would melt like brown sugar and drool all over the track. At others it would peel off in huge slices, and either slide down or topple over. In either case it was a nuisance, though, so far, no serious damage had been caused by it.

The country before me was as level as a floor, so I felt my hair pushing my cap off when I saw that either the moon was returning below the horizon or the track was rising ahead of me.

An engineer's fingers will close on the throttle lever, and his elbow will begin to straighten, at every unfamiliar sight. If he refrains from shutting off, it is by an exercise of will power. In this instance I allowed the automatic instinct to prevail. I never shoved a plug in quicker than I did old Helen's that night, and I turned on the wind with equal celerity.

The moon was now obscured, and in the golden halo ahead the ties were wavering and squirming in a most disconcerting manner. I told the fireman to jump as I horsed her over into the breeching. Her nose came up at an angle of thirty or forty degrees, the moon reappeared, she pitched over the crest and returned to level track.

I got down to look her over. The conductor came ahead, and asked what the trouble was. Passengers crowded the platforms and stuck their heads out of windows, to see what I had stopped for. I asked the conductor if he had felt anything in the train. He said the smoker, where he had been riding, seemed to stand almost on end for a second or so, then to pitch over a lump, and presently to resume its normal position. We looked back. The two head coaches were elevated above the others, which sloped away from them in either direction. But they were straightening out again, and within thirty seconds their roofs had returned to the usual perfectly horizontal line.

Of course I was late at the junction. I was sent back with the section foreman to investigate. To my intense chagrin, I was unable exactly to locate the place. The country thereabouts was flat and devoid of distinguishing landmarks, and by the uncertain light of the moon and lanterns we could find no sign of such an upheaval as I had reported.

As a careful scrutiny by the section men, next day, failed of results, the entire train crew "walked the carpet." The superintendent wanted more explicit information than that furnished by the meager official report.

Under the combined influences of elapsed time, the jeering remarks of all hands, and the "old man's" indignation at the palpable thinness of the yarn which he considered we had foisted upon him, the conductor's memory failed. He had thought at the time that something, he hardly knew what, had happened to the train; but he guessed that he might have been mistaken. The brakemen took their cue from him, and the fireman knew only that he had jumped by my advice, and had torn his new overalls.

The others dismissed, the old man "set my packing out" with great severity. He reminded me that while track frequently slid off sideways, or sank, it never "riz up." He perorated with a broad insinuation that I had been guilty of the unpardonable railroad sin.

I accepted it all with the grace of a man who knows himself to be right, though he can't prove it; but at that gratuitous insult I blazed up. I told him I had been raised in a fanatically teetotal section, and that my inherited prejudice had stuck to me. Encouraged by his tolerance, I pounded the desk and shouted: "The track did rise; I don't care what anybody says. Johnson saw it, too, but finding you didn't believe it, he hadn't the sand to say so," and I flounced haughtily out.

Nearly two years later the superintendent was riding over the branch on the engine of an excursion train. Time had been lost on the main line, so he went ahead to encourage the men by his presence. Sam Billings had her "down among the oil cans" and she was making good time. The super stood behind

him, looking over his head and watching operations closely.

In the blue clay cut the engine suddenly assumed a position of acute angularity with the horizon, the track slipped and slewed under her like slimy asphalt under a bicycle, she dug her nose into it, and an avalanche of blue clay, of about the consistency of raw gingerbread, smashed in the cab windows and smothered them from head to foot.

While the work train was hauling off

the superfluous clay, to bring the track back to level, the roadmaster went into a long dissertation as to what caused it. The water had percolated through crevices in the clay, which was probably superimposed upon a stratum of—something or other.

"But," I objected, "two years ago you said it was impossible for track to rise in this way; what caused it to do so now?"

"Water, water!"

## The Thief of St. Loo.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ANTOINE O'NEIL, HONEST MAN.

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

THERE was one man in St. Loo who was admired and envied above all others, partly on account of his wealth, and partly because he had the force and the bravado which command attention. When he laughed, his was the loudest laugh in the room; when he roared with anger, who in all St. Loo dared face him? This was Remi Ledue, landlord of Le Chien Noir.

He could guide a canoe with sure and skilful strokes through the tortuous and deceptive Rivière du Diable; he could fell a tree, land a struggling maskinonge, or make love to a village maiden with a dash, a nerve, a self confidence, that were incomparable. He sold the habitants of St. Loo their whisky, their *tobac*, and their opinions. If one wished to clinch an argument in that village one said: "Remi Ledue says so, *n'est ce pas?*"

And his tavern! What could be cheerier on a fierce winter night, when the breath froze on the lips and icicles hung from the eaves of St. Loo like hoary locks about an old man's head, than the barroom of Le Chien Noir, with its smoky crimson curtains and its red hot stove hissing under the circle of wet cowhide boots that rested on its rim, and over all the haze of smoke and the aroma of steaming whisky? Here councils were held and gossip had its sway; *chansons* of the ax or the paddle were sung; and stories were told—an-

cient *contes* of the old *coureur de bois*, of his fights with the Indians, of his hunts and weary tramps through a snow buried land after great elk or moose or the stately caribou.

And when the conversation flagged, out came Remi with his fiddle, and merry notes squeaked from its ragged strings and danced like fairy motes through the smoke flushed air, till the men of St. Loo gaped at one another and laughed without reason. Sometimes, very seldom, a doleful wail crept from the bow, and Remi, with his back humped up and his eyes staring into space, scraped the shivering strings in a joy of discord till his hearers shifted in their chairs and kept an eye on the curtain that trembled in a draft.

It was then that little Antoine listened with all his might—Antoine O'Neil, great grandson of an Irish fur trader who had settled in Quebec many years before and had married Nannette, the prettiest girl in St. Loo. In this way was a vagrant Irish strain let loose in conservative St. Loo. Time, the great effacer, trampled out the brogue and retouched and modified the Irish features till here was Antoine, a lost bit of Limerick, with no word of English in his head—nothing to distinguish him from the other boys of the village but a name—O'Neil—and, deep down in his heart, a something that made him just a little different.

"Look you, Napoleon, how the little O'Neil stares," whispered Jean Batiste Ratte to his neighbor one night when Remi's violin was shedding staccato tears. "He looks to me as though he sees the ghost of that great grandfather, eh?"

Napoleon looked at the boy, who, with his head sunk on his chest, stared with eyes that saw nothing and hugged himself in a luxury of misery.

"*Parbleu!*" sniggered Jean Batiste to Napoleon; "I would give something to stick a pin in him!"

The music stopped, and Remi came over with his swaggering gait.

"Come, tell us the joke, little Batiste," he laughed, tilting Batiste in his chair like a child. "What for is that sly smile?"

"*Sacrédam*, Remi!" squealed Jean Batiste; "you will break me the neck! *Prenez garde*, will you? But as to the joke—I was only laughing at the young Antoine, who looks so sour. You ought to turn him out, Remi; he does not buy whisky, nor even speak. I would not have such a kill joy in my tavern, *non!*"

"None of your *chicane*, Jean Batiste," said big Remi Leduc. "Is the landlord of Le Chien Noir to pass the hat for every tune like a street fiddler, *hein?* It is enough that Antoine likes it. He has the understanding, this boy. He knows good music when he hears it. Remi Leduc will keep him here and play to him all night if he pleases, and ask him in return—nothing! Have I made it clear?"

Batiste apologized with celerity, and peace was restored in Le Chien Noir.

"*C'était bien fait*," said the men of St. Loo, returning to their pipes. "It is good to see that fellow Batiste set in his place sometimes. If it were not for Remi Leduc there would be no living with him in the village."

And they ordered more whisky; and Remi's till grew heavier all the time.

Young Antoine was a man in stature, but he carried himself with the careless stoop of the boy whose life is without purpose. He lounged with the graceless abandon of the half grown collie, that is as yet unaware of its own proportions and strength. His old, half blind aunt, who had brought him up,

still kept him at her side, fearful to trust him with the men in the lumber camps. So in the winter he hulked about the village doing chores for the women, and frequenting the tavern when his good aunt believed him safe in bed. But Antoine did not go to Le Chien Noir to mingle with the men or to drink; he went as the stray dog seeks human companionship, because it was light and warm and noisy, and at home it was so quiet, so dark, so lonely.

And then there was the music. How he liked that! Often when he returned home late at night he would seize the old bellows and the poker, and with his back humped up and his eyes staring into space, he would try to make music like that of Remi. He would bend and sway and scrape the iron on the unyielding wood till in the glamour of the moment he heard the singing strings and feared his aunt would hear.

A poker and a piece of wood! Poor Antoine!

But in the summer it was better. The Diable sang on its weedy way, and its banks were hung with fireplant and sword fern. Here Antoine caught suckers and catfish, and watched the dappled water snakes slide in and around the water lily stems. Often Margot went with him, and that made joy complete. Margot was his dearest friend, twelve years old, small, brown, with the eyes of a doe. She was the fairy princess; he was the mighty king. She adored him to his heart's content, and listened with believing eyes when Antoine confided to her the disjointed thoughts that were in his rough brown head. If they were not quite clear to her mind, she understood them with the greater understanding of sympathy, and never smiled. As for Antoine, he was all chivalry—the biggest catfish was hers, his best snake skin was wound about her hat, and was it not Antoine's clever fingers that had made her little snow shoes?

Margot was to be confirmed on Sunday morning; and the night when Jean Batiste Ratte was set in his place by Remi Leduc was the Saturday night before. That was why Antoine was so sad. And it was all on account of a string of beads. They were in old

Pelletier's shop window. Such beauties! Thirteen on the string—Margot had counted them—and all as clear as pearls.

"Antoine," Margot had said, "I feel it in my heart that if I might wear that dear necklace on the day of my confirmation, *le bon Dieu* would bless me specially. I had it all in a vision last night. I saw myself standing before the abbé all in white, and around my neck those beads of old Pelletier's. Suddenly an angel appeared like a cloud above the altar and whispered, '*C'est bon, little Margot, c'est bon.*'"

Antoine regarded her with reverence—here was no common girl of St. Loo. He, too, had had visions.

"Be happy, then, Margot," he had said impulsively, "for I will get them for you!"

And here it was Saturday night, and the beads were still on their blue card in old Pelletier's window!

Armand Michaud went; old Belanger went, with his wooden leg; Michel Foulette had to be helped home; the three Gosselins, with many *sacrés* and *maudits*, lurched out; Napoleon Poulin went, thinking ruefully of his young wife at home; only Batiste and Antoine were left with Remi. Batiste was very sleepy; his head was buried in his arms on the table where he had been playing at dice. Antoine felt stupefied with the heat and smoke.

Remi came and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Look up," he said.

Antoine raised his face, but could not look him in the eyes.

"What's the matter?" said Remi. "Don't be afraid. Is it that you want something very badly?"

Antoine, glad to be rid of the hateful loneliness of his secret, gasped out, "It's money I want—money to buy a string of beads!"

Remi looked at him curiously.

"*Saprie*," he laughed, "you are beginning young, *mon petit*!"

"It's not that," said Antoine; "it's a special blessing. She had it in a vision."

"Truly," thought Remi, "this boy's Irish blood has gone to his head." But he said: "And what is the price of these

beads of magic, these pearls that are to charm the saints?"

"Fifty cents, *m'sieu*—thirteen beads, all as clear as milk, on a silk string, and the whole caught by a gold clasp the size of your little finger nail. They are on a blue card in Pelletier's shop window. Ah, you should see them, *M'sieu Leduc*. They are beautiful!"

"And you have not fifty cents?"

"Not one."

The landlord of Le Chien Noir scratched his head and thoughtfully eyed the sleeping Jean Batiste Ratte. With his thumb he picked a little tune on the violin that was tucked under his arm. It was the air of "*Isabeau s'y Promène*."

"*Dame!*" he cried at last, "I have solved it, I, Remi Leduc; the little Ratte shall pay for that string of beads! We shall teach him a lesson, then. Watch now and do as I say. Be sharp, or the joke will be on you."

He briskly shook the slumbering Ratte.

"Here you, Batiste!" he shouted. "Wake up, my brave! Here is one who would have a turn at the dice with you, that little kill joy whom you scoffed at. He says he will play you for twenty five cents—we must begin modestly, Antoine—see there on the table, his money!"

Antoine and Batiste beheld the shining quarter with equal amazement.

"There, now, begin! Ah, the brave Jean Batiste Ratte is afraid, then, *hein? Non? Play up, then!*"

They picked up the dice boxes, and Jean Batiste, with drunken deliberation, placed his money on the table, shook his dice, and showed them.

"And you, Antoine."

Antoine did as he was told.

"Yours," said Remi, with his hearty laugh, pushing the money across to Antoine; "and once again, boy."

"I shall beat him this time, then," said Jean Batiste, "if you are not against me, Remi."

"Remi Leduc is against no one," said that worthy, his hand on Batiste's shoulder.

They threw again, and again Antoine was the winner.

"Fifty cents for the boy. What do

you think of that, Batiste? Is it enough, *hein*? Or will you play him again?"

"No more for me," said Jean Batiste ruefully. "That was to have gone for potatoes for little Batiste and the rest. What will my wife say?"

Remi laughed. "She will say it serves you right for preferring the society of Remi Leduc to hers, and a chair in *Le Chien Noir* to your own fireside."

"Ah, but that won't bring back the potatoes!"

Jean Batiste fumbled his toque and prepared to go. "Good night, Antoine. Good night, Remi. I don't care about the money, mind, but you're always against me. That's why I can't win. Good night." He was gone; they heard his feet crunch the snow.

The man turned to the boy. Antoine's eyes had the light of achievement in them. He could hardly wait to thank Remi; he wanted to get outside to be alone with himself—Antoine O'Neil, owner of fifty cents, benefactor of Margot, a man at last! Had not Remi treated him as one? He reached for his toque and put it on; he put on his red woolen mittens and pulled his scarf up. Remi was poking the fire now.

"Good by, M'sieu Leduc," said Antoine. "I'm going now. You've been very good to me. Some day I—I hope——"

But Remi interrupted him. "Go, then, little gambler, and buy your neck-lace, or old Pelletier will be closed. And I say, tell *la jeune princesse* that next time she has a vision it must not cost more than a ten cent piece." He guffawed through a cloud of ashes. There was not much religion in Remi Leduc.

Out, but it was cold outside! Antoine's nostrils seemed pressed together, and the frosty air bit his cheeks. A dead sparrow lay on his path, frozen stiff. He ran lightly down the narrow street with its low roofs and snow crusted windows. Was there ever such a night! Starlight—moonlight—snow-light—everything frozen solid, from the dead sparrow to the old Diable chained up for the winter. His shadow ran before him, blue black, and perfect in

every detail, even to the leather thongs that fastened his moccasins. He danced and gyrated with it; and that which was Irish in him danced too, seeking mischief. Ah, there was old Clouthier's weather cock, the defiant target of the boys of St. Loo. He had never hit it yet. He would try just once tonight while luck was with him. He packed a hard snowball as he ran, and threw it running. Biff! Off snapped the gilded rooster!

"Hooroo!" yelled Antoine in delight. "Hooroo!" And he sprang sprawling into a snowdrift. He rolled out laughing, feathered with white—up his sleeves, down his neck, in his ears. He snatched a handful and ran along eating it.

"*Brrr-ow!*" That's the noise the wolf makes. '*Bl-are!*' That's the yell of the elk. '*Lum-de lum-de tra-la-la!*' That is the song of the fiddle!"

He was glad he had broken that yellow rooster. He didn't forget the day that old Clouthier had pushed him in the street and called him Irish. He would be a sorry old Clouthier when he saw his weather cock broken.

Ah, here is the shop—the house of magic pearls! Waken up, old Pelletier. Some one is knocking at your door! Waken up, I say, for Antoine O'Neil! He comes to buy!

There was a shuffling inside the door, and it opened the width of one's foot. Old Pelletier peered out, one hand over his mouth, for he had bronchitis.

"Is it fire?" he wheezed. "Is it fire or the devil?"

"Both," laughed the boy; "it's Antoine O'Neil." He shouldered his way in and closed the door. Old Pelletier hugged the stove pipe; their breath showed white even in the shop.

"Be quick, now. What do you want with an old man this bitter night? I am not afraid, mind. I have a double barreled gun under the counter."

Antoine smiled mysteriously.

"Tomorrow is confirmation day, is it not so, M'sieu Pelletier?"

"*Mais oui.* My toes are freezing."

"A necklace of beads—thirteen on a silk string—would they look well around the neck of Margot Paulin, do you think?"

"*Très beau. Polisson!* I shall cough all night!"

"They are in your window, M'sieu Pelletier, next the razors there. Get them, please."

This put a new face on the matter. The beads were produced.

"Fifty cents?"

"Fifty five."

Antoine walked to the door.

"*Bien!* Fifty, then; but I make nothing on them." Pelletier handed them across the counter.

Antoine looked at them lovingly. He ran his mittened fingers over them; he brushed them across his lips to feel their smoothness. He was content.

"Good night, M'sieu Pelletier, and pleasant dreams!"

"Good night, M'sieu Madman!"

Out in the cold once more! Antoine's moccasined feet made a soft crunch in the snow; the tassel on his toque bobbed up and down as he ran. Presently he perceived a narrow shaft of light leaking through the broken shutter of a cottage. It was the home of Margot.

"*Hé!*" thought Antoine. "She is making ready for tomorrow. I shall peep in at the window, and tomorrow I shall say in a solemn voice, 'Margot, I too, have had a vision; in it I saw you with your candle burning late at night, that you might admire your new shoes when you had better have been at your beads.'" He plunged knee deep through the snow and crept to the little window.

A candle, nearly burned out, was standing on a chair, and by it knelt Margot. Her head was bowed before a Christ that hung on the wall above her, a rude wooden crucifix such as hang in the houses of the habitants of St. Loo. He could not see her face; it was covered by her hands; but he saw the soft bend of her neck with the braid of dark hair outlining it. The dull gray of her little gown melted into the gray of the walls and the deeper gray of the long shadows thrown by the feeble candle light. Her hands looked unearthly white and pure. Her attitude was one of humility and supplication.

Antoine gazed with awe. "I spied on her," he thought, "and she is with the saints! I have a string of beads

for her in my pocket; she is so pure, so white, is it fit to put about her neck?"

There was a rain barrel frozen and sprung apart by the window; he leaned against it with his face pressed to the shutter, and thought it out. A new idea loomed portentously in his mind. He remembered what the good curé had said about gambling—that that which was won was stolen in reality, just as if one put his hand in his neighbor's pocket and drew it out unseen!

A stolen string of beads! Ah, Blessed Mother! Thirteen thefts about the neck of little Margot! And he, Antoine, was going to fasten them on! Surely that Irish blood must be bad, after all. A special blessing? A special curse!

He pictured the scene in the church; the holy father, the white robed, kneeling children, among them Margot with that thing around her neck. Suddenly appears the angel, like a cloud; he tears the necklace from the child's neck and flings it at the feet of Antoine.

"Dog of an Irish thief," he cries, "where are the potatoes of Jean Batiste Ratte?"

The sweat broke out on his forehead, the shutter trembled with the force of his sobs. He drove his heels into the snow, and had his fight out alone.

There was only one thing to be done, and that was to take the necklace back.

Waken up, old Pelletier! Some one is knocking at your door! Waken up for Antoine O'Neil! He pounded the door and shook it. Old Pelletier, grizzled like an old gray rat, flung open his door in a fury.

"M'sieu Pelletier—" began Antoine.

"Fool," he screamed, "do you want to spend your Sunday in the jail of St. Loo? Drunken idiot of an Irish grandfather, do you want to be the death of me? Off from my doorstep, I say, or I will have you before the curé!"

"M'sieu Pelletier, I want to buy some potatoes—"

"Thousand devils! Do you think I will sell you potatoes on the Sunday morning? I have not the desire to commit that—"

He got no further. He was clutched by the collar of his flannel nightshirt

and forced back into the shop. His arm struck a pail of "blackstrap" off the counter, and it trickled slowly across the floor. A cat crawled from under the stove and began lapping it. Antoine never stopped till old Pelletier's back was against the wall of his shop, and he pinned him there among the red shirts and shawls that hung from the ceiling. The firelight danced in his frightened eyes and on the brass rings in his ears.

"Ow-ow!" gurgled old Pelletier.

"M'sieu Pelletier, will you sell me the potatoes now?"

"All I have—only let me go! You have loosened me the head! I pray you, M'sieu O'Neil!"

Antoine produced the beads on their blue card.

"It is only that I have changed my mind," he explained. "I wish to exchange these for potatoes to the amount of fifty cents. Get them for me at once, please."

Old Pelletier filled a bag with alacrity. Here was a madman who must be propitiated at any cost, and although it was Sunday morning he was not taking money—only a few paltry beads. So the bag was filled and slung across the shoulder of Antoine. The old man held the candle high above his head to light him out, and watched him with the wary eyes of a weasel. One can never tell what a madman may do next. Antoine stepped in the blackstrap and tracked it across the shop; his dark figure filled the doorway for a moment

like some horrid monster with a hump on its back, then was gone.

The bolts flew into place, and Pelletier was safe.

Antoine sneaked with stealthy tread to the little white cottage of the Rattes. All was dark there. The snow had drifted window high around the cabin, and on each side of the narrow path it was on a level with his shoulders. He set the bag down and drew off his mitten. The ice cold handle stuck to his fingers for a moment; then he pushed the door open softly.

There are no bolts in the cottages of St. Loo.

"*C'est fini*," muttered Antoine, and heaved in the bag of potatoes.

Once more the latch was in its place. Antoine waved his toque with joy to the house of Ratte.

"*Voilà*, Jean Batiste Ratte," he cried, "your potatoes! Ma'ame Ratte, your potatoes, and the potatoes of all the little Rattes! The friend of Margot is no thief, he is honest man! Honest Irish man!"

On the way home he found the frozen sparrow, stiff winged and sunken eyed. He picked it up lovingly.

"Poor little bird," he whispered to it against his cheek, "you will sing no more, but the heart of Antoine will sing forever, because he is honest man, him!"

The bellows and the poker caught it that night, you may be sure, and Antoine made such music as he had never dreamed of before.

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#### GOOD NIGHT, BRIEF DAY.

So little done, so little done,  
And soon comes setting of the sun.

So little said, so little said,  
And blue skies deepening to red.

So short a time to backward gaze—  
The sky is filled with purple haze.

So short a time to look afar—  
The veil has fallen from a star.

Good night, brief day, adown the dark  
Float dewy memories, and hark!

To you and me fair angels call  
Beyond the moonlit, dreamland wall;

And thou with Time and I with Sleep  
A happy, holy tryst shall keep.

Clarence Urmey.

# THE FOOD WE EAT.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, M.D.

THE GROSS RECKLESSNESS THAT CIVILIZED MAN DISPLAYS IN HIS EATING, AND HIS URGENT NEED OF A MORE SCIENTIFIC DIET.

CERTAIN substances, derived from the animal, vegetable, and mineral world, are absolutely essential as a part of the food that nourishes the human body. We take much into the stomach as so called food, both liquid and solid, which is not necessary to repair the loss caused by the daily wear and tear, and is never assimilated and appropriated to our bodily wants. The chemical constituents of the food which are actually appropriated to the uses of the various tissues and organs of the body, and which are worked up by the chemistry of the human laboratory into that mysterious something called vital force, are known as *proximate principles*.

The lay reader may get a clearer idea of what happens in the digestive tract when food is introduced by the following homely illustration. When vegetables are brought in from the garden, the housewife cuts, trims, peels, the cabbage, beets, and potatoes, cutting away and casting out the useless parts, and retaining only so much of each as is suitable for the pot. Something like the same thing happens when we take food into the stomach. That organ, together with the intestinal glands and juices, digests, selects, absorbs, and appropriates the necessary quantity of essential principles from this mixture—if we have dined well, it is a marvelous mixture—and appropriates them to the strengthening and rebuilding of the various organs. An innocent looking beefsteak lying on a butcher's block, when passed through the chemical laboratory of the human body, may furnish forth the vital energy necessary to carry a hod, to write an immortal poem, or to commit a hideous murder.

The organs of digestion, assimilation, and excretion have two kinds of work to do. They have to select the proper elements from the masses of food we

put into the stomach and to get rid of the surplus and useless portions of the food. Our prevailing recklessness in taking food, both as to quality and as to quantity, forces the animal organism to work harder to rid itself of what is not wanted than to appropriate what is wanted. The primary mistake which man makes in selecting his food is that he eats to please his palate and taste buds, rather than to suit his stomach and digestive organs.

## THE TYRANNY OF THE PALATE.

An actual calculation of what is absolutely necessary to nourish the body shows that the compressed food tablet which has been the dream of scientists is not so far away or so unlikely of realization as some may imagine. It will come when man has conquered his palate and no longer allows it to dictate the quantity and quality of the things he swallows.

The palate—that is, the sense of taste—is an absolute ruler and despot over all the other organs and tissues of the body. It practically holds over them the power of life and death. The long suffering stomach, for instance, is obliged to receive whatever the palate chooses to send it. Like all down trodden subjects, it protests from time to time, but as a rule the protest only results in worse treatment. Once in a while, however, the autocrat is dethroned. There may be a stricture of the esophagus—the esophagus is the gullet, the passage in the neck by which food and liquor go from the mouth to the stomach—and nothing can pass that way. Then an opening is made through the abdominal wall and through the wall of the stomach, and a silver tube is put in permanently, by means of which the patient takes nourishment directly into the stomach. The palate and the taste

bulbs go out of business so far as selecting food is concerned. The patient's bill of fare is made up with judgment and common sense, with a view solely to its nourishing qualities and its adaptability to the uses of the organism, and not on account of the palatability. Like other autocrats, the palate ceases to give orders when they are no longer obeyed, and the "taste" for food soon disappears.

People sometimes wonder at the long and comfortable life enjoyed by individuals fed in this artificial way, but they do not stop to consider that in such cases it is possible to supply the body with scientific food instead of sentimental food, and one health destroying element is thus cut out of the patient's life. It is an open question whether this artificial method of taking food and drink should not be made obligatory as a means of reclaiming drunkards and gluttons. There is no question but that it would prolong many a life.

The proximate principles—that is, the chemical substances which must necessarily be included in the food—may be, for our present purpose, divided into four classes.

#### FOUR CLASSES OF FOOD.

The first class is generally known as the *inorganic* proximate principle. Water—which forms seventy per cent by weight of the human body—is the most important of this group; others are the salts of lime, soda, magnesia, iron, etc., which are found in large quantities in the bones and exist in almost all the fluids of the body. We take these substances in water and other liquids, and in the salt we use on meats. They also exist in vegetables; this is especially true of iron, which is found in considerable quantities in such vegetables as spinach and strawberries.

The second class are called *hydrocarbons*. Sugar, starch, the oils and fatty substances are representatives of this group. These essentials are derived almost entirely from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The third class is called *albuminoids*. Eggs, milk, meats, etc., are representatives of this class.

The fourth class is the *coloring mat-*

*ter*. It is from this proximate principle in the food that the eyes, hair, blood, etc., derive their tints. It may be observed that the varying color of the eyes and hair does not depend on the variety of coloring matter deposited, but upon the amount. If nature had deposited a little more of the same pigment in blue eyes, they would have appeared to be brown; with a little more deposited in brown eyes, the individual would have black eyes; and so with the hair and skin. The only difference between a white man and a black man, so far as the skin is concerned, is that there is a little more pigment in the cuticle of the black man than in the white.

Here a valuable general truth may be stated. It is not the quantity we take of any one of the proximate principles, or of all of them—above a certain point—that is of consequence in nourishing the body; it is the amount that is appropriated by the system that counts. A white man, for instance, might take a large quantity of black pigment with every meal, but his skin, eyes, and hair would not grow any darker. He would simply be taxing his digestive apparatus to the necessity of getting rid of this superabundance of coloring matter.

When it is considered that this truth applies to all the proximate principles, it will be seen that economics can be applied to the dieting of an individual as well as to the government of a nation, and that the human body, like the body politic, can be ruined by too much prosperity. Many of the organic diseases that we are called upon to treat are not due to the lack of the proximate principles in the patient's food, but are the result of overtaxing the vital organs to get rid of an over supply of material.

#### THE NEED OF SCIENTIFIC FEEDING.

When one thinks of the vast importance of the whole question of human food, and then reflects on the almost absolute lack of scientific thought in the selection and preparation of our bills of fare, it is simply astonishing. Hotels, restaurants, and private houses have caterers and cooks, but they cater and cook to please and tickle the palate alone. It is safe to say that not one in a thousand of them ever so much as heard

of proximate principles, or knows the first thing about the chemical essentials of food.

Here is a good example of the lack of knowledge displayed in preparing food for the human system. Bread has been called the "staff of life." It received this name, doubtless, because the wheat grain contains nearly all the essentials for nourishing the body. A man could live and keep in fairly good condition on bread alone, if it contained all the proximate principles which nature has stored in the wheat grain. But such bread happens to be dark in color; so in order to remove this dark color, which offends the eye, it became fashionable to pass the flour through a bolting cloth, which removes from it some of the most important nutritive properties.

Many of us may remember how, in the old days, when the miller returned a grist of wheat, he always put the "shorts," or "seconds," which he had bolted out of the flour, in a separate bag, and it was generally fed to the cows, horses, or hogs. These animals got the best part of the grist. If a dyspeptic should read these lines, I would suggest to him to see what effect it will have if he gives up white bread altogether, and uses gluten or brown bread instead, and then walks three miles in the open air every day.

It is not unreasonable to expect that the new century will bring with it a marked improvement in the science—and it is or ought to be a science—of selecting and preparing food. The caterer and the cook of the future are going to be very different, both socially and intellectually, from those of the past. The cook has been too long a drudge. We select a person to fill the important position of cook, not because of his or her ability and character, but simply because he or she is willing to perform what is considered menial service.

Ptomaine poisoning, of which we hear so much, is caused by taking into the stomach badly selected, badly cooked, or badly kept food. Ptomaine poisoning is a new term for an old affection. It used to be described under the name of cholera morbus. It causes the death of thousands of people, especially children and the very old, every year, to say

nothing of the tens of thousands who recover from its attacks. It is a common thing to read of a whole company being made suddenly ill from having eaten bad food, served through the carelessness, ignorance, or cupidity of the caterer or cook. When a doctor or druggist makes a mistake, or, through ignorance, supplies a mixture which causes death, the law punishes him; but caterers and cooks are not called to account for doing practically the same thing.

There is no reason why preparing and cooking human food should not be a dignified and scientific profession, except that it has been the general custom and fashion in the past to consider cooking as an occupation in which no gentleman or lady could engage. Any useful occupation may be raised to a plane of dignity and honor. It is not the occupation itself that counts, but the intelligence and character of those who engage in it. The cap and apron of the cook ought to be as much a badge of respectability as the garb of any other profession. Certainly there is no more useful occupation than cooking, and none more in need of having scientific methods applied to it. As Owen Meredith says in "Lucile":

We may live without poetry, music, and art;

We may live without conscience and live without heart;

We may live without friends; we may live without books;

But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We have been called a nation of dyspeptics, and there is unfortunately a great deal of truth in the charge. No doubt lack of care in selecting and preparing our food has much to do with this state of things.

Cooking is a profession to which I should like to call the attention of our young men fresh from college. Other callings are overcrowded, or amply supplied with trained workers, but cooking as a scientific profession is an uncultivated field, where both money and reputation are to be made by young men of energy who have the proper scientific training. I know of four recent college graduates who have adopted cooking as a lifework. They are connected with a large baking establishment, and already their scientific methods are beginning to show in its improved products.

# D. N. & W.

TOM WITHERS' STRENUOUS CHASE AFTER FORTUNE AND A WIFE.

BY ALFRED STODDART.

## I.

YOUNG Withers had not been a glowing success in Wall Street. His father, the senior partner of Withers & Co., had once entertained high hopes of the young man's business ability, but later had almost despaired of him. Whenever a crisis occurred, Tom Withers was sure to be playing polo or riding to hounds or going to the races.

"Horses will be your ruin, young man," was the stern prophecy of the father.

Tom replied that he knew of no pleasanter way of achieving an end which seemed inevitable in any case. His father grunted, and Tom went to look at another polo pony.

There came a time, however, when Tom developed a sudden, if somewhat belated, interest in business. His father smiled to himself grimly, knowing the reason thereof, and said nothing.

"The reason" was a very charming reason indeed. Miss Marjorie Rudyers was generally considered one of the prettiest of the bevy of pretty girls which constituted an important portion of the "Meadowthorpe Hunt Set." Moreover, she rode, as Tom Withers declared, "like an angel"—an unconvincing simile—and as Tom could certainly ride, however indifferent his business abilities might be, they were very congenial in their tastes.

But—the inevitable "but"—Tom knew only too well that two could not live so cheaply as one—at least, not in the Meadowthorpe set. His own allowance from his father was barely sufficient to enable him to keep a hunter or two and a couple of polo ponies. How to keep a wife and the extra hunter or so which her happiness would call for, to say nothing of the establishment which their position demanded, was a question which could be solved but in

one way—his admission as a member of the firm of Withers & Co.

And so he sat at his desk at half past nine of a certain November morning, surrounded by piles of letters, memorandum books, and other paraphernalia of business, while from time to time he glanced ruefully at a neatly painted little card before him. The card was a list of the fixtures of the Meadowthorpe Hunt for the current month. That day the hounds were to meet at the kennels, at noon. Tom sighed. Marjorie would be there. Jackpot, his best hunter, would be waiting the arrival of the 10:45 train. But he—he would not be there.

They were short handed at the office. There was nothing for it but graceful submission, a telegram to Marjorie, and the quotation board to watch, the monotonous click of the "ticker" to hear.

But the ticker is not always monotonous. When the stock exchange opened at ten o'clock the very first quotation told a story which made "the street" hold its breath. As the market proceeded to work itself up into a condition bordering upon frenzy, the rumors of the day before took definite shape, and it was known that there was a corner in D. N. & W.

The panic stricken bears rushed hither and thither in a wild effort to "cover." A security which had slowly mounted in ten years from the bankrupt price of twenty dollars a share to eighty dollars suddenly advanced in ten minutes to three times that value. Daring speculators had sold thousands of shares "short." The bulls were in possession. The rest of the market suffered something very like a panic. Small speculators were "wiped out" by thousands. It was evident that the owner of D. N. & W. shares that day might obtain almost any price he chose to ask for them.

In the office of Withers & Co., perhaps the coolest and most collected person was Mr. Withers, the head of the house. Tom was surprised therefore when his father rushed out of his private office in a state of great excitement.

"Tom! Tom! Do you know where Dick Bradbury is today?"

"Hunting his hounds," Tom answered. "I don't believe Dick has missed a fixture these dozen years."

"Well, he'll miss something today if we can't get hold of him."

"Has he any D. N. & W.?" asked Tom with a smile.

"He has a thousand shares, and they're worth just four hundred and eighty thousand dollars this minute—or they would be if he weren't fooling around with a pack of nasty dogs and a lot of idiots like himself—and you!"

Tom looked at his watch, grabbed his hat, and started for the door as fast as his legs would carry him.

"No use telegraphing," shouted his father. "The wire's in trouble, and we can't get Meadowthorpe."

"Bother telegraphing!" Tom called. "I'm going after him."

Hailing a cab, he was driven to the ferry as fast as a promise of three times the fare would take him. The ferry boat was exasperatingly slow, but on the other side he found waiting him the special engine and car he had bespoken from the New York shore. In another minute he was speeding towards Meadowthorpe at a prodigious rate.

With a final shriek from the whistle, a quiver and a sudden jerk, the special drew up at Meadowthorpe, and Tom's eyes lighted with joy. Jackpot was standing tied to a hitching post outside the tavern door, unblanketed and neglected. Tom would have discharged Jordan for his carelessness in other circumstances. As it was, however, he threw himself into the saddle and was half a mile down the Meadowthorpe pike before his astonished groom discovered the kidnapping.

## II.

The kennels were two miles from Meadowthorpe. It was now ten minutes past twelve, and Bradbury gave no

man more than fifteen minutes "law." Jackpot extended himself into a sweeping gallop along the grassy edge of the pike. He was a handsome chestnut, as near thoroughbred as any man wants to ride across country, with the powerful quarters and abundance of strong flat bone which only the well bred can boast. His lean head, with its one small blaze of white, was thrown well up, his fine nostrils quivered with delight. He knew the touch of Tom's light hand on his bridle rein, knew the firm pressure of his rider's knee on his saddle flap; felt that a race was on.

At the blacksmith shop Tom left the turnpike. Two minutes later he galloped into the club grounds, to find the place almost deserted. There was no sign of hounds, huntsman, M. F. H., or "field."

"They found in Smither's woods, half a mile over yonder," said the kennelman, the only human being in sight, indicating the direction by a jerk of his thumb. "They've gone away this ten minutes. You'll hardly catch 'em."

"Perhaps not," cried Tom, as he put Jackpot at a low fence into the road again; "but I'll try blamed hard!" And again the chestnut flew along the soft dirt road in his swinging stride.

"They're headin' for the Barrens!" cried a countryman in a hay wagon to Tom as the latter galloped past.

"Thank you!" shouted the latter as Jackpot carried him out of ear shot.

"Seen the hounds?" he cried to an aged farmer a few minutes later, not wishing to override the trail. The ancient rustic, who was shocking corn, stopped his work and assumed a meditative attitude.

"Seen what?" he asked at length.

"The hounds—the hunt!" repeated Tom impatiently.

"Oh!" cried the man, a light dawning on him. "You mean them fox dogs?"

Shades of Beckford and John Jorrocks! What would Bradbury have said if he had heard his favorites called "fox dogs"? But information was what Tom was seeking, so he nodded his head.

"Yes, yes! Have you seen 'em?"

"Why, yes," said the farmer slowly. "I seen 'em."

"Well, hurry up! Which way did they go?"

"They didn't go any ways. I seen 'em over to the kennels last Sunday week."

Jackpot winced at the impatient dig from Tom's spur. There was nothing for it but to double on his tracks. A glance at his watch showed that it wanted but a few minutes of one o'clock. He set off at a smart canter for the kennels again.

Suddenly a faint sound came to his ears. Jackpot, too, pricked up his ears, and Tom was convinced.

"Well, here goes for the Barrens!" he said. He turned Jackpot's head and put him at the fence. The chestnut was not yet showing fatigue in spite of the grueling gallop Tom had given him, and now, with the distant cry of the pack in his ears and a fence before him, he started as fresh as though he had just come from the stable.

Tom patted the horse's shoulder. Jackpot laid back his ears, not viciously, but as if to show his appreciation. They were crossing the country, fences, brooks, meadow, and hillside in that long, sweeping gallop which no horse but one nearly thoroughbred possesses, taking most of the obstacles in his stride, and negotiating the more formidable places as easily as "handing a lady out of a carriage."

Then Tom's heart gave a great bound of delight as an unmistakable red coat came into plain view. At last he had fallen in with the field. It proved to be old Henderson, however, who never jumped, and rarely got within a mile of the hounds. But Henderson was pounding vigorously along a lane at right angles to the direction Tom had come, and in answer to Tom's inquiry he pointed straight ahead with his hunting crop. So Tom followed suit, and Jackpot soon sailed away from Henderson's lumbering cob.

Presently he came upon the main body of the "road brigade." The hounds were almost directly ahead, and as he reached the next hilltop he came into full view of them, running heads down and sterns up, on a warm scent. Close behind them was the hard riding contingent, and well up to the fore,

in the same field with his hounds, as usual, was Bradbury, riding his flea bitten, gray mare, Mamselle.

Then Tom knew he would have his work cut out for him, for the fox was fresh and lusty. He was heading for the Barrens, still six miles away, and Bradbury's mare was one of the fastest and best in the hunt.

He steadied Jackpot's head, took a four railed fence out of the road, in full view of the road brigade, and to its evident consternation, and, settling down in his saddle, prepared to ride the steeplechase of his life. It was now half past one. Hounds were carrying them as fast as horses could gallop directly away from the nearest telegraph station, and in the mean time a princely fortune depended upon his catching Bradbury and getting his authority to sell before the market "broke."

Jackpot was tiring rapidly, but Tom rode him as he had never ridden a horse before, saving him at every point, supporting him with his bridle hand as he had heard of heavyweights doing, and at the same time urging him to exert all the speed he possessed.

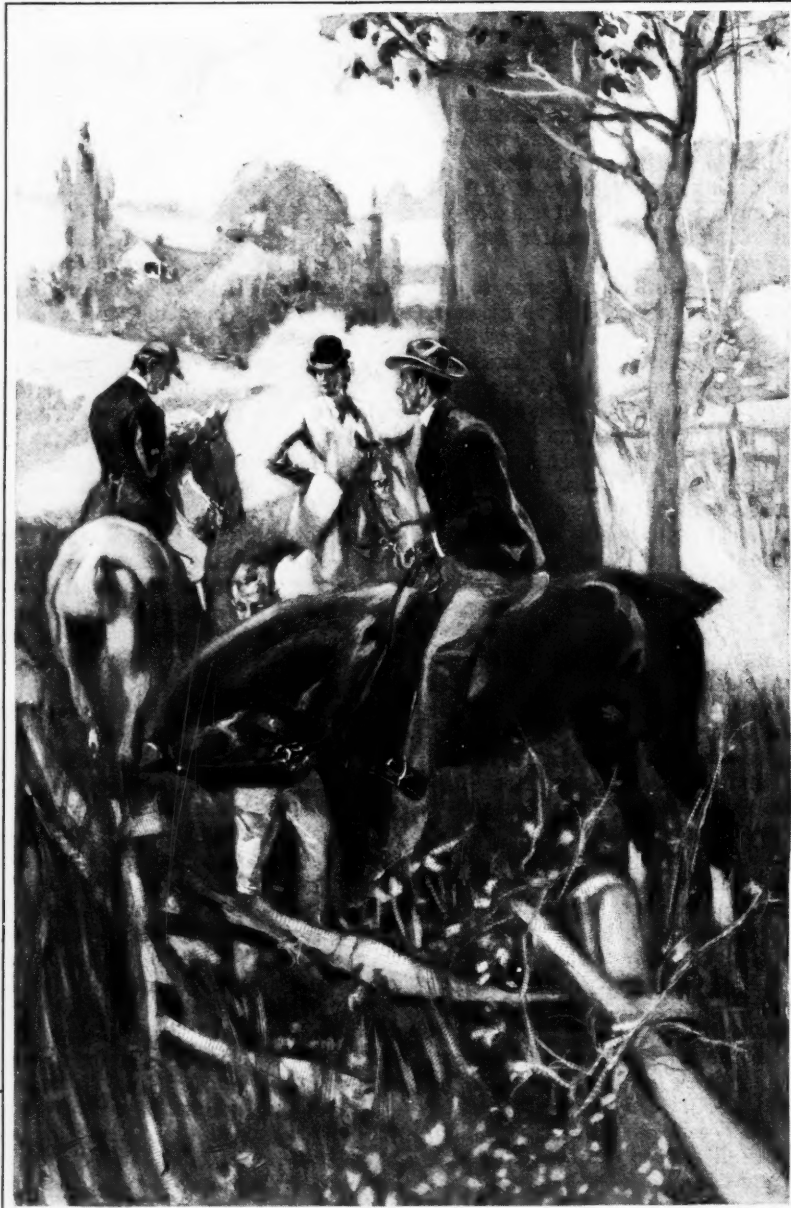
Slowly, but surely, he overtook the speeding group of horsemen. There was Ralph Goring on his favorite bay; Dick Middleton and his wife; and Marjorie Rudvers on her little iron gray, going as freely and as smoothly as a swallow swims through the air. Tom had only time for a wave of the hand.

They were now but two miles from the Barrens, and Bradbury was two fields ahead. Only Tim, the huntsman, and one of the whips were up with him.

Tom again stroked Jackpot. "If only you knew how I hated to do it!" he said; "but we've got to go hard today, old man!"

Bravely the gallant horse struggled on. He rapped the next fence badly—a stiff post and a rail—but Tom pulled him up sharply and no time was lost. Mamselle was taking her fences as easily as if she were just out for a little exercise.

Tom tried shouting, but he could not make Bradbury hear. Then came a stone wall, and Jackpot cleared it in good style. Tom felt, with sudden alarm, a decided beating of the good



BRADBURY PULLED A NOTEBOOK OUT OF HIS POCKET, TORE OUT A SHEET, AND SCRIBBLED A MESSAGE UPON IT WITH A LEAD PENCIL.

horse's heart, and he knew that the unequal race could not last much longer.

"Bradbury! Bradbury!" he yelled, and Jenkins, the first whip, seeing the

state of things, succeeded in getting the master to turn his head.

Tom signaled desperately to the latter, and Bradbury dropped back reluc-

tantly, just as Jackpot's limbs began to tremble in a manner which foretold his immediate collapse.

"What's the matter, Tom?" cried the M. F. H. "Any one dead?"

"No," answered Tom, gazing ruefully at his suffering horse; "but there's a corner in D. N. & W., and you can clear half a million if you sell!"

"Is that what you called me off my fox for?" shouted the master.

"Of course! Don't you want the half million?"

"I want that fox!" The rest of the field had gone thundering past, all but Marjorie, who had pulled up with her eyes on Jackpot. Bradbury turned the gray mare's head.

"Well," shouted Tom, "where are you going?"

"After the hounds," answered Bradbury.

"But the stock—don't you want to sell?"

"Yes, here!" Bradbury pulled a notebook out of his pocket, tore out a sheet, and scribbled a message upon it with a lead pencil.

WITHERS & Co., Wall Street, New York.

Sell 1,000 D. N. & W. at your own discretion.

BRADBURY.

He handed the paper to Jenkins and told him to ride with it to Cedarbrook station, some five miles distant, there

to telegraph the order to the brokers in New York.

"Now," he said, "let's finish our run!"

But there was no more fox hunting that day for either Marjorie or Tom. They walked poor Jackpot to the nearest farm, where they stayed until he had a comforting hot mash and a clean bed of straw; then with Marjorie on her iron gray and Tom walking by her side, they turned their heads towards home.

Meanwhile, Bradbury's telegram had reached the offices of Withers & Co., and old Mr. Withers had made up his mind that horsemanship after all had its uses, and that Tom should have his partnership on the first of the year.

As for Bradbury, he was a very well pleased M. F. H. that night, for not only had his hounds killed their fox in rare style, but his bank account was some six hundred and odd thousand dollars to the good by the day's work. When Tom and Marjorie were married early in the spring, his wedding gift was the title deed to one of the prettiest and jolliest little country places within ten miles of Meadowthorpe. In four loose boxes in the stable were three of the best hunters Bradbury could buy in Virginia. Their names were fastened to the doors of the boxes—"D," "N," and "W."

### EXTRAVAGANZA.

WERE I the sun that shines for you  
Betwixt your arbor screens,  
I'd fill with autumn wines for you  
The grapes that summer greens.

I'd turn your pippins gold for you  
Ere fierce July had fled,  
And bid the rose unfold for you  
In May its richest red.

Were I the moon that beams for you,  
I'd quench the unwilling stars,  
And flower the night with dreams for you  
Like silvery nenuphars.

But ere my light should break from you,  
As heavenward larks upsoared,  
With silvery showers I'd make from you  
The Danaë I adored!

Edgar Faurett.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

### Archbishop Farley.

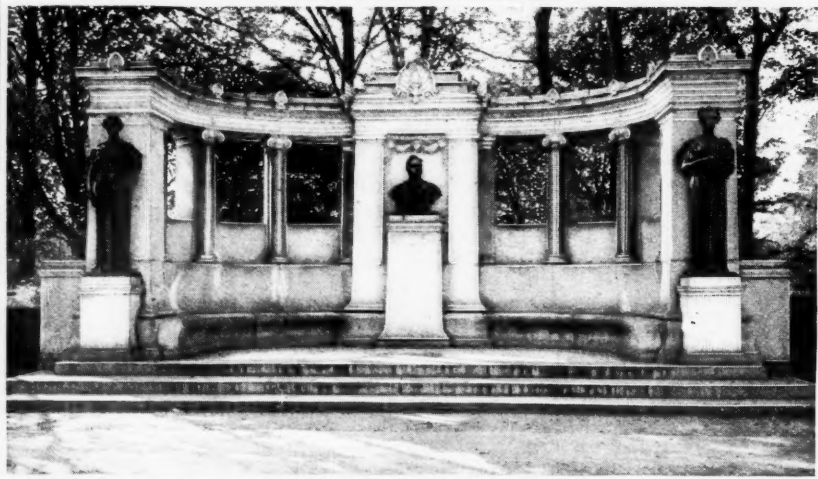
The late Archbishop Corrigan's successor in the see of New York, in taking up the reins of government, will find himself in as lofty a position as can be found in the ecclesiastical world. He was both elected and appointed to the headship of the diocese, which is perhaps the most important in all Christendom. The bishops and clergy gave him by vote the first place on the list of priests sent to Rome for consideration; the venerable cardinals who sit in judgment on the character and fitness of the candidates chose him for archbishop; and the Pope ratified their choice. At any time before the year is out the formalities will be completed, and John Farley will take possession of the great see as its fourth archbishop.

There is much speculation in church circles as to the use he will make of his great opportunity. Hitherto he has kept out of the public eye quite as much as the late Dr. Corrigan, though in a

different way, and probably from a different motive. The late archbishop shunned publicity from personal distaste, and did not esteem such churchmen as sought it on any ground. Naturally his counselors respected his prejudices in this matter, and cultivated proper reserve towards the public. It has always been a question, however, whether this reserve was not carried too far; and it is quite probable that the new archbishop will take the middle course of neither courting nor avoiding publicity.

At the age of sixty or thereabouts, Archbishop Farley is a handsome man, ruddy of cheek, silver haired, affable, calm, refined. In the days of his obscurity a critic would have regretted his lack of height, but that defect has disappeared with his elevation to the throne. The tallest ecclesiastics hereafter will look short in his august company.

His training has been long and thorough. He has held all the official posi-



THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE RICHARD M. HUNT, AT FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.



THE MOST REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, D.D., ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK, RECENTLY APPOINTED TO SUCCEED THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

*From his latest photograph—Copyrighted by Anderson, Fifth Avenue, New York.*

tions in turn, from that of secretary to Cardinal McCloskey up to that of auxiliary bishop to Dr. Corrigan.

The clergy of the East are dubious as to what complexion Dr. Farley may give his policy. Many would like to see him revive the Hughes traditions, and play again the part of the first Archbishop of New York; such a part as Archbishop Ireland, Bishop McQuaid, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Vaughan in London, and other eminent prelates throughout the world have played each in his own way with good results. The opinion is pretty general that the archbishop of New York should not be dumb on the great questions of the day, and should speak for his people effectively on proper occasions. At times, too, he should speak for his country. The voice of New York's archbishop has weight at home, and reaches very far abroad.

It is much to his credit that in a difficult career of more than three decades Dr. Farley has made no enemies and hundreds of friends. When he takes formal possession of his see, and the prelates of the country gather in the cathedral to do him honor, none will be absent from motives of indifference or of policy. The general feeling towards Archbishop Farley is friendly. His career on its positive side seems to have given no offense. He has been a believer in progress with harmony, and while positive in his convictions, he has been neither stubborn nor hasty in acting upon them. He is a very good judge of men—a quality which

he owes in great part to his readiness to receive all and to learn from all.

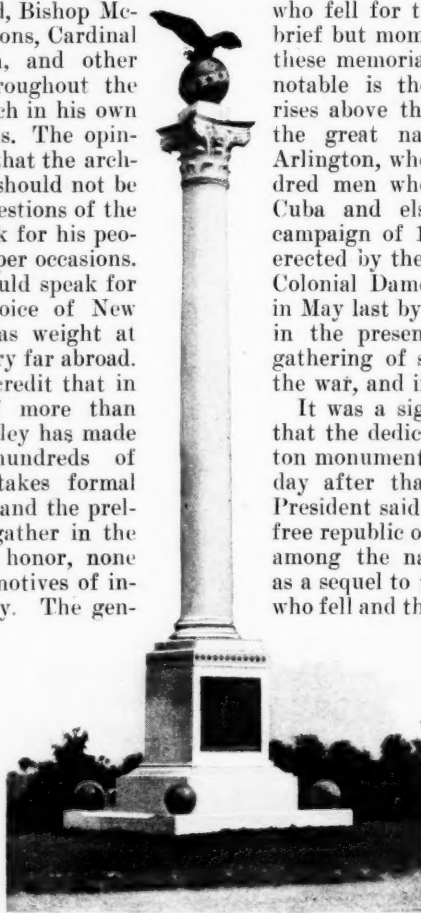
He has trained for his high position from the ranks, and has arrived at eminence after a long experience among all classes of men. He will make a grace-

ful and emphatic figure in the religious affairs of the American metropolis for the years that may remain to him.

### To the Dead of '98.

As the war with Spain passes into history, it is imperishably commemorated in monuments to those who fell for their country in that brief but momentous struggle. Of these memorials perhaps the most notable is the tall column that rises above the rows of graves in the great national cemetery at Arlington, where rest several hundred men who lost their lives in Cuba and elsewhere during the campaign of 1898. The shaft was erected by the National Society of Colonial Dames, and was unveiled in May last by President Roosevelt in the presence of a very large gathering of soldiers, veterans of the war, and interested spectators.

It was a significant coincidence that the dedication of the Arlington monument took place just one day after that on which, as the President said in his address, "the free republic of Cuba took its place among the nations of the world as a sequel to the work of the men who fell and their comrades in '98."



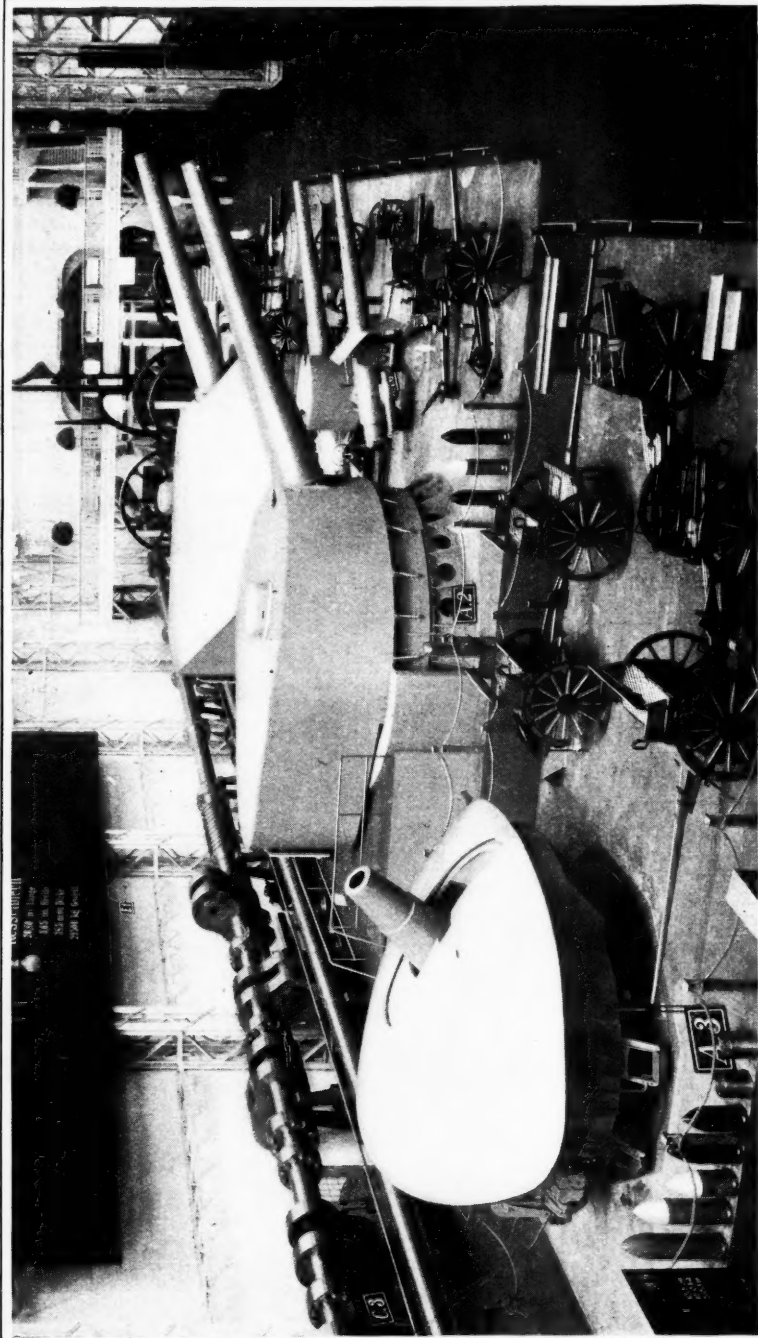
THE MONUMENT TO THE MEN WHO FELL IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, ERECTED IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF COLONIAL DAMES.

*From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.*

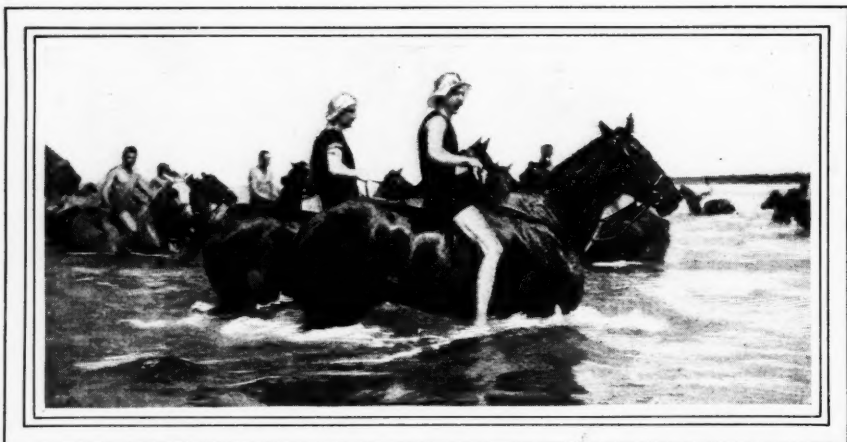
### The Krupphalle.

In the Industrial Exposition held this summer at Düsseldorf, in Germany, the most interesting exhibit was the Krupphalle, or building constructed to represent the work of the great Krupp firm of

ship builders, gun manufacturers, and fort constructors. This immense hall was built in the form of a battleship, more than four hundred feet in length and one hundred and five feet in breadth. It contained specimens of all



THE KRUPP EXHIBIT IN THE DÜSSELDORF INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, SHOWING FIELD GUNS AND HOWITZERS, HEAVY NAVAL GUNS IN TURRETS, AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE ENGINE SHAFT OF A GERMAN BATTLESHIP.



ITALIAN CAVALRY EXERCISES—THE COUNT OF TURIN AND MEN OF HIS REGIMENT TRAINING THEIR HORSES IN FORDING RIVERS.

kinds of work turned out by the greatest factory in Europe.

The firm of Krupp was founded by Peter Friedrich Krupp in 1810, when he was only twenty three years of age. His early death in 1826 left the burden of the growing business upon his son Alfred, who was then fourteen years old. Under Alfred Krupp the works have developed until today the firm employs forty three thousand workers, distributes a million dollars yearly in sick benefits and old age pensions, and possesses five thousand four hundred and sixty nine dwellings reserved for employees.

In the exhibit at Düsseldorf were included the latest developments in electrical science known to Germans, mostly applied to war ships. In the naval section were all kinds of marine steam boilers, steam pumps, steam and electrical ventilation plants, high power, triple expansion, and compound engines adapted to the driving of torpedo boats at great speed.

Guns, gun carriages, shells, armor plate, and models of modern forts littered the floor, while a group of gigantic steel bow, stern, and rudder posts demonstrated the development in the dimension of ocean liners.

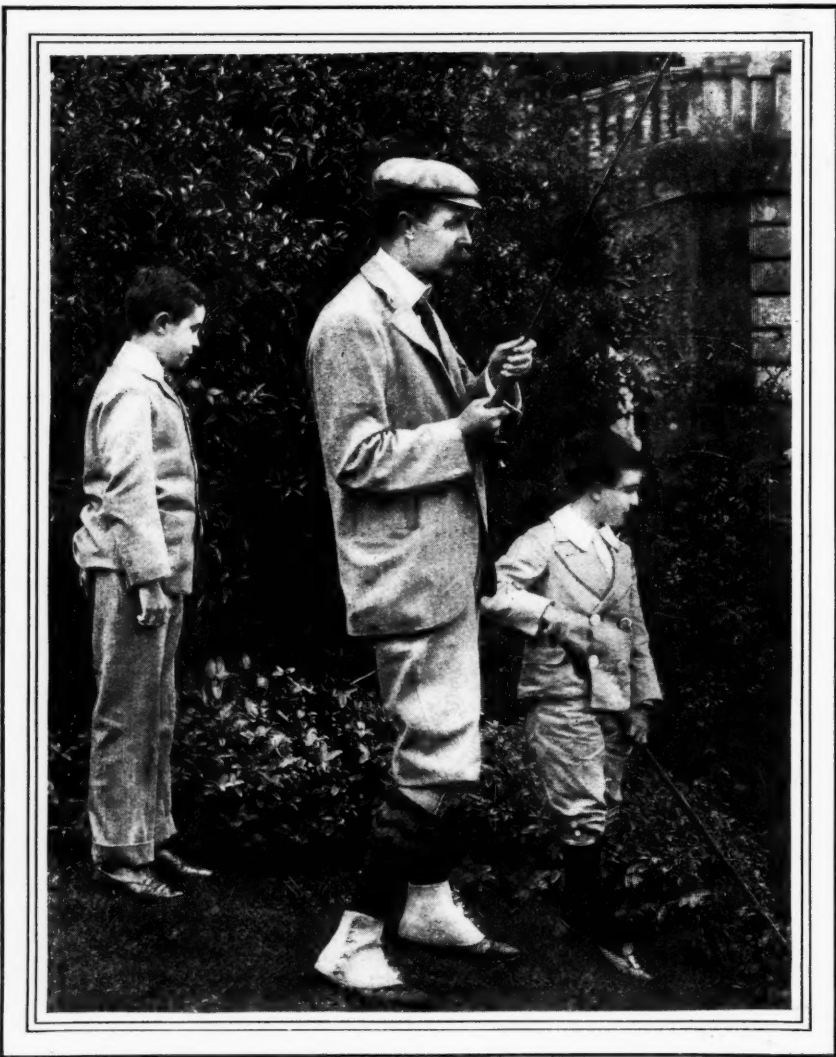


THE COUNT OF TURIN SWIMMING WITH HIS HORSE—THE COUNT IS A SON OF THE LATE DUKE OF AOSTA, AND A FIRST COUSIN OF THE KING OF ITALY.



MISS SUSAN QUAY, WHO IS TO CHRISTEN THE ARMORED CRUISER PENNSYLVANIA—MISS QUAY IS  
A DAUGHTER OF SENATOR QUAY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

*From a photograph by Bishop, Sandusky.*



THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES—SIR MICHAEL HERBERT WITH HIS TWO SONS AT WILTON HOUSE, THE FAMILY SEAT OF HIS BROTHER, THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

*From a photograph by Russell, London.*

As an exhibit of death dealing devices the Krupphalle has rarely if ever been surpassed, yet was it all the work of a single firm.

### A New American Warship.

Miss Elsie Macomber, of Des Moines, whose portrait appears on page 204, was selected, as a typical daughter of Iowa, to perform for the cruiser named after

her native city the time honored ceremony without which no man of war could be auspiciously launched.

Though not strong enough for the fighting line in a great sea battle, the Des Moines will be a useful addition to the United States Navy. She was specially designed for the sort of work that our sailors have had to do since our acquisition of island dependencies in the tropics. She can steam far and fairly

fast; sixteen knots is to be her top speed, and ten thousand miles her "radius"—that is, the distance she can make without recoaling. She will not draw more than sixteen feet of water,

so that she can enter comparatively shallow harbors and rivers. Her hull is sheathed with copper, as a preventive of the marine growths so fatal to the speed of steel vessels stationed in tropi-



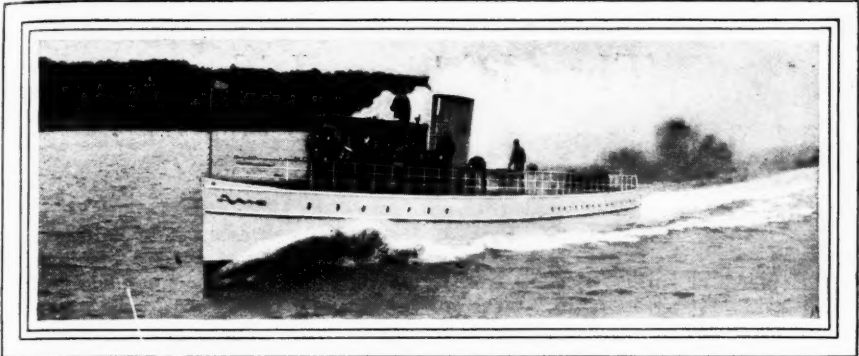
MME. MONCHEUR, WIFE OF THE RECENTLY APPOINTED BELGIAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES, AND DAUGHTER OF GENERAL POWELL CLAYTON, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO MEXICO.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.*



MISS ELSIE MACOMBER, OF DES MOINES, WHO ON SEPTEMBER 20 CHRISTENED  
THE PROTECTED CRUISER NAMED AFTER THE CAPITAL CITY OF IOWA.

*From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines.*



THE ARROW, THE FASTEST VESSEL AFLOAT, STEAMING AT THE RATE OF FORTY FIVE MILES AN HOUR DURING HER TRIAL ON SEPTEMBER 6.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Hemment, New York.*

cal waters. Her quarters for officers and crew are large and airy, and she will have every possible appliance for the comfort of her men.

She is a ship of thirty one hundred tons' displacement and forty seven hundred horse power, and her ten rapid fire guns of five inch caliber—with American gunners behind them—will enable her to fight anything of her size afloat. She has no armor, and will figure in the navy list as a second class protected cruiser.

A less pleasing fact in connection with the Des Moines is the long delay in her construction. She is one of a class of six vessels authorized by Congress in 1899, and contracted for in December of that year, to be completed in eighteen months. It took thirty three to get her ready for launching, and she is not likely to be completed, armed, and put into commission before next summer. It may partially excuse her contractors, but it can scarcely reassure the patriotic American, when it is added that three other ships of the sextet are considerably behind the Des Moines, and that there has been similar delay in every yard that is at work for the United States government. In a recent monthly report Rear Admiral Bowles, head of the construction bureau, pointed out that not a single vessel now under contract for the navy is less than twelve months behindhand, while there are craft due more than three years ago and still undelivered.

Such a situation is positively dis-

creditable and disquieting—none the less so because, on its present establishment, the navy could not provide crews for the new vessels if it had them.

### The Swiftest Steamship Afloat.

A development of yachting industry is the building of record breaking steam vessels. For long the steam yacht has depended upon its comfort for its popularity, and owners have striven rather to increase the capacity than the speed of their vessels. The absence of races for steam vessels, and the consequent dearth of competition in speed, have maintained the steam yacht as a house boat rather than a record breaker.

With recent times the hunger for novelty has sought satisfaction in the construction of steam driven fliers. The Arrow, belonging to Mr. Charles R. Flint of New York, is the queen of her class, the fleetest steamship afloat. One hundred and thirty feet long on the water line, with an extreme beam of twelve feet and a half, she has been built for speed and for little else than speed. That she attained her object is proved by the result of her trial on September 6, when she traveled a nautical mile in one minute and thirty two seconds—a speed equal to forty five land miles an hour.

The Arrow is an ingeniously designed speed machine, built to beat the world, and in these days of dear coal represents about the most expensive hobby known to man.

# The Hidden Life.

A TALE OF A PAINTER AND HIS SITTER.

BY JONATHAN HENLEY.

## I.

"A H, good morning, Miss Stevens," said young Cragin. "Come right in; I was expecting you, but not so early. And Freddie?" he continued, holding back the portière that divided the passageway from the studio.

"Frederick was called to the mission—suddenly," replied Miss Stevens in a singularly rich and attractive voice. "There's an old woman dying. As I didn't want to disappoint you, I came on alone."

"You are very good," said Cragin a trifle absently, wondering if the "Frederick" had been spoken in reproof. He was amused, but perhaps after all the girl was right, "Freddie" being hardly a dignified appellation for a clergyman, however young, who was giving his fortune and, as some maintained, his very life to work in a slum settlement. "You are very good. I want you to know Mrs. Cragin. She is anxious to meet you. May I send for her?"

"Please do. Frederick was so interested in my portrait that I hated him to be disappointed. I've rarely seen him so interested in anything, and I do so want it to be a success."

"And I," replied Cragin. "Partly, of course, for my own sake, more for Fred's. You know we were at school together; and he did me a good turn once in Paris."

"Tell me," said the girl impulsively. "You know I want to know everything about Frederick—everything he was and did before I knew him."

"It's a long story, I'm afraid," said Cragin. "But—well, he married Helen and me." He paused, his eye on the girl. She was a beauty; of a large boned, ample sort of prettiness, neither blonde nor brunette. He scanned her features critically. Somehow she did not strike him as just the thing for

Fred. There was an indefinable something that did not quite coincide with Cragin's idea of the woman his friend, the ascetic young clergyman, should marry. He had a slight cause for his wonderment; he knew nothing of Miss Stevens except that she was engaged to Fred Van Asdale, and was spending the winter with his sister, preparatory to a spring wedding. An opposing instinct had been aroused in Cragin's mind by her coming alone to his studio, but Fred's interest and anxiety in the portrait explained that, and after all it was very considerate of her. He was very glad, however, that Helen had been disengaged that morning.

"There she is now," he said aloud as Helen came into the room. He rose to meet her. "Freddie was called to the mission, Nellie; and Miss Stevens very kindly came alone for the sitting."

While the ladies were chatting, and mentally taking stock of one another, Cragin was busy among his paraphernalia. He was a square jawed, smooth faced young fellow, eminently practical looking in his well cut business suit. There was nothing of the artist in his appearance, but more of the keen faced lawyer or man of affairs. Yet the few portraits he had exhibited since his return from Europe had shot him meteorically into the first rank of his profession. It was these portraits themselves that, in a way, proscribed commissions. There were stories in circulation about one or two of them—stories of characteristics he had found in his sitters and had written on the canvas for those with understanding to read there. He and his work had been discussed, marveled at, and admired by those who had no intention of being painted by him—who pretended to be amazed because he had not more work than he could do.

"He's too confoundedly keen," Paul-



"AND YOU HAVE DONE ALL THAT THIS MORNING?"

mayer, a cynical fellow painter, was wont to thunder in explanation. "Only the pure in heart dare sit for Bertie Cragin. Now, with his position in society, if he could paint a pretty, smiling, pink and white thing like old Molazzo, he'd have a waiting room like a fashionable doctor, and the sitters would all get numbers from the man at the door to tell them when their turns came. As it is—he paints his wife."

But Cragin himself disclaimed an insight into humanity beyond that of his fellows. And his friends were forced to admit that, take palette and brush from him, and he was even more liable than the average person to be imposed upon by externals.

Miss Stevens, in the gown in which she was to sit, came with Helen Cragin from the dressing room.

"I feel frightfully nervous," she said.

"I know your reputation—what horrible thing will you find out about me?"

"All ready?" he inquired; adding: "Like the reputation of many other men, mine has been thrust upon me. I assure you I can't see what they're talking about."

The pose had been previously decided upon, and Cragin had his arrangement blocked out on a low toned canvas. As he began his work he talked, trying to discover what most interested the girl before him, and, the subject found, to get her to talk about it. Miss Stevens was plainly "posing" in a way that annoyed him, and he slipped from topic to topic in an effort to make her lose her self consciousness.

"Tell me about your work," she said finally. "It's all so wonderful—so wonderful." Her face became transformed, and she looked very girlish and sweet as she spoke of it. Cragin, because he knew that Van Asdale would most love that expression, determined to seize it. His absorption was broken by Miss Stevens' voice.

"What was that about that first portrait of yours?"

Cragin hesitated. She was, it seemed, keenly, nervously interested, with that fresh young look on her face.

"Oh, that," he said after a moment, "is a charming illustration of how notoriety is thrust upon a man. It was just a coincidence. It was a portrait of old Fletcher, and was the first I had shown since I came back. Dalgren thought he'd be smart, and wrote a beautifully sarcastic criticism, and wound up by saying that I had made a venerable and universally esteemed old gentleman look like a convicted criminal. He was only trying to be nasty; but when they found out that old Fletcher *had* embezzled or forged or something, some genius recalled the criticism, and thought he'd be doing a struggling young painter a service by writing to the papers about it—and so the hurrah began!"

"It's wonderful!" said the girl.

"I tell you it's just a coincidence—I didn't know Fletcher was defaulting, and couldn't have painted it if I had."

The girl sat silent, with the expression of one rapt before a miracle.

"Then," said Cragin, "there was the portrait I painted of Mr. Carnahan. I thought nothing of it after I had got it off my hands until one morning a man waltzed in here with a song and dance. He was a physician, and it seems he had been treating Carnahan for months and couldn't find anything wrong, but the family kept sending for him and sending for him. Finally his eye fell on the portrait. 'My dear sir,' he yelled at me, 'you'd painted crazy all over it.' It turned out the family knew it all along, but had kept it quiet, and the doctor hadn't happened to catch him in one of his tantrums. But in three months they locked the old gentleman up—and the doctor didn't have sense enough to keep his mouth shut."

Cragin applied himself silently to his task. "May be good for one's reputation as a painter," he said finally, "but it's beastly bad for business."

He was across the room viewing his work from a distance; frowning and showing hard little lines about his mouth. Miss Stevens had lost her look of absorption and sat listlessly.

"Chuck me that palette knife, will you, dear?" he said, half turning to Helen. Helen tossed it, and he caught it deftly and used it vigorously on the head before him.

"You'd better rest, Miss Stevens. You don't mind if I smoke a cigarette, do you?"

Helen looked anxiously towards him where he was lounging gloomily at the far end of the room. She wondered why he was scraping after getting, as she thought, so promising a beginning.

In a little while he was at work again, chatting with Miss Stevens and herself like a careless, slangy boy. Suddenly he backed from the easel. "Give me a cigarette, there's a dear," he said to his wife. "And that knife again."

"I suppose he is anxious to please Fred," Helen thought; watching the head disappear beneath his ruthless knife, a tool he rarely used. A few moments later he was painting rapidly, his brow clear, the cigarette hanging limp and dead from his mouth. When he stepped away to view, his jaw snapped, and he absently motioned a hand in Helen's direction. She understood, and

handed him the knife again. From where she was sitting each stroke had seemed to tell, as only his strokes could; but he scraped them out as ruthlessly as before. The silence of the room was intense. Helen Cragin pretended to read, though in reality she was watching her husband as he touched his canvas deliberately.

Miss Stevens raised her eyes and met his in a flash.

"Eh? What did you say?" he asked, as if she had spoken to him.

"Nothing."

Cragin abstractedly squeezed fresh color upon his palette, studying her countenance searchingly. There was no hesitation in his manner when he resumed his brush. He worked swiftly, with the confident air of a man to whom the end is in sight, and that which remains easy of accomplishment. The usual time for resting was long past, but Helen, noting his intensity, dared not remind him. His eye darted from the canvas to Miss Stevens, who, as the minutes passed, grew more and more restless. She fidgeted; her hands toyed with the lace at her wrists, then tightly grasped the arms of the chair. Helen, knowing the torture of posing when one is tired, looked on with a keen sympathy, though she spoke not. She sat very still, watching her husband's quick glance. Momentarily her nervousness increased, until finally she got upon her feet.

"Mr. Cragin," she exclaimed, "Mr. Cragin! Don't look at me like that! I feel"—she sank back into the chair and laughed weakly—"I feel as if I wasn't properly fastened up."

"I beg your pardon," Cragin said solicitously. "How tired you must be! Forgive me for forgetting, will you?"

He took her hand and helped her to rise.

"It is nothing," said the girl. When she emerged from the dressing room, hatted and perfectly composed, she fluttered to the easel. "May I look?"

She sat down and gazed long and earnestly.

"And you have done all that this morning?" was the only comment she made.

James, stiff and dignified, stood at the

door, and Cragin held back the portière leading to it.

"Well, good by," said Miss Stevens to Helen. "I wish we could be friends."

"I am sure we will be. You know how fond we are of Freddie."

"Thank you," said the girl dreamily, and the curtain fell behind her.

## II.

THE next morning Cragin was smoking before the portrait.

"Didn't I bring that around in a hurry, Helen?" he asked musingly. "After scraping, too—generally it rattles me to scrape, but——"

"I couldn't see why you scraped at all," Helen answered.

"I don't know. It didn't feel right. Something seemed to be between me and my impression just as I was getting it clear. I'd call it a good start, though—hullo!" he exclaimed, as James rattled back the portière. "There's Freddie!" The latter's appearance arrested him. "Why, old man, what's up?"

"Where's Dora?" Van Asdale demanded, looking wildly about the room.

"Who?"

"Dora—Dora—Miss Stevens."

"Why, she hasn't been here yet. We're expecting her now."

"She hasn't been here? She hasn't been home since yesterday morning! She—she wrote me the strangest letter—I don't understand it—she says that you had found her out, and there was no use in pretending any longer, and that I couldn't marry her. She said you'd tell me. What did you do to her?"

"I? Nothing. How could I?"

"She was here yesterday. What did you do to her?"

"I painted her," said Cragin. "That's all," and he indicated the canvas.

Van Asdale halted before the picture, gazed at it as though it spoke to him, then let his head sink forward upon his breast and turned away.

"Let me go," he said. "She was right. I could not have married that woman."

And the curtain swung back upon the man who had read the secret of a woman's past.

# THE GOLD WOLF.\*

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

DUDLEY HATTON, who has amassed millions in the London money market, is engaged to Daphne Bell, a young girl to whom he was first attracted owing to her startling resemblance to his late wife, Hermine. Dudley was long a recluse after his wife's death, for though he loved her, they had become estranged, and she died suddenly after a quarrel during which he, suffering from a nervous malady at the time, temporarily lost his reason. He bribed the physician to attribute her death to heart failure, but there were marks on the delicate throat, and Dudley has been tortured with the thought that he, in his madness, may have caused her death. He manages to throw off this feeling after he meets Daphne, however, and again enters into worldly affairs with a keen zest.

### XVI (Continued).

NORTON BELL shook his head in protest; and they went down the great corridor together. At the stairs head Daphne, seeing all the people in the hall below, the lights, the jewels, the flowers, hearing the buzz of talk and the dreamy music of a string band on the lawn without, stopped suddenly, and spoke her thoughts half aloud:

"If I thought that I was here because he is rich," she said, "I would go away this minute! But, oh, isn't it— isn't it splendid, Daddy?"

The old scholar assented with a word and quickened his step. He could see the sixty three port among the silver on the buffet. His goal was there.

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There were hundreds of lanterns hung in the gardens of Sonning Court, and a row of them at the river's edge where the boats were moored. The darkness of the night helped the bewitching picture of house and river, and the wood beyond it, framed in this ribbon of dazzling lights. Belated voyagers from Henley or Caversham eased their launches or rested their oars to gaze a moment at that starry scene. They obtained glimpses of laughing women and active men; of honest fiddlers from Kensington pretending to be Hungarians; of open windows through which the lights, the silver, the wreck of the feast, might be observed—these and the woodlands behind, whose lanterns swung from many a tree, and the leaves trembled in the dazzling radiance. Upon the lawn itself, that process of selection

which is nature's law set many a heart a-fluttering, left many a dowager with the refreshment tent for her consolation. It was the survival of the fittest, Dudley said; even "ping pong" stood at a discount. Bridge had no charm, nor could the Reverend Norton obtain his beloved "rubber." All the world was for the water and the carnival of oars. Women grown old in discretion went to the boats under protest; young girls led the way unblushingly. It was delightful to see that cunning of youth which pointed out the frailty of "outriggers," and, having frightened the oldest ladies, rowed away with the youngest. Soon the whole breadth of the river echoed a note of music and of laughter. Lanterns went dancing from island to island above Ship-lake—other lanterns went out and were not rekindled. You heard the tongue of satire and the cynic; but not the tongue of love, for the wind did not whisper a sigh more gentle. And were there not the secret places of the woods, the lonely backwaters, the unlighted thickets, for the practice of the oldest art—the lovers' art? The wise ones, indeed, slunk away ashore. They were rarely alone.

Dudley was one of those; and, making neither excuse nor apology, he led Daphne away to a remote arbor in the grounds which even the gnomes with the refreshments had forgotten. There was no light here, nor could he see her bright eyes or the flush upon her face. He walked and talked with her for a little while as with any guest that Sonning might harbor.

"Yes," he said, speaking of the house, "it is an old place, but not too old. I

\* Copyright, 1902, by Max Pemberton.—This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

like old houses, but not to live in. If a man is accustomed to modern civilization, he is not sorry that Henry the Eighth is dead. They told me that Sonning was a Tudor house, possibly because it was built in Queen Anne's reign. In Henry's day they kept a bedroom for the king—who called twice a year to rob them—and put every one else in attics. There is no king's bedroom at Sonning; but you have the queen's—at least, they call it so in the catalogue."

Daphne liked the compliment, but did not immediately answer it. A sense of great intimacy, of chosen friendship with him had been hers from the first moment of their introduction. She experienced it again tonight. It was just as though one had come into her life to whom she might tell everything, confess her whole story, even those things of which no living being had ever heard. She knew that she must go to him if he asked her; it was her destiny.

"I have never had the chance to live in big houses," she said frankly. "My uncle's house in London has eight windows and a door, and that's all you can say about it. At Cambridge I like the old college rooms because one seems so much alone in them. All the world doesn't stare in through your windows; and then the gardens are so lovely. That's why, if I were rich, I think I should like old houses; just to open one's window in the morning and to breathe the scent of the jessamine and the mignonette—all the dear old trees, too, the laburnum and the may and the hawthorn. One lives then—one lives a whole life on a summer's morning!"

She stood a moment upon the path as though realizing a joy of summer which imagination only could recall for her. Perhaps she was a little afraid of her own frankness; but Dudley understood her so well that she did not regret it.

"I hope that you will find such days at Sonning," he said gently. "They are rare days, I fear, even for those of us who are the happiest. I suppose we live in the expectation that they will come back. It is absurd to speak of things as though any of us could enjoy a greater measure of realization than expectation. We live for the splendid hours; but they are very few."

She knew that he was speaking of his own case, the whispered story of which had come to her. Another, at her age, might have complained, perhaps, of a lover whose outlook was thus clouded by the gospel of regret; but her vanity was

satisfied that it should be so, "for," she said, "I can change it." This, from the first, had been her idea, to give happiness for the love that she would win.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed sincerely; "we imagine most of our pleasures; but they are not any the less pleasures because we imagine them. I do not think any of us would care to go on living if it was not for imagination. They tell me that I'm the most romantic creature alive, and I know it is true. It is foolish, perhaps, but not more foolish than regret. Sometimes I think I am a great singer—and you know I can't sing a note! When I am tired of that, I become a great painter; why shouldn't I? If I really were a great singer, I should have all sorts of bothers. There would be rivals to hate, managers who would not engage me, parts which would be horrid. If you imagine it all, you don't have anything of the kind; your voice is always splendid; people hiss your rivals off the stage; you get—oh, fabulous salaries; and it isn't hard work at all, as it would be if it were true. That's just the beauty of it. You hurt no one by imagination; but it makes you happy—now, doesn't it?"

Dudley smiled at the exuberance of her confession. Years ago he, too, had been a visionary; but the realization surpassed his dream, and here, in his thirty ninth year, he could remember how pitiful his ambitions had been, how immeasurably below reality. This girlish philosopher was wiser in her generation; he devoutly hoped that the truth would be kinder to her than it had been to him.

"The world would be happier if we were all as easily contented," he said reflectively. "Each has his ideal, and strives for it. You have one, I am sure. An imagination does not destroy it. Won't you tell me all about it, Daphne?"

It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name; but it was done so naturally, and as though by right of something deeper than mere friendship, that she passed it by, and went on as though it had been unsaid.

"I suppose I have, but I don't think I could tell you," she said quickly. "I am too changeable to have any great purpose, as my uncle calls it. The real truth is that I am afraid I am vain. I want some one to minister to my vanity—and no one ever does. That's what makes me a person with a grievance."

Dudley did not answer her at once; but, taking a colored lantern from one of the trees, he led the way through the thicket until they came to an arbor which looks

out over Sonning Weir; and there, drawing a wicker chair close to hers, he sat beside her. For a little while they watched the distant hills flitting like glowworms over the still water, and listened to the plaintive music of fiddles to which the woods gave their harmonies.

"You and I are very much alike, Daphne," he said at last. "Our vanity hurts no one, but it helps us. You have all your life before you; but mine is half lived. I had many ideals when I was your age, but most of them are broken images now. There is one left—one only. I want to speak to you about that."

He closed his hand about hers and bent down low so that his lips almost touched her silky hair. Her heart was beating quickly, and she knew that all the blood had gone leaping to her face. The hand that touched her own was hot and nervous. She understood that this was one of those hours for which she had lived. That low, musical voice bewitched her. She had imagined this scene many a time; but how different it was! No lover's passionate declaration carried her away by the very stress of its pleading; there were no vows, no protests, no childish appeals to her affection. She heard but this—the story of a man's life and of his need.

"Shall I speak to you about myself, Daphne?" he asked. "Shall I tell you something about my own life?"

She said, "Yes, yes; please do!" in a voice that was scarce more than a whisper. And he went on:

"I knew you would like to hear it. From the very first moment that I saw you I said, 'Here is one who must know!' It was not strange that I should say it. They have told you why it should not be."

She answered without evasion:

"Yes, I think they have told me."

"That you are very like my dead wife?"

"Yes, yes——"

"And yet so different."

He pressed his hands to his forehead, and for a spell he wrestled with memory. One page in his history he dared not tell even to her who had the best right to know it. That page he strove to shut from his recollection now. Tonight would obliterate it forever.

"Yes, so different, Daphne—so different. I could never speak to *Hermine* as I speak to you. It was just as though something intervened all the time, as though some one said, 'She's not listening; she does not care.' And I tried to speak so many times; I tried to tell her why success did not make me happy. I

wanted her to know what lay behind it all, my need—yes, almost my salvation. She did not mean to wound me; she was not unkind naturally, I think. But she never understood me. You cannot love if you do not understand. I had just been asking all my life that some one woman might love me. I am asking it now, Daphne—now!"

She trembled at his touch; and, finding his arm about her, she laid her burning cheek upon his own.

"And should I—should I understand, Dudley?"

"You understood from the first," he said. "I knew it at Cambridge; I know it now. We two have been seeking each other through the years, Daphne; but tonight I have found you—thank God, I have found you!"

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They returned to the house at midnight. The masqueraders had come in from the river and were dancing in the hall. Beryl, discovering Dudley at once, ran up to question him.

"Where have you been?" she cried dictatorially. But then observing Daphne, her voice sank to a whisper, and as she raised herself on tiptoe she said, "Oh, I am so glad—so glad it's different!"

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At the same hour the valet *Courvoisier*, packing his bag in hot haste, left Sonning by the morning mail, and said that he quitted Dudley Hatton's service forever.

## VII.

DUDLEY was going to town next morning, and old Norton Bell, having an appointment with a bookseller, and a distinct aversion for rivers, said that he would take advantage of the reserved carriage and accompany him. The disappearance of the valet, *Courvoisier*, had stirred the curiosity of the household to its depths; and a letter from that faithful fellow, in which he said that he had been suddenly called away on a domestic affair of great urgency, satisfied no one. Dudley was not less perplexed than the servants' hall. He associated *Courvoisier's* flight—he knew not why—with the brougham he had seen in Charles Street and the empty house to which it had carried his valet. "The man has been making a fool of himself, and I must stand by him," he said. He had other reasons for going to London; but of these he would speak to no one. There were jewels in the safe at Park Lane whose existence he had almost forgotten. Some of them he had

bought merely as the collector will buy any pretty thing; others had been his gifts to Hermine. He hoped that he could find a dower of the former for Daphne; the latter he was determined to sell.

It is not possible to describe with what a changed spirit and giant hope the master of Sonning set out to London. The night had given him all. That for which he had craved in the long years of work and success, the love in which alone the past might be forgotten, the gentleness, the sympathy, the gift of true womanhood, were his today. Never had the sun shone so brightly upon him as in his own gardens that summer morning; never were the woods so green, the air so sweet, the world so fair. Every whisper of the wind said "Daphne!" her name was written on sky and water—"Daphne! Daphne!" She had come to him at last, and a new heaven and a new earth were created at her touch. His love, he said, was not as other men's—a passion, a desire; it was the love of one who gave him the right to live; the love of one in whose gentle heart all sorrow should be buried.

He drove to the station in his motor car, taking many risks and breaking the law with a delight which was boyish. The old Don at his side remembered forgotten prayers and expostulated with heathen gods. He was two generations behind motor cars; and, after all, the Greeks got on very well without them. In the train he mopped his brow and declared his lack of courage.

"It is perfectly astonishing," he said, "perfectly astonishing! You will not think me very old fashioned if I say that my nerves are—hem!—a little too classical for this kind of thing."

Dudley, arranging their bags in the carriage reserved for them, expressed great contrition for his reckless driving.

"It is just idiots like myself," he said, "who injure the industry and cripple it. I ought to be fined ten pounds, and perhaps I shall be. It was really wicked to bring you along so fast. I am altogether irresponsible this morning, and I hope the police made a note of it."

It was quite true, he ought to have been fined ten pounds; but the old parson thought that he understood the circumstance; and having been a lover himself in a past which seemed so remote that even the year was forgotten, he hastened to be agreeable.

"Man is always angry with himself because nature has only given him legs," he said didactically; "he wants wings,

wheels—he would like to be a cannon shot. Dædalus tried to fly, you remember, and Icarus was killed. He was the guest in the motor car."

And then, remembering his flight through space, he exclaimed:

"Tell me, now, how fast do you think we went this morning—was it twenty miles an hour—or even more?"

Dudley, much amused, flung himself into a seat and, taking out a cigar case, he offered the old man a consoling cigar.

"Twenty miles an hour? More likely fifty! It is wiser not to ask how fast a man goes when he has a train to catch."

The old gentleman opened his eyes very wide in astonishment.

"Fifty miles an hour! God bless me!"—he determined already to make it seventy over the college port at Queens.

"We have to go fast nowadays to live," Dudley went on. "Men do everything in a hurry; they even make love in a hurry. It's only marriage that goes a little more slowly. We marry at leisure and repent in haste. I am the exception, Mr. Bell. I am going to marry in haste, and I shall never repent at all!"

He was glad of this opportunity for a formal interview with Daphne's grandfather. Such a simple old man would deal with the affair in the simplest manner; but Dudley's business habit compelled him to think of meaner aspects.

"I am glad you came with me," he said, "for, of course, I wanted to talk to you of Daphne. With your consent—I believe you are her guardian—I propose that we avoid the customary formalities and arrange the whole thing, if you like, with indecent haste. The settlements are really matters for the lawyers; but I don't think we need worry about those rogues. I am a rich man, as you know, and where Daphne is concerned my fortune is hers. But I shall begin with a settlement; and it is for you to say if you think it is a just one. It occurs to me that an express train is just the place for such a chat."

He gave the poor old parson not a ghost of a chance either to assent or to differ, but raced on from point to point in that fresh field of a roseate vision whither love had led him by the hand. All his wish was a young girl's pleasure. Ah, the things he would do for Daphne presently; the wedding journey they would make together; the cities they would visit; the joy they would garner! There was nothing in the world too good for one who had changed his life in a day, and would hold it changed for all time. She must have

houses, horses, jewels; she must reign in London, be the mistress of his home and his wealth, fulfil to the last line those pages of her dreams which were now become reality.

In vain Daphne's grandfather put in his "Dear me's!" and his "Well, well's!" Dudley went on like a steam engine. The old gentleman's glasses were at the very summit of his antique forehead before the lover had half done with it. They were at Paddington when he began to understand the splendid proposition which had been made to him.

"Five thousand pounds a year to be settled on my Daphne! And I have but four hundred pounds," he said to himself, with just a suspicion of a jealous thought. "It's fabulous, positively fabulous! What will she do with it? I must tell her uncle this very day—and how her relations will plague her! *Vade retro*—we live in an age of miracles. Five thousand pounds!"

He could not grasp it. That a mere sentiment should be thus rewarded, and Greek particles valued at less than a tenth the sum! Daphne's grandfather had solved many riddles in a busy life, but this riddle of the honey and the poison was beyond him.

Dudley left his companion and drove to Park Lane upon the first of his errands. He had already sent a telegram to Patrick Foxall, inviting the "wild Irishman" to lunch; and he would not have been surprised to find that worthy in his study. But his housekeeper said that no one had called; and from that she passed on to a rambling apology for the state of the place, which, she explained, was entirely due to the shortcoming of her maids and the intemperate habits of a disobliging sweep. Dudley made short work of it, and, passing at once to his own study, began that task which was to engross him so greatly.

If he reflected how much humanity gives to a house, he could remember at the same time that Daphne would presently bring the light to these gaunt rooms and deck them out with a splendor they had never worn. It was a tribute to the power of her name that he could now go fearlessly where a month ago he had feared to go at all. The silence, the half lights, the papered windows, the white and ghostly furniture, were dismal enough; but in his imagination Daphne moved everywhere, calling in the sunshine and bidding his house awake. His quick, impatient movements, his hurried flight from room to room, were but expressions of a desire to return to Sonning

and to hear again the happy message which she alone could speak. Nor would he go empty handed. He had come to London that he might return with gifts. In his own study the gifts lay; the dower of a kingdom if the need were.

This, in truth, was the one room which had been held ready against such a surprise as the one his ancient housekeeper now enjoyed. He found the curtains drawn there, the chairs uncovered, the table dusted, the writing pad new turned. There was even a letter upon the table, in a handwriting he did not recognize. But he cared nothing for letters this morning; his mind was full of the contemplation that a gift affords; and, unlocking the safe, he drew out the tray of jewels and showed it to the sunshine.

No sight so rare could have rewarded his eyes in all London. Shimmering jewels; diamonds of priceless luster; emeralds which a French queen had worn; sapphires so deeply blue that, but for the sun, they had been black; opals whose veins of green were like a rare enamel upon a sheen of roses; turquoises whose blue was of the summer sea, unmatched, inimitable—these in all shapes and sizes, in pendants and rings and brooches, in bracelets of bewitching design, in earrings, in baskets of flowers, in roses, littered that tray and dazzled the eye which looked upon them. Many of them had been worn by his dead wife, and were powerful to recall the shadows of the darker days; but others he had bought for the love of their beauty, and of such should his present to Daphne be.

A collar of diamonds for her shapely neck; bracelets to match the whiteness of her arms; he picked them out one by one and laid them aside with gentle fingers. But rubies he would not give her. He could not forget that Hermine had died with rubies about her neck. As a man is drawn to morbid things in spite of his will to overlook them, so now he peered into the safe for the string of rubies his wife had worn when she lay dead at his feet, and he had uttered that fervid cry, "Speak to me, Hermine!" He would not give the jewels to Daphne—no, not for twice his fortune. He would sell them, he said; they should go today to his jewelers. He had come to this determination when first he perceived that the rubies were missing.

Very carefully, and with method, Dudley gathered together the gems that were to be Daphne's present, and put them aside upon his writing table. He was a little disturbed that he could not find the miss-

ing rubies immediately; but he knew that they were somewhere in the safe, so he began diligently to search it from the first shelf to the last. The necklace had been a substantial ornament, and could not be hidden in any nook or cranny. What, then, had become of it? Certainly Hermine had worn it on that night of nights. He remembered other jewels, her diamonds especially, which had sparkled upon her pretty arms and throat when she confronted him in the scene he would not forget to his life's end. One superb bracelet with a crown of sapphires and rubies he remembered particularly; and this he drew from the safe to be sure of its identity. But why, if it were thus in safe keeping, should the string of rubies be missing? He could not answer the question. For a full hour he searched the room and the house, until the truth would no longer be denied. The jewels were gone!

It was not a great matter, perhaps; for many explanations occurred to him, and he was in a mood when a man is easily satisfied. After all, he had been too unwell to concern himself with such little things in that terrible week; and he thought it quite possible that some one had sent the jewels to his bankers. Courvoisier would do it—and yet Courvoisier had this morning left his service! This fact began to force itself upon his memory, and to suggest others. He did not like that figure of mystery which almost imperceptibly was growing into his life.

It had been his hope that yesterday would obliterate the past so that not one line of it remained to be read; but here was the past confronting him with these perplexing riddles. A strong mind should have done with such perplexities at once. He determined to abide by his purpose of mental discipline. In the end, he said with anger that the jewels were at his bankers, and that he would get them tomorrow. As for Courvoisier—well, he did not count.

Thus ending it, Dudley rose from his chair with a gesture of impatience and went to the window to read the letter which he had remarked when first he entered the room, but had ignored until this time. Three times he read it without being conscious of its meaning; but at the fourth attempt he stood very still, and when he put the letter down he could not see where he had laid it. It was as if a hand had been laid suddenly upon his heart to still it. He walked to the win-

dow, and for many minutes together did not move from his place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Patrick Foxall arrived at Park Lane exactly at two o'clock; and going at once to the study of the house, he found Dudley with the letter between his fingers. His usual greeting, resonant and reverberating, was broken upon his lips when he beheld his friend thus agitated, and realized that his call was in the nature of an intrusion.

"Dudley, me bhoy! Good God, what is it now?"

Without a word, Dudley passed the letter across the table, and the Irishman's clumsy fingers closed upon it. Patrick needed glasses for print; and there was a hat to set down, to say nothing of gloves and a stick to be laid upon a chair, before he was ready. But when all was done and he stood at the window and cast one glance at the paper and one at the man who passed it over, he read the words:

If Mr. Dudley Hatton would pursue a matter of great importance to him without present interference or subsequent regret, he will hear something of interest by calling today at the above address.

Patrick read the letter twice; and then, folding it deliberately, he crossed the room to Dudley's side and expressed his opinion of it without preface.

"As God's in heaven, it's some black-mailer!" said he.

Dudley took a pen in his hand and made some meaningless marks upon the blotting pad before him.

"Yes, Pat, I shouldn't be surprised if it were that," he admitted quietly.

"Then what's the meaning of it? What's he afther? Ye'll know who brought the letter?"

Dudley could answer none of these questions.

"I have asked nothing," he said pathetically. "I'll begin now, Pat."

The old housekeeper herself answered the bell, breathless and very loquacious. No, she was sure she knew nothing of any letter, or with her own hands she would have posted it that morning. It must have come when she was out. She would ask the maids; but what she suffered with them—

Patrick sent her flying at this point. The maids were no wiser. They were sure that no letter had come by hand.

"Then it's wings it has taken and flown here!" cried the Irishman angrily. "Do letters come through the windows, like flying machines?" he asked fiercely.

The girl went weeping to the kitchen. "Oh, the brute, the great big brute!" she cried. Patrick, meanwhile, was pacing the room like a caged beast.

"There's some one in the house has a finger in it; and we must be after finding out," he continued, speaking his thoughts aloud. "The next step is the police, Dudley. We'll call in the police, and they shall go to the address upon the paper. Some paltry blackmailer that has heard of your doings and would be selling his lies for any price you name. Ye'll have no truck with them, Dudley—not a word, as I live!"

Dudley did not hear what he said. For a full quarter of an hour Patrick raved and stormed, now dealing with it this way, now that. When he had quite finished he was astonished to see his friend taking a revolver from the study drawer and putting cartridges into it.

"What d'ye mean, man?" he cried.

"I shall go to the house," said Dudley quietly, "now!"

### VIII.

THEY left the house without further remonstrance, setting off at once through Aldford Street, and thus towards Berkeley Square. Patrick Foxall had uttered his warning and scarcely knew how he might repeat it. That Dudley was about to do something very foolish, he felt convinced; but the ideas in his own head were confusing, and would take no definite shape.

Who had written the letter, and what was its immediate object? Money? He scarcely thought it was that. From the first he divined that a strong man's enemies had obtained some secret which might give them a hold over him, and that they would now make use of this power to further their own ends; perhaps to effect a supreme coup which only Dudley could frustrate. The "diamond gang," as he put it to himself, certainly had a finger in this pie. How they would crow if Dudley were in exile once more, a wanderer and impotent to harm them! And if they held a secret, whom could it concern but the dead woman and the manner of her death?

These people, perchance, had trafficked in those rumors which a latter day school for scandal had toyed with in the weeks following Lady Hermine's death. And what use could they make of them? It depended upon Dudley. Society had sympathized with him, with that sympathy which is akin to vanity; but Draper's Gardens—he would find no sym-

pathy there! They would crush him as ore is crushed in the rollers of the mines.

Patrick fell to asking what was in Dudley's mind, what did his impatience, his agitation, mean? The drawn face, the restless eyes, told a plain story. He was suffering greatly. Patrick did not dare to ask him why.

"'Tis a mad business," he protested as they went, "and we're a pair of fools to be out upon it. They'll be after making trouble about the Great Southern Railway, I'm thinking, if it's true that ye've mischief there among the men. Ye'd be wiser to go to the police, Dudley."

This was but a tale, for he knew that the Great Southern Railway was not in the mind of those who had uttered the threat. But he had to say something; and he waited for correction. Dudley's answer was that of a man trying to speak with measured calmness. It would have been successful with any other but Patrick Foxall.

"There is no trouble on the Great Southern Railway that cannot be handled by a cool head," he said very deliberately. "This is a deeper business, Pat. They have heard some silly story about Hermine, and are trying to make capital out of it. You see, it must be that. If I went to the police, I should never know what lies they were selling, or who sold them. I must get to the bottom of the matter before we talk of Scotland Yard. You'll agree to that if you think it over calmly. I should be a madman to go on blindly fighting in the dark. I'll not do it, Pat; I'll get at the heart of it now, this day!"

His resolution was apparent in the emphasis of every word. He walked with giant strides, as if impatient even at that trifling delay. It had been Patrick's advice that they should go on foot; but Dudley was angry with him now for giving it.

"We could have been there in two minutes," he went on fretfully, "and I should have known by this time. You're giving me bad advice today, Pat. Don't you see that I must have it out with them? I dare not tell the police—simply dare not, until I know."

He clenched his hands and hurried on. Patrick, casting a sidelong glance at him, wondered still more what he feared. These scandalous chronicles had something in them, then; and yet against that stood Dudley's apparent frankness.

"'Tis a precious deal they'll tell you if you're not carrying money in your hands," the Irishman said next. "Why,

who are ye dealing with but a dirty parcel of blackguards that would as soon take your life as your character if it meant money to them? You're foolish to go, Dudley—more foolish than ever I thought you!"

He buttoned his coat about him as if to signify the dangerous position in which his friend was about to place himself.

"Pat, for the risk I care nothing. I want to tell you that I am going to marry Daphne, the little girl I met at Cambridge. I love her as only a man who feels what I do can love. I shall marry her and live for her, Pat. If these people think they can come between us, they are mistaken. There is nothing in my life that I need to hide from anybody; I give you my word on that point, Pat."

He reiterated the word "nothing" as if to convince himself against conviction. Patrick's hearty "I believe you, me bhoy!" did not satisfy the lingering doubt that he so plainly betrayed.

"I believe you, me bhoy; and it's just because I believe you that I'd keep you from the house. What's easier than the plan I'd be after? You send the letter to Scotland Yard, and let the police do the rest."

"And set all London talking. Do you think these people would hold their tongues because of the police? Not a bit of it. If I go myself, I know the best and the worst; and I'm going, Pat. I'll be in the house in five minutes' time."

Patrick shrugged his shoulders like one who had done his best.

"And I'll be outside, waiting for news of you. If there's any mischief, show yourself at the window. Not that I'd suppose they're likely to try that on, for their game's money. But you never know. 'Tis a rash journey, Dudley, and I wish you were twenty miles away."

"I'll be that tonight, Pat. Daphne's waiting for me at Sonning. My God, what shall I have to tell her?"

The cry escaped him unwillingly, and for the moment his thoughts passed to the river and the old house there, with Daphne among the roses, and all the scene of light and happiness he had lived through yesterday. Was it the joy of a single day, he asked himself? Had this hour blotted it out forever? He said that it was folly to believe any such thing. He went on again with impatience renewed.

"What was the number, Pat?" he asked presently. "Charles Street, I think you said. You have the letter in your pocket."

Patrick took the document from his ample coat and looked at it as they walked.

"It's Charles Street—14b," he said.

"That's odd, any way."

"I've been thinking it from the first."

"A West End house and blackmailers for its tenants. I saw my valet, Courvoisier, going into that place once, Pat."

"Your valet! Then it's all as clear as daylight!"

"I wish it were—I wish to heaven it were!"

Neither spoke again until Charles Street was reached. Patrick, an old campaigner, halted at the corner of Berkeley Square, and pointed out the wisdom of his remaining there.

"I'll give you twenty minutes," he said; "if you don't come out by that time, I'm there to fetch you. Good luck to you, Dudley. Let them know from the first that you'll not pay a penny, and the game's yours! Say that your next step is to Scotland Yard. They'll take your meaning, be sure they will."

Dudley nodded his head and pressed on. The house itself was just as it had been on the night of Courvoisier's visit. The blinds were drawn, and a shabby board announced that it was to let. The bell which he rang jarred sonorously and echoed in the empty rooms. He waited fully ten minutes on the doorstep before the door was opened to him; and then it was by a wire from within, and not by the hand of any servant.

In the square hall, uncarpeted, and littered by the sweepings of many days, he heard a woman's voice from the floor above asking him to come up. The ground floor of the house, he would have said, was both tenantless and unfurnished; but as he mounted the stairs a door at the end of the passage closed suddenly, yet not so quickly that he did not see the hand of the man who shut it.

Whatever the mystery of this strange place might be, it gathered force at every step. There were carpets on the landing above, pictures upon the walls, brackets for the electric light. And the drawing-room upon the first floor—that was the greater surprise. It might have served for any West End house, he thought, as he glanced at its mock French furniture; but in a West End house the curtains would not have been drawn and the electric light turned on.

Dudley entered the room with some apprehension and looked round cautiously. It was empty. The woman who called him had disappeared.

He put his hat down upon a chair and

began to examine the apartment with some curiosity. Undoubtedly he had taken a great risk in coming to the house; but his curiosity did not give way to fear. These people were admittedly swindlers; they had bought over his valet and would blackmail him. Very well; he would hear their terms. All they asked was money; and they would know that he did not bring money with him.

It had been his first impression that the room was well furnished, but he had not been in it many minutes before certain incongruities jarred upon his own excellent taste and set a new train of ideas going. The ornaments, indeed, were an odd medley. Here was a fine Louis Quinze bureau, there a jimerack mirror which might have been bought on the hire system plan. A pretty French chair would be side by side with a wicker abomination. Fine engravings and gaudy prints elbowed one another upon the wall. The clock on the mantelpiece was worth fifty pounds, perhaps; the candlesticks eighteen pence.

In the back drawingroom the contrasts were even more remarkable. An oddly carved mantelpiece supported penny china ornaments. The floor of this room was carpeted with felt; a safe stood in the corner, and upon the top of the safe an iron candlestick. Dudley noticed that the curtains drawn across the front windows were exceedingly thick and dusty. They were, moreover, looped together in three places. Curiosity led him to examine them with some care. It was to be observed that they shut out the daylight completely. He did not know whether the windows behind were shuttered or merely had the blinds drawn; but it was very plain to him that a man might be the victim of any outrage in this room and none in the street be the wiser.

After all, old Patrick Foxall carried a wise head. It would have been possible to approach these people in another way. He, Dudley, was an impatient fool. And there were men in the house; he had seen one and did not doubt that there were others.

A woman entered the room while he was engaged in this critical survey. Shutting the door quickly, she stood there a moment to be sure of his identity. Dudley, turning swiftly, saw that she was a young woman, perhaps not yet twenty five years old, and that she was dressed in black, with a black lace mantilla drawn closely about her head so that he could not even see the color of her hair or eyes. His quick glance detected a wedding ring

upon her finger, and a diamond above it. Her face, he thought, was not unsympathetic, while her voice was distinctly pleasing.

"Mr. Dudley Hatton?" she said. "Yes, I'm sure it is! How very good of you to come so soon—how very good!"

She advanced to the table and put a chair for him near it. Her actions were slow and deliberate. She did not seem in any way agitated, and her face wore a smile whenever she spoke.

"I came," said Dudley abruptly, "in answer to a letter delivered at my house this morning. It was an unusual course, perhaps, and I might have been better advised to go elsewhere with it. I do not think you can be aware of the nature of such a document as that. Let me suggest—well, that your friends be informed of my visit."

She understood him at once; but did not move from her chair. Her attitude was that of one who had expected such a request and was prepared to answer it.

"I am quite alone, Mr. Hatton," she said smilingly; "or I should not have asked you to come. Of course I speak for some one else, you have guessed that; but what I have to say could not be so well said by others, perhaps."

Dudley leaned forward in his chair and watched her critically. She had begun with a lie. He had no doubt, now, that she would continue with others.

"Madam," he said, with a fine perception of his opportunity, "is the person for whom you speak my valet Courvoisier?"

It was a daring attack, and the words had no sooner escaped his lips than he realized the danger in which he stood. Whatever the woman had been prepared for, it was not for this. Clever actress as he afterwards came to call her, she had no art to conceal the success of this overwhelming charge; indeed, she half rose from her chair in her astonishment. Casting a hurried glance behind her, she appeared to be seeking some signal from an unknown. Dudley, on his part, having taken a course, stood to it without flinching.

"Was it my valet, Courvoisier, madam, who left my services this morning, under circumstances which I shall presently investigate—is he the person who should have spoken for you?"

The woman put a hand to her throat, as if her mantilla were choking her. The nervous haste of her denial was in itself an admission of the truth.

"No, no," she said, with a little hysterical laugh, "I do not know any such

person, Mr. Hatton; I have never heard the name. There are others—let me make it clear to you. We are the friends of one to whom you have recently shown much kindness. We wish to speak about her. I am a woman, and I understand. There is no such person as this Cour—Cour—oh, I cannot remember that name! I have never heard it before.”

It was not cleverly done, nor did it deceive him for a moment. Leaning across the table like some advocate who has a victim in his grip, Dudley did not turn his eyes from the woman's face while he pursued the point relentlessly.

“Come,” he said contemptuously, “this is a pretty story, madam. Do you know I am very much tempted to go to that window and to call in the first policeman I see? If you were not a woman, I certainly should do so. But there are women whose sex does not protect them. If you value your own safety, be plain with me. Why have you asked me to come to this house?”

He waited for her answer, watching her lips while she uttered it. If he had imagined that the threat would help him, he was greatly mistaken. This woman had lived half her life among those whose vocation it was to challenge the police; indeed, the violence of his words reassured her. She laughed a little impudently, and leaned back in her chair, believing that the battle was half won.

“Mr. Hatton,” she asked defiantly, “why should you send for the police?”

“To give you in custody, madam, for a very impudent attempt to blackmail me.”

“Blackmail? I do not understand you. What is blackmail?”

Dudley stood up angrily and went to the mantelpiece.

“In plain English,” he cried, “why have you brought me to this house?”

She shrugged her little shoulders and tapped the table with the point of her fan.

“In plain English, Mr. Hatton, why did you come here?”

The cleverness of the thrust astonished him. Why did he come? An innocent man would have handed the letter to the police. This woman seized at once upon that fatal mistake. His reply was lame, the defense of a man who has no case.

“Why did I come?” he replied, like one who is seeking a story. “I came, madam, to save an honest man from thieves. My valet Courvoisier—”

She stopped him with an exclamation of anger so cleverly feigned that for the moment he was half deceived by it.

“Why do you mention that name?”

she asked. “I have told you that I do not know it. What is the good of deceiving yourself, Mr. Hatton? You do not come here for the sake of this person at all—no, no; you come to find out what we know. You come because the shadow of the past is still upon you; you come because your dead wife—”

Dudley swung round upon his heel with a gesture so threatening that the woman rose from her chair and turned pale in spite of her bravado.

“My wife! You dare to speak of her!”

“Since you compel me, yes. She died—let me see, Mr. Hatton, it is a little more than a year ago since the mystery attending her death—”

“The mystery!”

“Yes, but we won't talk of it; it cannot be a pleasant subject either for you or for me. The circumstances under which Lady Hermine died—”

He stopped her with a fierce outburst.

“In God's name, madam, what do you mean?”

He had drawn so near to her that she could feel his breath on her cheek. His eyes were unnaturally bright. She was half afraid that he would strike her. It was plain that his determination to have a clear issue could no longer be thwarted. The woman knew that her friends were near and did not fear him.

“Ask Dr. Rupert Hadley what I mean,” she said in a very low voice.

The uplifted hand dropped to Dudley's side. His nervous fingers closed upon the back of a chair which was near to him. His breathing was quick, almost stertorous. She knew that her secret was his in that moment.

“Rupert Hadley—ah, I see! He is the friend of my valet, then!”

“Of your valet—oh, no, not that, believe me!” And then, as if she would change the subject quickly, she went on: “Ah, do not be angry; I speak in your own interests. You are about to do a great wrong, a very great wrong—I wish to forbid it.”

He went to the window and began to pull at the roped curtain as if to admit the daylight.

“Go on, madam; I am very patient. I am always glad to hear of my own shortcomings. Don't keep anything from me. I should be disappointed if you did.”

His cynicism rang falsely; it deceived neither of them. The woman, on her part, took courage from his agitation, and laughed when he could not unlace the curtains.

"I am glad you are patient; for you will have much to suffer," she said a little brutally. "Do not tear my curtains, I beg of you; the sunshine will not help us—it will not help us at all."

He turned from the window, for the window foiled him; and, picking up his hat and stick from a chair, he made as if he would leave the room.

"You are very considerate, and I am somewhat foolish," he said with a new calm. "The story which you tell me is certainly better than many told in such a den as this. Perhaps I shall ask you to tell it somewhere else before many hours have passed."

She shook her head and drew the shawl closer about her face.

"I think not, Mr. Hatton," she said pointedly; "I think not. You are too clever for that. When you are at home, in your own house, you will see that I am right. Believe me, a marriage between you and Daphne Bell is out of the question. I am one of Daphne's oldest friends, and if you compel me, I shall prevent it. Oh, do not misunderstand me; I am not frightened of you at all. Perhaps I am sorry; but it is not the time to speak of it. We cannot blot out the past, Mr. Hatton; try as we will, it comes before us every day."

She was a consummate actress, and her mock air of a moralist who is shocked added the last straw to Dudley's burden. He had been about to quit the room and the house; but her threat, the first of its kind that had been uttered, robbed him altogether of his self control; and he caught the woman suddenly by the wrists and held her in a grip of iron.

"The men in this house—where are they? I must see them!" he cried passionately. "I do not argue with a woman!"

She quailed before him. The blood rushed from her cheeks, and he believed that she was about to cry for help; but she did not raise her voice, and answered him almost in a whisper:

"No—for your own sake, not that! You would gain nothing; you might lose much. Let me go, Mr. Hatton; you are acting foolishly."

He released her arm; but his passion was unabated.

"I insist upon seeing the men who have made you their instrument!" he reiterated stubbornly. "Let us come face to face and have done with it. What have they to sell me—what do they want for it?"

She was still frightened, and step by

step drew back from him into the smaller apartment behind the drawingroom.

"They want nothing," she said with apparent honesty, "nothing at all. You would see them at your peril."

"At my peril let it be, then!"

He waited like one who believed that insistence would prevail, but at the moment when she was about to repeat her warning a bell rang in the empty basement of the house, and almost immediately another bell sounded on the landing above them. For an instant the woman listened intently; then, as at a prearranged signal, she suddenly put out her hand and switched off the electric light.

Profound and utter darkness fell upon the room. Not a ray of sunlight came through the veiled windows. Dudley could not hear even a step upon the parquet of the uncarpeted floor. There were voices in the hall below, the voices of men, but in the room itself that of which he could make nothing—a current of fresh air blowing he knew not whence.

It became apparent to him at once that he was in a situation of grave personal danger. Expecting every moment that men would burst into the room, he began to grope blindly for the switch which the woman had touched. Many minutes passed before he could find it. Here and there, his hands flapping upon the bare walls, he stumbled in that blind quest. What minutes they were! The intensity of the darkness was beyond all belief. He said that he was trapped in the room, a prisoner, the victim of a vulgar conspiracy. And then, upon a lucky chance, his hand touched the switch; the light shone out; everything was as it had been. And he was alone. The woman had gone out by way of the back drawingroom. She had vanished in an apartment with no visible door to it.

A dead silence had fallen upon the house now, and it was broken only by the bell which still jangled in the basement below. A quick thinker, Dudley began to see that whoever were the agents of this affair, they were sufficiently afraid of interference from without to vanish at the first warning of it.

Not a sound could he hear, not a whisper of voices. The room through which the woman had escaped possessed neither door nor curtain by which an aperture might have been concealed. There were no pictures upon the walls; nothing was disturbed or moved; the paper betrayed no crevice where a false door might have stood.

Perplexed to the last point, trembling with an excitement altogether foreign to him, Dudley hurried down the stairs to answer the bell which rang in the basement for the second time. Patrick Foxall had come for him, he was sure. He hurried down the stairs like one who feared that every shadow cloaked a figure. Never had he welcomed a friend as he welcomed old Pat, standing there, impatient and threatening, upon the doorstep.

"The very man! Come in, Pat. I want to find out who is in this house—come in and help me."

Old Pat clutched his great stick with a monstrous hand, and peered into the dark passage.

"What is it, me bhoy? What fool's tale have ye been hearing?"

"They're low blackmailers, Pat, and I want their names. If there are twenty of them, I mean to have it out! Come in and be the witness."

Pat laughed at the promise of danger, and cried out in a voice which half the street might have heard:

"The police on the beat are waiting till I come out—I've told 'em the story. Go on, Dudley; Buckingham Palace is not safer this day."

He had done no such thing; but his wit prompted the bold assertion. In the house itself nothing justified his apprehension. A little room at the end of the passage was furnished with a plain bed which had recently been slept in; but it and the kitchens below were entirely deserted. The empty diningroom, wherein Dudley had seen a man's hand as he went up stairs, was now tenanted only by feeble rays of sunshine which came through the yellow blinds.

Unconvinced, and listening at every turn for the whisper of a voice or the sound of a footstep, the men mounted from landing to landing, to make assurance doubly sure. Every room added a new mystery. There was no one in the house. Save for that pretentious smartness of the drawingroom, it was as bare as a vault.

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In the cab which drove them from Charles Street Dudley told the whole story, adding nothing, keeping nothing back. He had been to the house, had seen the woman, had listened to her threat that she would stop his marriage. The rest was the unknown.

"What's the meaning of it, Pat?" he asked, like a child in his trouble. "What do they want? It isn't money, if the woman's to be believed; and yet they talk

of preventing my marriage with Daphne. What's behind it all? If they'd asked ten thousand pounds, I would have met them face to face and had it out upon the spot; but they didn't. She said they do not want a penny. What am I to believe—what am I to do?"

Old Patrick, with his hat upon the back of his head and an unlighted cigar between his fingers, used his wits as he had not used them for many a long year.

"Dudley," he said at last, "if you tell me how your wife died, I can be a better friend to you. It's that, man—all that!"

"I know it, Pat. You see, they've got hold of the doctor. He was always Hermine's favorite, but I never liked him. They've paid him money, and he's told them some story about the certificate. I have nothing to conceal about Hermine's death; she died after a quarrel—"

"Ah, but you did not mention that, Dudley!"

"Well, I mention it now. We quarreled. She left me. She was found dead in the night. It's the truth—before heaven, Pat! Hadley spoke of irregularity, and then gave the certificate. I thought it was out of kindness. If this is true, it was nothing of the kind!"

Patrick was silent for a little while. Then suddenly he poked his stick through the trap and gave a new order to the cabman.

"Where does this Hadley live?" he asked bluntly.

"South Audley Street—by the Mount Street crossing."

"We'll drive there, Dudley; we'll see him."

They drove to the house; but when Dudley would have sent up his card to a flat upon the first floor, the commissionaire returned it.

"Dr. Hadley's in South Africa, sir," he explained patronizingly. "He's been gone these three months."

Patrick did not whine at the blow; he had not been unprepared for it. There were other ideas beginning to shape themselves in a mind accustomed to such problems.

"Dudley," he said presently, "could you spare me a thousand pounds?"

"If it will help me, ten, Pat."

"I cannot say. I will do my best. Perhaps I carry my life in my hands. 'Tis not worth a king's ransom, any way. Do you go back to Sonning, and wait the news of me."

Dudley assented almost without interest.

"Yes," he said, "I am going back to

Sonning—I am going to tell Daphne everything.”

Patrick struck a match and lighted a cigar.

“You’re a brave man and a wise one, Dudley,” said he.

### XIX.

DAPHNE was at Romer’s side in the motor car when the afternoon express from London steamed into Reading station. She wore a river blouse of cream colored silk, and a great straw hat with a heliotrope feather for its only ornament. Dudley espied her at once when he stepped from the carriage; and, pushing through the press of busy people, he took the hands outstretched to him.

“I must, even if they’re looking!” she said affectionately, while she lifted her face to his and walked with him through the barrier; “and, of course, they’re not; they’re going to the refreshment room. Oh, dearest, dearest, it has been such a long time, and you—you look so ill!”

Her voice was gentle with a woman’s pity, and won a grateful smile from him.

He told her that the journey had tired him. There had been bad news in London—yes, he would speak of it by and by. He was sorry that it had been such a long day; but he had not found it short himself. The distracted air, the nervous desire to talk, did not deceive Daphne at all. Her big eyes scanned his face intently, searching for the secret which was hidden from her. Her own madcap gaiety had been lost at the first word he spoke. She knew not what to say or how to question him. She left it to Romer to recount the uneventful history of the sunning hours; and Romer was very eloquent.

“We pulled up to the bower, and Daphne wanted to be drawn by swans. I tried to catch one, and the brute upset the lunch. *Lohengrin* is dead, or we might have got a tip! I played Wagner’s music on the banjo; and Percy’s been catching chub. He’ll be ready to lie about them at ten o’clock tonight. She’s been in the rose garden all afternoon, and I’ve been reading Roman law. It ought to be useful when my tailor duns me for that account you paid him last term. I shall write to him in Latin, and he’ll think it’s a secret society! But I wish you looked better, Uncle Dudley; you’re rather knocked out, aren’t you?”

Dudley avoided it with a discreet excuse, and the swift car soon set them down in the quadrangle of Sonning Court. The scene there was typical of an English

country house at the close of a summer’s day. Men, in the whitest of white flannels, played tennis in the gardens by the rosery; a tea table had been set under a gigantic cedar tree before the windows of the hall; the silver shone brightly upon the spotless cloth; old china gave color to the picture. In the distance you had vistas restfully green, suggesting remoter glades in a forest’s heart; stately avenues, the sheen of the setting sun gathering upon the lazy river and touching it with mellow lights. Young voices were to be heard, the splash of oars, the twittering of birds, the pheasants’ cluck.

All things were touched by the splendor of the dying day. The call to rest was spoken by every glade and shadow of the spreading trees. Well might a man have claimed dominion of such a home, or said: “Here will I rest: here will I live;” but Dudley, returning to that gentle homage which all paid him so willingly, could utter no such aspiration. This night might be the last he would ever know at Sonning Court.

He had determined to tell Daphne, to tell her all. Whatever the night cost him, it should be the night of her judgment. For the first time he had begun to see whither the events of the day were leading him, and what was their goal. He knew now that those enemies of his, many of them nameless, all irreconcilable, were closing in about him in this crisis of his life, and would stand at nothing in a last endeavor to accomplish his ruin.

The treachery of one man, of one whom he had accounted among the most faithful of his servants, gave him the key to this mysterious peril in which he had been enveloped so swiftly. They had bought Courvoisier—he never doubted it. By money also would they buy the perjured evidence of the doctor who had attended his wife in her last illness. Neither valet nor doctor of his own wit could conceive a method of attack so subtle and devilish.

He understood now why money was not the immediate quest of those who would ruin him. Judging the time ripe, they had said: “We will stand between this man and his happiness, drive him out by threats, destroy him by shame!” They played for a greater stake than money—the destruction of his hope, of his new content, that from the ashes of his ruin the house of their own fortune, phoenix-like, might rise again. And to this threat, so subtle, there could be but one answer. He must destroy the weapon while it was yet young in their hands. He must tell

Daphne. He knew that his reason, nay, it might be, his very life, depended on that fateful hour of his confession.

It should be tonight; he was determined upon that, for delay galled him, and his impatience was not to be endured. The resolution followed him to his dressing-room; he renewed it at the dinner table, where it set him apart from those whose leisure of the day became, in jest and laughter, the promise of the morrow. If these young people spoke of his depression, either railing at it or in compassion, their own occupation soon engrossed them again; and they left to Daphne that continuing solicitude for which, at any other hour, Dudley had been so grateful.

It was Daphne's now to watch him with loving eyes, to express the mute question, to be conscious that even in the face of her love he might be unhappy. And how she waited for the after hour; how quick she was to answer "yes" when he would take her to the gardens, apart from all, to the bower where but last night the intimate word of her own confession had been spoken! She scarcely waited until the voices were lost before her hands were closed upon his and her pity found expression.

"Tell me, dearest, what has happened! Oh, there is something—I knew it, I felt it directly you came. I read your face—will you not let me understand tonight, Dudley? You promised!"

His heart beat quickly. His hand upon her own was hot as the hand of one in a fever. He turned his face from her and looked into the shadows when he spoke.

"I shall keep the promise, Daphne," he said, in a broken voice. "Yes, I came here for that. Last night we both thought that we understood; but we did not. I blame myself, dearest. I did not tell you; but I am going to tell you now. It is the story of my life, Daphne; I want you to hear it!"

She clung to him in a close embrace, as if to say: "Whatever it be, I love you because of it!" The woods about them had fallen to the hush of sleep. A cold gray light fell upon the river, to cloak it with the gloom of twilight. There were boats by the river; but they seemed to move almost imperceptibly. The sun had set, and darkness came to the glades. Daphne clung to her lover as if the night were their enemy.

"I wish what you wish, dear Dudley," she said. "If you think that I should know, tell me; but I would never ask you. I am sure that it has been a brave life;

one who loves you could ask nothing more."

"There might be something, Daphne. Her love asks nothing, it is true; her friendship never doubts. She says, 'It is right because my friend has done it.' She gives all because of her belief. Would you give me that, dear child, if I asked it of you tonight?"

She drew him down to her and kissed his lips almost passionately.

"Heart and soul, I would give it you, Dudley. Have I any other gift but myself? Oh, it is so little, so little to make so much of! Dear friend, I am such a child that you should think of me, that you should say 'Come with me through life!' How can I repay you if it is not to say 'I trust; I shall never doubt unto my life's end'?"

She pressed her forehead to his lips, and for a little while neither spoke. The silence all about typified the gathering night. There was no longer a gray light upon the river. The windows of the distant house were like stars shining through the thicket. Dudley trembled when he began to speak again.

"The common things of life leave us our idols sometimes. I always tried to think of Hermine as I wished her to be."

"She must have been very proud of you, Dudley."

"In her own way, perhaps. She did not understand me. Her ambitions were not my ambitions; and that estranged us. She disliked my business, and I disliked her amusements. If she had known it, Daphne, what I wanted was a woman's sympathy, such a sweet sympathy as I found yesterday and shall never forget. I had been ill for many months, and it was hard to suffer all alone. Then came the crisis. I went to a doctor, and he ordered me to give up business. I could not do it, Daphne; I hadn't the courage!"

"I understand that, Dudley; you could never give it up. You would regret it always. No one is happy who regrets."

"Ah, but Hermine did not see it like that! I can make excuses for her now, if I could not then. I do not suppose one of her own family ever did a day's work in his life! She couldn't understand why I sought power, or what it meant to me. I was a stranger in my own house, Daphne; I rarely heard a kind word there. If it had been otherwise, I do not think my health would have broken down. But the end came suddenly. You do not know what I suffered, child! I think for some months I was almost mad!"

*(To be continued.)*

# The British Academy.

BY JOHN BRENT.

THE NEWLY FORMED BODY WHICH IS TO BE GREAT BRITAIN'S HIGHEST INTELLECTUAL AUTHORITY IN THE FIELD OF HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ECONOMICS, AND MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE IN GENERAL—ITS EXCLUSION OF PURE LITERATURE AND OF ART.

FORTY NINE serious minded Britons, with the sanction of King Edward, have united themselves into an Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological Studies. The roll of the Academy does not bear the name of Britain's most distinguished philosopher, Herbert Spencer, or of its greatest logician, Alexander Bain. It contains no representatives of pure literature, so that George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, Algernon Charles Swinburne and Stephen Phillips, remain without official recognition. It is composed of a half hundred men, most of whom are very respectable and very dull writers on the heaviest forms of thought. Max Müller is no longer alive to leaven the lump of prosiness, and Professor Gardiner has died since his name was added to the list of signatories. Lord Acton, the best informed man in England, also has gone from the number.

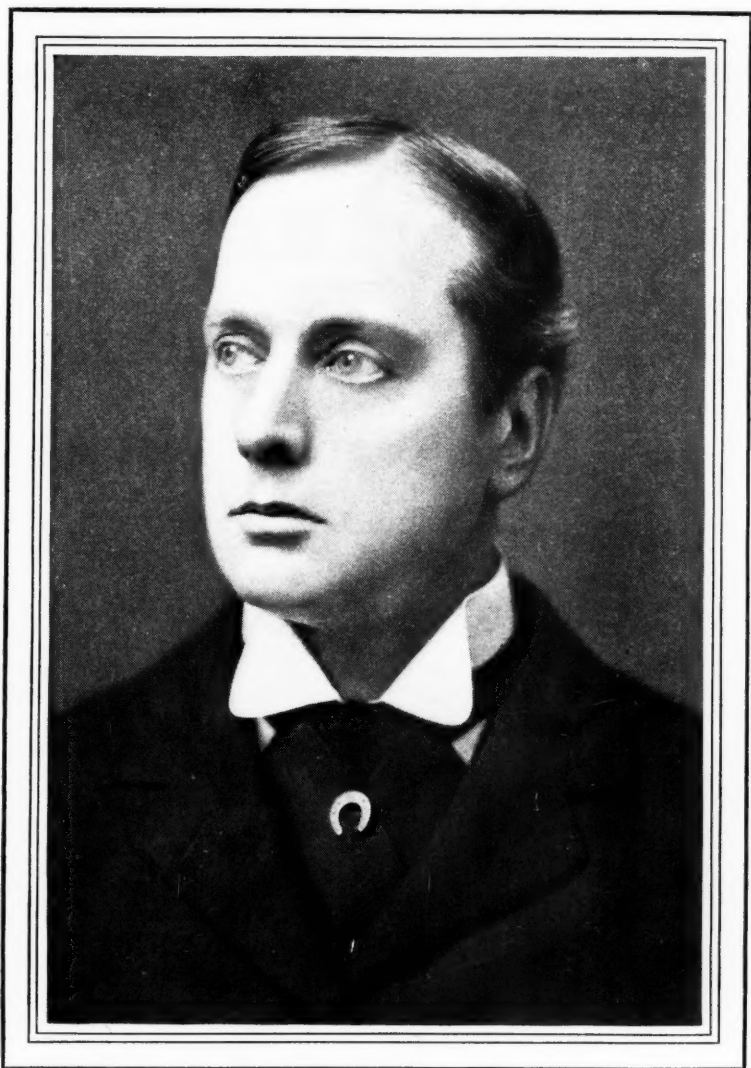
The most human of those who constitute the Academy is Lord Rosebery, a historian whose name was not included in the original list submitted to the Privy Council. Lord Rosebery was already a fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries, one of Britain's great foreign secretaries, a prime minister, and a man of letters. Not only has his study of history been painstaking and profound, his books reliable and authoritative, but his writing has been marked by a grace of style that cannot be claimed by most of those who compose the company of Immortals. His monograph on the younger Pitt, and his work on Napoleon at St. Helena, are as notable for their delicate use of language as for their historical accuracy.

Lord Rosebery is a man whose wonder-

fully varied gifts would entitle him to a commanding place in almost any European assembly of culture. The greatest living English speaking orator, his career has been one of extraordinary brilliancy. Born to an ancient name and vast estates, he lived a long minority during which his wealth was accumulating. At the age of thirty one he married the richest woman in England, the Baroness de Rothschild; in 1894, and again in 1895, his horse won the Derby; in 1894 he became prime minister of Great Britain in succession to Mr. Gladstone; in 1889 he was the first chairman of the London County Council. As Rector of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow Universities Lord Rosebery has had opportunity to deliver addresses that rank with the great efforts of Thomas Carlyle. With Lord Rosebery no assembly could be irretrievably dull.

BALFOUR, MORLEY, AND BRYCE.

Another of the redeeming features of the British Academy is the inclusion of the present prime minister, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, whose "Defense of Philosophic Doubt" and "Foundations of Belief" have brought him among the number of the philosophical academicians. Mr. Balfour has found time in the midst of his golf and his politics for other things. A year younger than Lord Rosebery, a member of the Royal Society since 1888, Mr. Balfour has varied the busy life of the politician with much deep probing into the world of philosophy. His books are the product of a great brain, an analytical habit of mind, and a pathetic seeking after the truth. All of the Scotsman's love of logical reasoning, all of his unrest at the expressions of accepted



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, STATESMAN AND HISTORIAN.

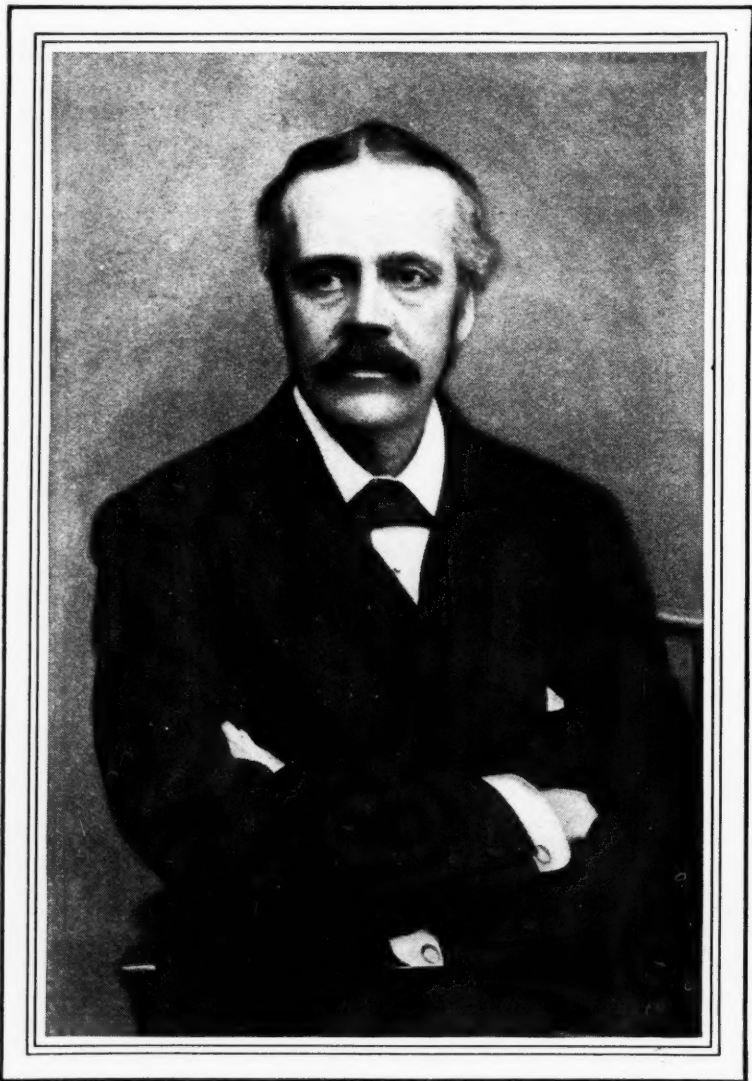
*From his latest photograph by Jerrard, London.*

authorities, all of his interest in metaphysical conjecture, enter into the composition of Arthur James Balfour, practical politician.

Mr. John Morley enters the Academy as a representative of historical literature. To the outer world it is as a critic, as a biographer, as a writer of *belles lettres*, that Mr. Morley claims attention; yet are his "Edmund Burke," his "Life of Richard Cobden," histori-

cal documents of grave importance. Mr. Morley has been the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, and is one of the best judges of writing living.

Mr. James Bryce is one of the new academicians best known in the United States. His book on the American commonwealth is accepted as a standard in the country of which it deals. His



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, PREMIER OF ENGLAND AND AUTHOR OF "THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF" AND "A DEFENSE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT."

*From his latest photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

work on the "Holy Roman Empire" has gained him wide reputation on the continent of Europe. He is a fellow of the Royal Society in England and also a corresponding member of the Institute of France and of the Società Romana di Storia Patria, a foreign member of the royal academies of Turin and Brussels. A cabinet minister of Great Britain in two Liberal ministries, Mr.

Bryce has been an active politician in a country that draws its legislators from the ranks of its most cultured classes.

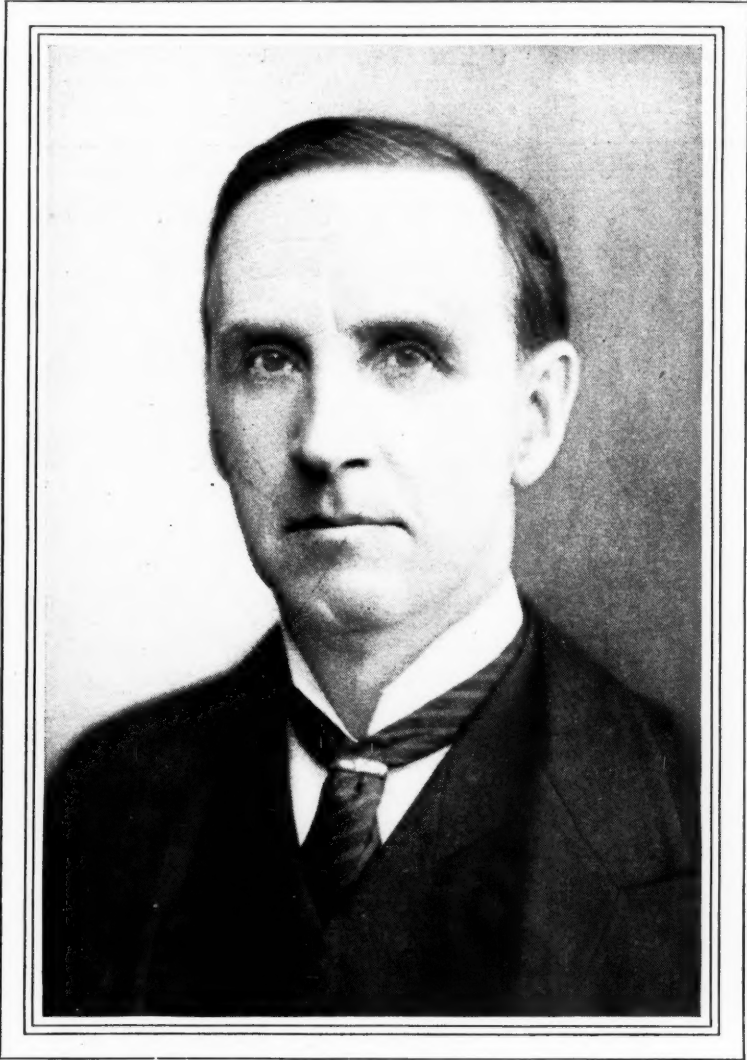
#### THREE MORE PARLIAMENTARIANS.

Mr. William Lecky is a historian who six years ago joined the company of practical politicians in the House of Commons, but his gravity of demeanor is more suited to the solid *fauteuils* of

the Academy than to the padded benches of Britain's best club. His "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," "History of European Morals from

torical, Philosophical, and Philological Studies.

Another member of Parliament is Sir William Anson, whose works on the principles of the English law of con-



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY, M. P., EDITOR, CRITIC, AND HISTORIAN.

*From his latest photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.*

Augustus to Charlemagne," "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," "Democracy and Liberty," are ponderous as their titles—fit introductions to the Academy for the Promotion of His-

tract and the "Law and Custom of the Constitution" have justified his inclusion. Sir William, who is the Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, is not wholly immersed in the history of the

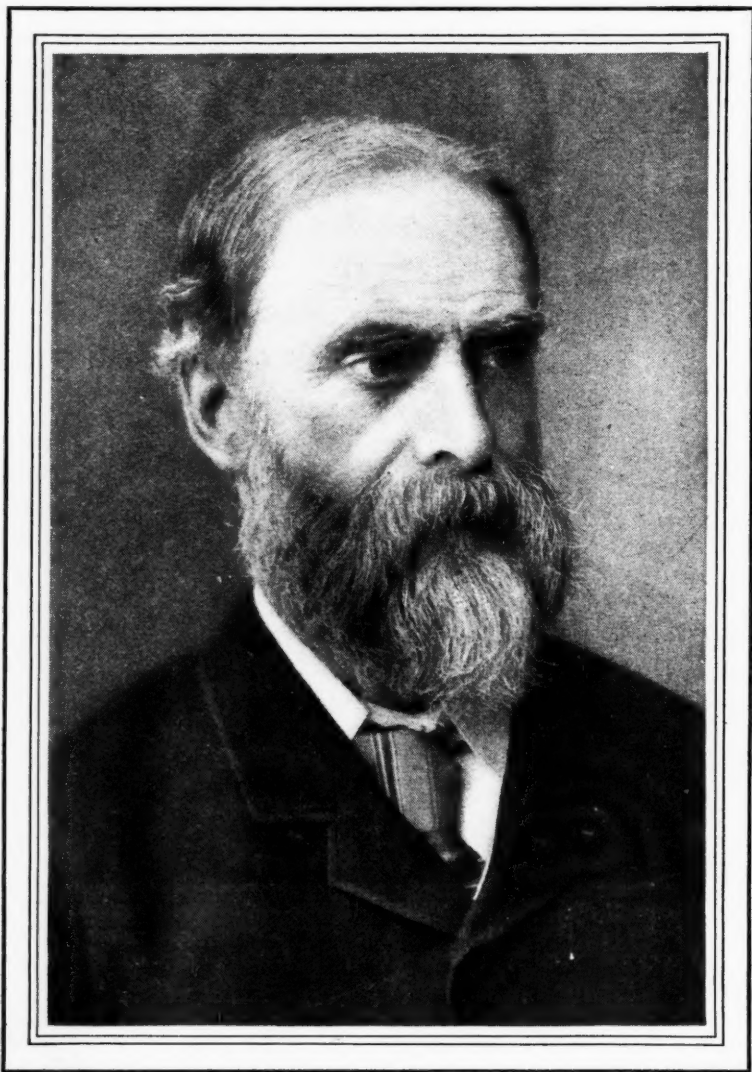
constitution. He is a golfer and a cyclist, a keen shot and a member of four of the leading clubs of London.

Sir Richard Jebb completes the list of parliamentarians who have become charter fellows of the new Academy. Sir Richard is famed all over Europe as a Greek scholar, is Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and is admitted as a member of the philological branch of the society. He

was the lecturer at Johns Hopkins University in 1892, and brings to the Academy the renown of graceful scholarship.

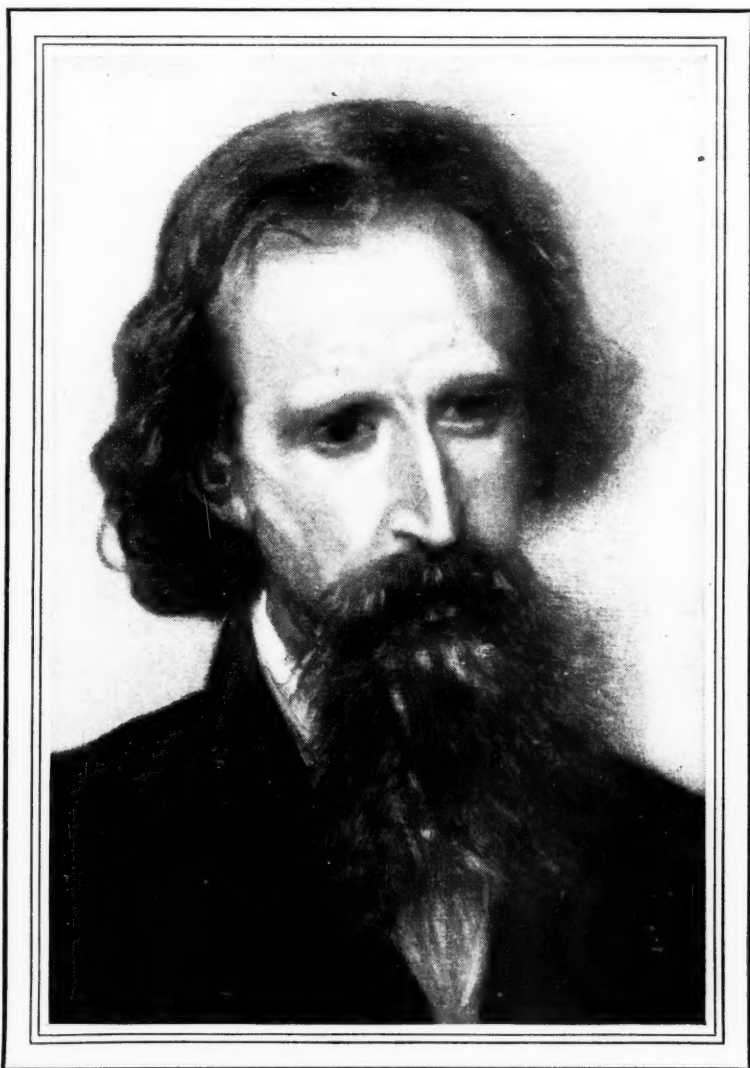
#### THE HISTORIANS AND THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Once away from the law makers, one is immersed in a mass of students and professors whose scholarship is unimpeachable, but whose humanity is deeply covered with the dust of the library.



THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, M. P., HISTORIAN AND PUBLICIST, AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH."

*From his latest photograph by Russell, London.*



SIR LESLIE STEPHEN, PRESIDENT OF THE ETHICAL SOCIETY, HISTORIAN, CRITIC,  
AND PHILOSOPHER.

*From a photograph by Hollyer, London, after the portrait by Watts.*

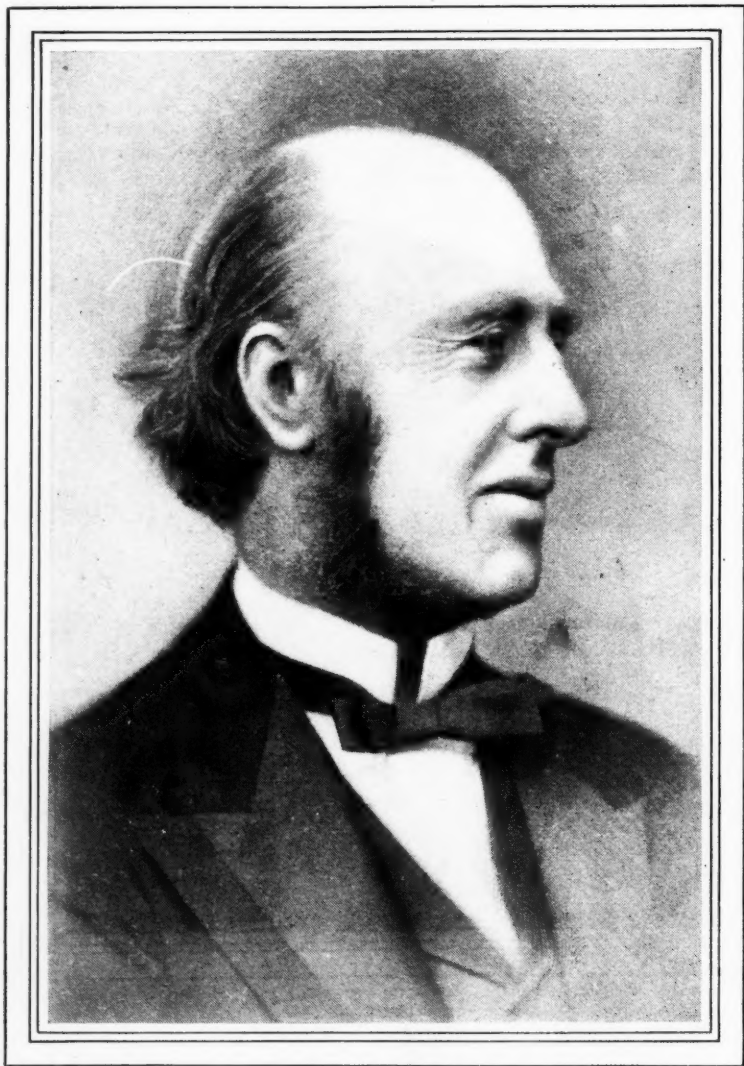
Among the historians one would have been grateful for the name of Sir Herbert Maxwell, even for that of Sir Conan Doyle, whose "Boer War" was no romance, or of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose "River War" was a veritable contribution to history. In their place we have Professor Dicey, who has written weighty legal treatises; Mr. Arthur John Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; Professor T. E. Hol-

land, whose "Institutes of Justinian and Gaius" is a standard work; Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, professor of ancient history in the University of Dublin, who varies the study of Greek and Latin antiquities with a human love of the theater and popular literature.

Sir Leslie Stephen, who is familiar to all readers of *belles lettres* in a sphere not covered by the Academy, has written much on philosophical sub-

jects, is president of the Ethical Society, and has been editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. His "Science of Ethics"

As a whole, the British Academy presents few elements to catch the popular imagination. It is weighty, schol-



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. H. LECKY, M.P. FOR DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, AUTHOR OF  
"THE HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS."

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

and essays on "Freethinking and Plain Speaking" bring him within the scope of the philosophical section, while his biographical work and his "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" might include him in the historical.

arly, respectable; but in no sense is it an equivalent of the Académie Française. It is eminently English in design, and unless Lord Rosebery should introduce some spirit of revolution it will attain little more than has the Royal Academy of Art.

# The Peasant Costumes of Europe.

BY W. FREEMAN DAY.

IN THE FACES AND COSTUMES OF THE PEOPLE ARE WRITTEN THE HISTORY OF A NATION, THE RECORD OF ITS DEGENERATION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT—THE MEN OF THE CITIES BECOME UNIFORM, COSMOPOLITAN; THE FOLK OF THE FARMS AND THE MOUNTAINS REMAIN TYPES, STANDARDS OF RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE constant interchange of visits between members of different nationalities, brought about by the improvement in the means of travel, has done much to wipe out racial characteristics. The nineteenth century saw a greater advance in uniformity of dress, of manner, of language, and of feature than had ages before. The modern man of Berlin is scarcely discernible from the gentleman of London, and the educated citizen of St. Petersburg is with difficulty distinguishable from the inhabitant of New York. These are the capitals of the great traveling nations, and their peoples have approximated more closely to a common type than have the dwellers in the Latin cities—Rome and Paris and Madrid.

If one sit in any of the world's great congregating places—in Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, in the Carlton in London, in the casino at Monte Carlo, in the Opéra in Paris, in the Waldorf Astoria in New York—he will see around him members of a dozen nationalities alike in figure, dress, and deportment, cosmopolitans. A hundred years ago it was vastly different; the Italian marquis at a glance was separated from the English milord, the German baron had nothing in common with the American democrat or

the French republican, the Russian noble and the Spanish grandee were wide as the poles asunder. The people unmistakably bore the stamp of their nation of origin. Today their language



A PEASANT WOMAN OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

*From a photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company.*



THREE CHILDREN OF THE OLD SWEDISH PROVINCE OF DALECARLIA.

*From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.*

alone distinguishes them, and that is rapidly ceasing to be a trustworthy means of demarcation.

#### WHERE THE OLD TYPES SURVIVE.

In the cities one can no longer find types and standards. They are relegated to the country districts, to the homes of the peasantry, to the tracts devoted to agriculture, vine culture, fishing and hunting, to hereditary employments. There one finds models of the original Frenchman, the Scotsman of the Lowlands, the Irishman of the bogs, the Italian of the olive groves, the Greek of Sparta and of Corinth. There old customs are revered, ancient traditions are retold; national costumes are retained. Every parish of

Brittany and of Normandy has its distinctive headdress, every calling its especial costume. For untold generations these have descended from mother to daughter in exact facsimile, the gala garments without alteration, the ornaments as heirlooms. In these peasant costumes are written the histories of Europe, the successive supremacies of Gauls and Teutons, Romans and Moors, Spanish and French and English.

Down in southeastern Europe the classic features of the Greek have been sensualized by the Turk, in Transylvania the people of the fields have been brutalized by the Mongolian, in modern Alsace Lorraine the peasants have been molded by alternate French and Ger-

man conquers into a race that is neither French nor German. Yet are all of these things written in the dress of the common people, stamped upon their features.

In Scandinavia, partly from its in-

most recently and most potently of the Russians.

Holland, although the battle ground of the Spaniards and the Germans, the Danes and the French, has yielded little to any in its choice of national and local



A BELGIAN PEASANT WOMAN AT THE SPINNING WHEEL.

accessible position, partly from the anchorage of its mountains, the people have retained in almost their pristine purity the garb and habits of the Norsemen. In Finland the peasant dresses bear the marks of various influences of the original Finns, of the Mongolians, of Swedes and Germans and Lapps,

habiliments. The Dutch are a stubborn people, and in their thick wooden shoes, their multiplicity of petticoats and trousers, their carefully laundered *kappies*, they have retained a characteristic that no foreign influence has been able to modify.

In southeastern Europe conditions



A BULGARIAN PEASANT GIRL.

*From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company  
after the painting by K. Dietz.*

are otherwise. The peoples have proved more pliable, more tractable.

#### THE PEASANTS OF GREECE.

A modern Greek was asked one day why the women of Greece are not more beautiful. He replied, "You must remember that the Turk has passed this way." During the three hundred years and more of Turkish rule, the most beautiful women in the land were taken

for the Turkish harems, and in the short period that has elapsed since the independence of Greece, the nation has not been able to replace the loss. Yet beautiful women are still found in Greece. It could not be otherwise, for as the beauty of the ancient Greeks harmonized with the rare colors of sea and sky, the graceful outlines of rolling mountains, and the fineness and purity of the atmosphere, so also the modern



A YOUNG MAN FROM ONE OF THE GREEK ISLANDS,  
WHERE THE OLD HELLENIC TYPE IS  
FOUND AT ITS PUREST.

types correspond in a certain degree to their environment.

With the exception of the court dress, and arms, are covered with heavy ornaments of coins and jewelry, heirlooms in the family, representing the dowry of



A MAID OF ATHENS WEARING THE OLD NATIONAL COSTUME, WITH COIN ORNAMENTS THAT MAY HAVE BEEN A FAMILY HEIRLOOM FOR MANY GENERATIONS.

women in Athens at the present time follow European fashions, yet there is a national costume to be found not only in the provinces, but in Athens itself. This national costume assumes different forms in different places, but always has one common characteristic—the front of the dress, and often the head

one bride after another, perhaps for many generations.

#### BARBARIANS IN HELLAS.

In marked contrast to the Greek type, there are in the near vicinity of Athens women of very different national characteristics. Eleusis, even, so closely

connected with the history of Athens, is inhabited largely at the present time by Albanians. One drives out to Eleusis over the old sacred way, through the

was born, contains but few Greeks. The grand torchlight processions of the Greeks are replaced by the Easter dances of the Albanians. Girls join



A NORWEGIAN BRIDE DRESSED FOR HER WEDDING FESTIVAL.

*From a photograph by Persen, Bergen.*

ancient groves of olives, over the path where the processions of a dead past wended their solemn course; but Eleusis, where the mysteries were founded by Demeter herself, and where Æschylus

hands in a long line and advance in a sort of interrupted procession, retiring and changing hands after every fourth step, and then advancing again. The music is a monotonous chant sung by



PEASANT GIRLS OF LORRAINE (SEATED) AND OF ALSACE (STANDING) IN THE TRADITIONAL COSTUMES OF THEIR PROVINCES.

the dancers themselves, and such gaiety as the dance provides comes from the brilliancy of the costumes. Otherwise it would be decidedly solemn.

Not only are there Albanians in Eleusis, two hours' drive from Athens, but another foreign race is largely represented in the near vicinity of the city. In its environs are many Wallachians, the remnants of the old Wallachian kingdom which once embraced Ætolia, Acarnania, and Thessaly, the "Great Wallachia" of medieval writers. Thus the foreign inhabitants of Greece crowd up even to the gates of Athens, and her

citizens no longer represent a true Greek type. The old Greek type is seen in its beauty and its purity among the servant girls who go in large numbers from the Greek islands to Constantinople and the cities of the east.

#### THE DAUGHTERS OF LACEDÆMON.

In contrast to the maidens of Athens are the daughters of Sparta. From the range of low hills one gazes out over the beautiful plain which forms the valley of the Eurotas, surrounded on every hand by lofty ramparts of mountains. Here were developed the brave men and



A PEASANT WOMAN OF BOSNIA IN GALA COSTUME.

*From a photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company.*

women who made Sparta a name for endurance, the mothers who begged their sons not to return from the battle unless victorious. The modern Spartan woman shows something of this inheritance in her face, and would not be unworthy to walk in the ancient Spartan procession to the Menelaion, where the men implored Menelaus to grant them courage and success in war, and the women prayed to Helen to bestow beauty on themselves and their children. The twentieth century Spartan

wanders in gardens abounding in orange trees—the modern gardens of the Hesperides. In the warm evening air, the men take their ease in a picturesque tavern under a great spreading tree near the city, the children play in the green lanes, the Spartan maidens fill their pitchers at a spring that gurgles from an old wall. In the distance the snow clad Taygetus, with the sunset sky above it, forms a picture of Arcadia. There is no city in Greece with so beautiful a situation as Sparta. There are no Greek maidens whose eyes reveal so much soul as those of the Spartans.

#### ON THE CORINTHIAN ISTHMUS.

Ancient Corinth was celebrated for luxury and splendor, rather than for learning and art or Spartan courage, and the racial inheritance is very different from that of the Athenian or Spartan Greeks. The woman of Corinth is beautiful, but not with the calm beauty of the Greek; it is the spirituelle type of the Italian or the French.

The natural beauty of Megara is not so fairy-like as that of Corinth, where the delicacy of the tints of sky and sea is the principal characteristic, but the coloring of the plain and town of Megara is more decided and less elusive, consequently less beautiful. In Corinth the colors of the evening sunset, azure, lilac, and rose, steal upon the senses, but in Megara one thinks less of the beauty of the sunset, more of the oriental appearance of the town. Megara is built of snow white houses rising one above the other, each having a low doorway opening into a court, shaded here and there by a fig tree. The shining white stone used in the architecture of Megara is the same now as it was in the time of Pausanias. When Plato fled to

Megara after the death of Socrates, it was in a white house similar to one of these that he was sheltered. The dazzling white walls and the brilliant sunshine make an excellent background for the gay costumes of the women, the bright colors of which, red, green, blue, and yellow, give the eastern effect to the scene.

#### IN THE MOUNTAINS OF GREECE.

From the oriental beauty of southern Greece one climbs to the region of Parnassus. On its slopes are flocks of sheep watched by shepherdesses who are brave and sturdy, but not beautiful. Even the sheep on Parnassus become hardened, and sharpen their noses be-

tween the rocks, seeking the pale, thin grass. Nothing is heard on the mountainside but the jingling of mule bells, the bells of the leaders of the flocks, the cries of the muleteers and the shepherds. The sun disappears early behind the tall mountain slopes, the gloom of the evening begins long before the young girls watching their sheep there can go to their dreary homes. It is a hard and monotonous life, but develops a hardy race, so that the peasants from Parnassus stand for courage and endurance. The best among the men are chosen for the king's guard in Athens, where their picturesque costume adds to the interest of the street life.

Farther away from Greek centers, in



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE DYKES—TWO DUTCH PEASANT GIRLS IN CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES.

*From a photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company.*

Macedonia and Thessaly, are few evidences of the Greek type. Intermix-

gained her independence; but she can never be anything but an impoverished



A GIRL OF THE GREEK MOUNTAINS—A SHEPHERDESS OF PARNASSUS IN HER HOLIDAY DRESS.

ture of various races, lack of the inspiration that good schools give, have led to degeneration of form, to stolidity of character. In the faces of these distant provinces is apparent only the germ of the spirit of ancient Greece.

After centuries of bondage to the dreaded and hated Turk, Greece has re-

little state of no political importance or military power. The marvelous fire of her classic genius is quenched, her old leadership in art and literature is lost forever. But in no corner of Europe do the faces and costumes of the peasantry suggest such historic memories as in the land of Pericles and Leonidas.

# Bertha's Mr. Wentworth.

A STORY THAT TELLS HOW A YOUNG MAN WAS CONFIRMED IN HIS PRIGGISHNESS.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"YOU are fond of children?" Wentworth asked.

"Oh, yes—oh, very!" Bertha spoke a trifle breathlessly, and the color rose faintly in her cheeks. It was only a few days since he had asked her if she was well and strong, looking at her with the same reflective seriousness. And he had shown marked interest when her sister had attacked her for always being cheerful in the morning; "though she is about as bad in the afternoon," Caroline had added, quite unconscious that she might be laying corner stones. "Don't you dislike these even, serene people?"

Wentworth had said nothing, but approval lurked in his judicial gray eyes. Bertha had found the same look there when she showed him the new photographs of her little nephew, and her eager account of Dicky's sayings and beauty had faltered under it, even before that deliberate question. Her heart beat thickly as she turned to put the pictures back on the mantelpiece, propping them against the clock in honor of their newness. What if it really should mean something, if her drab little life was to be irradiated with this splendor?

She had often seen on the streets the sort of man she undoubtedly must marry, if she married at all—she who had not charms or talents or money or anything but an insignificant prettiness and a great and humble desire to be good. These probable men were much older than she, and they were round shouldered and narrow chested, or had beards, and wore low collars and square toed shoes, and dull, serviceable, unpressed clothes and dreary hats.

She had accepted her limited possibilities without rebellion or resentment beyond an occasional hour of darkness after the passing of some brilliant, fearless, all deserving conqueror marching

securely to her rights. And then she had found this man's eyes on her, a man young, stalwart, gravely good looking, with unexceptionable collars and the clothes of her dreams, a personage to bow to with satisfaction, to introduce with glory; and not a business man, but a lawyer, a lawyer of marked abilities. Oh, it could not be! What pretext had she for deserving it? There was no such splendor marked out for girls like her, girls whose hair would not even pompadour, but lay flat to one side or the other under the attempt: girls who had not any opinions they could not be frightened out of; girls of no earthly consequence except to the few kind hearted persons who cared for them. And yet—

"I am glad you do," said Wentworth. "I believe in the old fashioned virtues. I am not what is called a modern, I am glad to say. And I believe also that a man should marry rather young," he added, picking up a paper knife and settling down deeper in his chair. "He works better for it; it's the natural and right life. Single men in a city have too much to contend with."

"Yes, they must," faltered Bertha, her eyes on her twisting fingers, her heart amazed and grateful before such sentiments. She would have expected them from her predestined suitor of the unfashionable collar and the square toed shoes, but to find that a splendid being in a frock coat, whose shining high hat lay beside his stick on the table, condescended to approve of domesticity and plebeian virtues was a wonderful revelation.

"A man is expected to drink so much, going about with other men," Wentworth continued, his interest apparently divided between his subject and the paper knife held fixed between his extended forefingers. "It is a cocktail every five minutes, and I dislike that.

I see no sense in it. And it hurts one's power of working. Nothing is worth while that does that."

The temperance cause gained a sudden new value and distinction in Bertha's eyes. She had always taken her secret adherence to it as a fate inevitable to the unfashionable and obscure, and had concealed her scruples quite as anxiously as she did the burning, shuddering repulsion with which all fermented things filled her. This amazing justification of her suppressed principles made her light hearted and surprisingly brave.

"I am glad you say that," she exclaimed. "Drinking does seem to me so terrible. If I see a drunken man on the street, it's all I can do not to run. My knees shake all the way home."

The approving look deepened.

"You are so truly feminine, in the best sense. I like it more than I can tell you," he said. "I have known very few women in my life—I have never before had time; but those I have met since I came to the city—well, they did not appeal to me. I suppose I demand a great deal."

It was bitter to hear that he had not known other women. His turning to her was explained as ignorance of the possibilities rather than choice, and a vision of the danger lurking on every side, from every woman who caught his attention, chilled her. Her momentary courage failed, and did not even revive when he asked permission to take her to a concert the following Friday.

When he went, she watched him through the window curtains with sad appreciation of his firm carriage, his manly air, the charm of the way he looked through his eyeglasses and grasped his stick, the masterful gesture with which he signaled the car at the corner, and the ease with which he swung himself aboard before it had half stopped. Now she knew he was standing with splendid indifference to overhead straps, feeling in his right waistcoat pocket with finger and thumb for the change, while every woman on board covertly watched him. No, it was not to be; there was no miracle marked out for such as she. She must not listen to crazy hopes. So she went soberly to

her room, and spent the next hour doing her hair a new way pictured in that morning's Sunday supplement. She pulled the coiffure hastily down when she heard her sister's step in the hall, and turned over the paper.

"Was that Mr. Wentworth in the parlor?" Caroline asked, throwing her hat on the bed and dropping into a chair. "Billy came, and we went for a walk so as not to spoil your party. Wasn't it decent of us? Dear me, I'm tired. I think you ought to put my things away for me. Did you have a nice time?"

"Awfully!" Bertha not only put away her sister's hat and coat, but brushed them first. She was not sorry for a chance to avoid the clear, confident brown eyes before which her gentle gray ones had faltered all her life long.

"He is very well upholstered, your Mr. Wentworth," Caroline went on, pulling an astonishing number of black headed pins out of her collar and belt and sticking them into the arm of her chair; "but doesn't he take himself rather seriously? You ought to shake him up a little. Billy talked with a capital 'I' just like that when I first knew him."

"Oh, but he isn't like that when you know him well," Bertha urged. "He is so clever and interesting and—valuable. Not a bit like Billy."

Caroline laughed with perfect good temper.

"Poor old Billy, he isn't intellectual. Don't you want to fix the salad? It's almost tea time, and mother's asleep. I want to make myself beautiful." And going to the mirror, Caroline leaned towards it with a boldness of scrutiny that Bertha could not have emulated even alone with the door locked.

The concert was a wonderful occasion. Bertha, sensitive to every breath her companion drew, knew whether to admire or condemn each piece before it was half over, and glowed shamelessly when he praised her understanding of music. And then the joy of taking the aisle in new white gloves and Caroline's chiffon hat under this splendid attendance—she would have sat happily through the "Ring" itself for such a

reward. She had never hoped to get any nearer to men of his kind, the god-like few, than such one sided acquaintance as the pages of *Life* opened to her; yet here she was under the special care of just such a conqueror, whose growing approval seemed to point only one way. Oh, it couldn't be; such things were not for her.

"Miracles don't happen," she told herself resolutely at every pause in the independent little concert that was going on under her white silk blouse.

"I have enjoyed it thoroughly," Wentworth said in answer to her confused gratitude at her front door. "I am glad we are proving so congenial. We must go again soon."

"Don't forget you are coming to dinner Tuesday," said Bertha happily.

"Tuesday at seven; I have it down," he answered, pulling out a little note book and glancing into it. This was not quite so uplifting as "How could I forget?" would have been, but Bertha was used to half loaves, and smiled to herself in the dark before she fell asleep.

## II.

THE first pang of a new anxiety smote her when she and Caroline were dressing for the much planned dinner on Tuesday night. Billy was invited, and there were to be pink shaded candles on the table, and the cook's cousin was coming in to serve. It was a dinner rather than just dinner; and Caroline, after some deliberating, left off the lace top of her evening gown. Bertha, catching a sudden view of her sister's generous white shoulders, her fearless eyes, her boldly curling hair done in fashionable fluffiness, felt a wave of terror overwhelm her like a physical sickness. What could she do, how could she hold him, she who had nothing!

"You must let me talk some to your Mr. Wentworth tonight," said the unconscious Caroline, dabbing a chamois skin in the powder box. "Billy is such an old story. There, how do I look?"

"All right," said Bertha, with a shortness that made her sister turn to her in surprise.

"Whatever are you cross about?" Caroline demanded.

"I'm not cross." Then a quick color rushed across Bertha's face and her eyes flashed. "Your gown is altogether too low," she burst out. Caroline's blank astonishment was a tribute to the other's general disposition.

"Why, Bertha!" she said finally, looking from her gown to her sister, who was already deeply mortified at herself.

"I mean, I like it better with the top"—stirring nervously in a drawer.

"Well, I don't," said Caroline with a shrug. A moment later she had forgotten the incident; and poor Bertha, for shame's sake, forced her reluctant voice to friendliness. But her tremulous hands delayed her dressing, and it was Caroline who received Mr. Wentworth. When Bertha came in, the two looked very well on the couch in the corner, while Billy did his duty by her mother on the other side of the lamp. She gave Wentworth a cold, limp little hand to shake, then turned quickly to the other group. Caroline, who had risen to abdicate her place, dropped back again.

"Now, tell me the rest of it," Bertha heard her say, through Billy's chatter. Oh, that little note of easy command! If walking hot plowshares could have bestowed it, Bertha would have had her slippers off on the instant.

"Ah, but I can't," Wentworth answered. "The other half is my client's secret; you couldn't expect me to betray that."

Bertha would have given him fervent honor for this and dropped the subject; yet she miserably recognized that Caroline's flippant attitude was far the more attractive.

"But I do!" was the confident answer. "The public part of the story will do for anybody; I want the secrets. It isn't betraying to tell me!" Mr. Wentworth seemed a little bewildered, but he was evidently not repelled. His judicial eyes questioned hers for a moment, and then they both laughed, for no cause. "At once!" she commanded. He grew serious again.

"It is one of my rules never to repeat such confidences," he said. "I have not many rules; but those I have I never break."

"Dear me, how tiresome!" said Caroline. The vivid, amused face brought slight confusion to Mr. Wentworth, but he rallied determinedly.

"Do you like a man better for breaking through his principles?" he demanded.

"When he does it for me, I love him," she laughed, and then she dropped her voice, but still Bertha heard: "And when he won't do it for me, I adore him!" Bertha changed her seat, but her eyes crossed the room in spite of her. There was a controlled but undeniable smile on Wentworth's face.

"Dinner is served," murmured the cook's cousin from the doorway.

To all outward appearance, the dinner was a great success. Caroline's cheeks mounted their little red danger signals, and the others were but chorus and opportunity to her. The two men took eagerly to their part, and the cook's cousin could scarcely drag herself from the room between her duties, it was all so gay and brilliant. Billy finally protested.

"My smile aches," he complained. "Please let me take it off. Caroline, you are not to speak for three minutes. I must rest my laugh, if I'm to use it again this winter. Bertha, won't you give me some serious and intelligent conversation?"

Bertha turned to him conscientiously with a topic, biting her lips to steady them. Wentworth and Caroline fell into a low toned conversation, which they continued afterwards on the couch in the corner. Billy told Bertha about a shooting trip he had taken in the fall, and she showed an appreciative interest in its details.

At last the guests were gone, and the two girls went down the hall together to their room. Caroline smiled at herself in the glass as she unfastened her girdle.

"Your Mr. Wentworth has the making of a very nice fellow," she said. "One could educate him out of his heaviness and his pompous 'I.' And he's better looking than I realized. I like him."

Out of the hatred that filled her heart, and her numb misery, Bertha could answer casually:

"Don't call him 'my' Mr. Wentworth. I think he's rather more yours."

"Oh, I just woke him up a little," said Caroline complacently. "He needs to have his breath taken away. We had an awfully interesting time. Has he told you about the big opening he thinks he has ahead of him?"

"No," said poor Bertha. She kept her voice serene and pleasant, and at last crept under the same covers, to lie as far from her sister as possible, and rigidly till Caroline's breathing freed her to face her trouble.

"It wasn't for me; I knew it all along," she said firmly. "It was not to be. I shall never have anything. And there's no reason I should. Oh, my heart does ache so—if I could just get my hand in and rub it! I wonder if Caroline will marry him? Oh, how I hate her! It wasn't his fault. No man could care for me—that—knew anybody else." She crushed her face into the pillow. Presently she slipped out and knelt down on the floor by the bed.

"Oh, God, can't I have him?" she sobbed. "Can't you let me—just this one thing in all my life? I will be so good—oh, I will do anything! And I want him so! I'm not worthy, but I would try. Please give him to me. Oh, God, won't you, this one thing?"

When she went back to bed, her teeth were chattering and her nightgown touched her like a thin sheet of ice, but she was dimly comforted.

### III.

TOWARDS morning the cold increased. Caroline, waking, felt for the comforter, then curled up, grumbling sleepily, because it was not at the foot of the bed. But the cold was insistent, and finally she dragged herself up and turned on the light to find it. As she tucked it in at the foot her eyes fell on Bertha's face, turned towards the light, and she paused abruptly. Then she went cautiously nearer. A sodden handkerchief lay in a ball by the pillow.

What could have been the matter? Caroline stood motionless, thinking it over, then frowned impatiently as she

crept back to her place. "I never dreamed it," she said half aloud. Presently she turned and sighed. "Oh, botheration!" she muttered.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Wentworth called and asked for both the young ladies.

"I think I won't go in," said Bertha, her eyes on her book. "My head aches too much for talk. You see him, will you, Caroline? You can excuse me. He won't—care."

Caroline started to speak, then closed her lips and stood considering, her eyes fixed absently on her sister's averted face.

"Very well, I will," she said finally. In the hall outside the door she took the velvet bow out of her hair and slipped it into her pocket. The velvet bow was very becoming.

Less than an hour later she came back. Bertha hastily turned a page as she entered, but did not look up.

"Bertha, Billy has come, and they are both going to stay to tea. Can't you come in and take care of your Mr. Wentworth?" Caroline began. "He's just staying in the hope of seeing you."

The color came into Bertha's face, but she would not look up.

"Oh, he would just as lief have you; rather, in fact," she said carelessly.

"No, he wouldn't. He has decided he doesn't like me," Caroline laughed, but jerked open a drawer with a certain bored impatience. "He finds me unwomanly, not at all desirable for a life

companion! I told him I left all the domestic virtues to you, and he looked quite homesick for you—said you were his ideal of womanhood or some such stuff; and he hoped to see you if you felt equal to it. If you don't, I'll——"

"Oh, yes—my head is better," said Bertha breathlessly, beginning to unlace her high shoes with trembling fingers. Caroline spoke from the depths of the closet.

"You may find him a trifle depressed. He really has had a shock! When I told him I couldn't endure children he almost——"

Bertha lifted her head in amazement.

"But, Caroline, what a——"

"Oh, yes, I know! But he's so fearfully serious I couldn't resist. Shall I throw you your slippers? We were both so relieved when Billy came. Can't you go in now?"

"Shan't I dress? Is my hair good enough?" For all her effort, Bertha's voice thrilled and vibrated.

"You look very nice, my dear. Wait, just let me put this velvet bow in your hair—there, that's a big improvement. Now run."

Bertha flew off, but in the dark hall she stopped and pressed both her hands together.

"Oh, I will be good all my life long! I will try so hard!" she whispered. Then she closed her eyes a moment, to dry them. They were shining like spring sunlight when she opened the door.

### I DREAMED.

I DREAMED you had come back, O love, to me,  
Returned in answer to no uttered plea,  
Come back replying to no spoken word,  
But fluttered softly, like the homing bird,  
Back to this breast which waits to welcome thee.

Nay, could I hope this thing so soon might be?  
I felt it was my craving fancy erred;  
I knew long, long before the vision blurred  
I dreamed.

Forgetting—unforgotten—still be free;  
I will not thee pursue—haste not to flee.  
Yet I, who since the music of thy voice I heard,  
Have pushed despair aside to feed on hope deferred,  
Cry out to say, "Behold my longing—see,  
I dreamed!"

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

# A Chair of Courtship and Matrimony.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE ART OF JUDGING MEN AS A STUDY FOR THE GIRLS OF OUR LAND—THE GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE OF SUCH A COURSE, AND SOME OF THE IMPORTANT TOPICS IT WOULD EMBRACE.

TO study the curriculum of a women's college is to become deeply impressed with the fact that no matter how wide or deep may be the range of learning placed at the disposal of the students, the most essential study of womankind has been strangely neglected.

The sweet girl graduate may occupy her mind with a vast number of comparatively unimportant, if impressive, subjects. She may learn trigonometry, geometry, and the use of logarithms; she may absorb moral philosophy, ancient history, civil government, psychology, and Buddhism; she may even attempt to wrestle with logic. She may, if so inclined, partake of an intellectual bouillabaisse made up of such excellent conversational themes as Browning's poetry, Greek art, how to listen to Wagner, early Egyptian architecture, and "renaissances"—a splendid word, that—of one thing or another. But I do not know of a single women's college in the land which has a chair of courtship and matrimony. When I become rich, it is my intention to establish and endow one at some leading seat of feminine education.

## THE PURPOSE OF THE NEW CHAIR.

I am not raising the old hue and cry so often offered by persons who are themselves too ignorant or mean to give their daughters a liberal education. I am not uttering the old bucolic wail about teaching young women how to cook and make beds and sweep, in preference to filling their heads with such gimcracks and kickshaws of learning as Greek, Latin, and poetry. My purpose is to show that in even the highest institutions of female learning there is one study too few, instead of ten too many.

I will not, however, dismiss the useful arts of domesticity without relating a little anecdote which I read not long ago in a German paper.

An eligible bachelor, dining at the house of certain friends who covet him as a son in law, inquires:

"Who is that whom I hear playing the piano so badly?" The husband is about to reply, but his quick witted wife hastily interposes:

"That! Ah, that is our cook, who is practising."

A few moments later the guest asks:

"Who cooked this partridge so deliciously?"

And the wife straightway replies, before her husband has time to say anything:

"My daughter."

My chair of courtship and matrimony is not designed to teach American girls how to attract the male of their species—most of them are born with a fuller comprehension of that engrossing art than I could give them—but rather to aid them in the far less understood and vastly more important matter of selection. I would also suggest a post graduate course of lectures in regard to the best scheme for retaining a husband after he has been chosen.

## WOMEN AND THE COLLEGES.

Some of my friends tell me that there is not a women's college in the land that would consent to the foundation of such a chair within its walls; but surely for every reason that renders man the proper study of mankind, there are a score which should make him the proper study of womankind. All the Greek art and higher mathematics and moral philosophy in the world will never blind our young women to the fact that life offers them no surer happiness or higher opportunities than those of the home. I believe, therefore, that I shall have no difficulty in prevailing upon some college faculty to accept my offer, when I am ready to make it; and I am certain that no class of women stand in greater need of instruction on the important subject of man than do those who have embraced what is commonly termed the "higher education."

Women are born with gifts of intuition

which are far better than a man's reasoning power in the difficult art of estimating character. I am not prepared to say that a college education impairs these powers of insight, but I am firmly convinced that the development of the brain brings with it a contempt for such native gifts as are held in common by the whole sex and causes the highly educated young woman to trust to her reasoning faculties, or what she calls her "judgment," rather than in those quick feelings of attraction or aversion which are an instinctive safeguard to uninstructed girls in their teens.

Indeed, when I consider the number of these college graduates who are going out into the world every year in the serene belief that their brains are going to reveal to them the difference between the true and the false, the worthy and the unworthy, the gentleman and the cad, I think it is a fortunate thing that the mothers of the present generation did not have the "higher education" of their daughters, and are still the possessors of those gifts of intuitive perception which are the common heritage of all woman-kind. The girl who is without such a mother is only too likely to become a fit subject for the kindly offices of a Gerry Society before she has spent as much as six months in the great practical, sharp set world of life.

#### THE PROFESSOR OF COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

I shall stipulate in my deed of endowment that the incumbent of this chair of courtship and matrimony shall be a woman of mature years, high native intelligence, and great social experience. I should prefer one who had herself been courted and married, and shall endeavor to secure one who has also undergone the experience of divorce. It shall be her duty to lecture three times a week on the perils of modern society, and to illustrate her discourse, whenever possible, by placing on the platform specimens of the different types of men that a young girl may expect to encounter when she leaves college and begins to take up the serious duties of life.

The first thing that I would desire the incumbent of my chair of courtship and matrimony to impress upon her undergraduate hearers is the fact that to make a really good match in this country it is necessary to wed either a pauper or a multimillionaire. The man who possesses a small income, and has not sufficient energy to work as if he had none at all, is to be avoided like the plague, as he will make a most unsatisfactory husband.

There is nothing that an American woman dislikes more than to have a husband dawdling about the house all day long. In fact, the only happy wives I know are those whose husbands are away from them all day, working hard at some business or profession in order that they may increase the comfort and luxury of the home life.

Now, a man with a few thousand dollars a year does not like to trouble himself to make a few more for the mere sake of having a little more jam on his bread; whereas he who has nothing a year except what he earns himself, and who may have found it hard work, at first, to earn even his bread, thinks nothing of working overtime for his jam and the other luxuries that follow it.

Therefore, the incumbent of my chair will say to the young ladies of her class: "Beware of the young man of small income, and be cautious about the multimillionaire. If you wish to make a really brilliant match, seek out some promising pauper who is congenial to you, and bestow your affections upon him. He will work very hard in order to win you, and, having thus formed the habit of work, will continue it for the sake of providing you with the best that he can. Remember that there is no place for an idle man in this country except in the bow window of one of those clubs whose members make bets on the color or sex of the next passer by."

#### MEN WHO SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

One of the greatest dangers that beset the path of the young woman just entering life is that which arises from her willingness to accept men at their own valuation. If she be of an emotional and affectionate disposition, she will find absolute pleasure in deceiving herself in regard to those with whom she is brought in contact. She may know perfectly well that if she buys anything at the valuation set upon it by the seller she is almost sure to be cheated; but this does not always suggest to her the fact that if she accepts a man at his own valuation the result is likely to be the same.

When I hear a young woman say that she likes this man or that, not because of what he has done, but because he says something or other, I begin to fear for her safety. I know only too well that she has fallen into the awful habit of self-deception.

There are many young women nowadays who follow occupations that lead them into the society of all sorts of persons, and to these I would say: "Do not

deceive yourselves about these strange men and women with whom you are brought in contact by reason of your business. In the case of a woman of questionable character, there is no occasion for you either to show your aversion—her fault will not rub off like fresh paint—or to become her hysterical champion. You need not acknowledge to the world that you know what she is, and you certainly are not called upon to indorse her as a desirable addition to an inoffensive household; but don't permit yourself to be deceived by her! Don't allow your emotions to overrule your intuitions, or your reasoning powers, or whatever you may depend upon to carry you through the world unscathed."

It will be impossible, of course, for the chair of matrimony to discuss within the brief limits of a college course all the kinds of men that should be avoided, but it can at least sound a warning note in regard to some of those with whom the young girl graduate is likely to be brought in contact under present social conditions. In the choosing of a multimillionaire she should seek advice, not from my chair, but from some one who is quick at figures, as it is a mere matter of dollars; but in regard to the others, she should be carefully instructed during her college course.

#### BEWARE OF THE "INTERESTING" MAN!

There is no variety of the male of our species better deserving of conscientious consideration at the hands of this instructor than that which the impulsive and inexperienced woman delights to brand as "interesting." I positively shudder when I hear a young girl express a preference for a man because he is so "interesting," and I know that she is on the wrong road to happiness when she rejects the attentions of any one on the ground that, although he may be honest and truthful and sincere, he is "not interesting."

Of course I am not speaking now of the men whose ripe scholarship or unusual experience, combined with conversational tact and ease, renders their society agreeable to every one. My remarks are intended to apply only to those who contrive by mendacity or posing to enchain the attention of young women who know very little of the world. Persons of this sort are known on sight to the worldly wise as poseurs, liars, or fakes; but to the young woman who has ceased to depend upon her gifts of intuition, and is trying to make her way among her fellow

beings with the help of her college education, they are "interesting." They are precisely the men whom she should avoid as she would the plague, for they constitute the *demi monde* of art.

Although I have not yet endowed my chair, I have gone so far in my preparations as to decide upon certain "interesting" persons of my acquaintance whom I shall hire to pose as awful examples during the first course of the series. Each one of these awful examples represents a particular type of his class, but there are two characteristics which they all possess in common. They all talk about themselves, and they are all liars; for mendacity is an invaluable weapon in the hands of a man who, having set out to be "interesting," finds himself restricted by the narrow limits of his knowledge and by the poverty of his actual achievement.

#### THE HISTRIONIC FAKIR.

Of all these types none is an object of greater veneration and affection among silly women than the Interesting Actor who is possessed of such exalted talent that he cannot afford to waste it in the inferior dramatic works that serve to entertain the average citizen. Nothing will do for this one except what is termed the "advanced school of drama"; and certainly, from a conversational point of view, this preference gives him an immense advantage over such of us as are pleased with a simpler and more wholesome form of entertainment. For my own part, I have found so much to admire in Ibsen and certain of his contemporaries that I am sorry to see them brought into disrepute in this country by the poseurs who have converted them to vulgar schemes of self exploitation.

Now, the Interesting Actor is a particularly dangerous type of fakir, because he not only carries with him the glamour of his profession, but also has so many unoccupied evenings on his hands—thanks to a popular taste that does not always go astray—that he has better opportunities than his fellow players who are busy on the stage to make the acquaintance of impressionable young women, and to convince them by his persistent talk about himself and his "art" that he is as interesting as they would like to believe him. I may add that his efforts to charm derive material aid from the fact that a great many of the most brilliant women in metropolitan society believe that to have long, greasy hair, great flapping ears, wild, roving eyes, and a deep, soulful

voice is to have acquired complete mastery of the mimetic art.

#### THE NEGLECTED GENIUS OF THE BRUSH.

Another type who will serve to illustrate a discourse is the Interesting Artist who has never learned how to draw. He possesses, however, a fine vocabulary of the claptrap of the profession, and always sneers at anything that is popular. A favorite pose of his is that of the neglected genius who is starving in a garret because his work is too good for the world to appreciate. He usually has a healthy appetite, together with extraordinary capacity in the delicate art of inducing women to sit to him for their portraits. He is always looking for rich and ugly women, whom he asks to pose for his great painting of the court of Marie Antoinette, explaining at the same time that it is almost impossible to find any one of sufficiently aristocratic bearing to answer his purpose. It is hard to find a woman too old or ugly to swallow this bait, and if the Interesting Artist does not succeed in selling her the portrait before the sittings are over it is because he has lost his cunning. In extreme cases, he sends word to her husband or brother that he is afraid his necessities will compel him to sell it to the Broadway saloon keeper who wishes to add it to the collection of "Dianas" and "Sleeping Beauties" that constitute his art gallery.

But portrait painting is not the strong suit of the Interesting Artist, for, were it not for certain cunning tricks in photography, he would not be able to produce anything that even looked like a portrait. He is at his best when producing landscapes rich in such easily drawn features as the haystack, the rail fence, the drifting cloud, and, in the very middle, his *chef d'œuvre*, a gnarled, leafless tree with its dark, wind shaken branches etched against the sunset sky.

The favorite and most effective pose of this variety of Interesting Artist is that of the remote, companionless soul, living absolutely alone on his own high artistic and intellectual plane. He is indeed alone when engrossed with the practice of his art, for at this time no human being—for aught his pictures have to tell—ever comes within his range of vision. Strangers flee from him, little boys desert their games and disappear before the advance of his easel and white umbrella, and even the rustic toiler shuns his presence. This is why his feminine admirers say that the gnarled, leafless tree with which his fame is indissolubly connected is

beautifully, tenderly, pathetically symbolic of his sad, lonely life. This is really a very pretty idea, and I am sure it has nothing to do with the fact that he has never been able to draw the human figure.

#### THE UNAPPRECIATED DRAMATIST.

The Interesting Literary Man occurs in endless variety in the pathway of the young graduate, and requires a special course of lectures to himself.

To begin with, there is the Interesting Playwright, who has been writing dramas for several years, and who hopes that an artistic revolution will one day place in control of a metropolitan theater some manager with a soul above the box office, and a brain capable of appreciating really good work. This playwright has a hearty contempt for the dramas of today. He will sit through such an absorbing play as "Secret Service" with a smile of superior contempt on his lips, and yet you have only to draw him into the discussion of the play which he affects to despise to find that he has not the remotest idea of what a drama is; that, in common with the least informed laymen, he regards it as a mere matter of words; and that as for appreciating Mr. Gillette's constructive skill, it is hopeless even to attempt to talk to him about it. When in his intellectual cups, he babbles weakly about the "literary drama," and wonders with bitter irony whether any manager of to-day would accept "Romeo and Juliet" if Shakspeare were to come along and offer it for the first time. He firmly believes that the success of this and other Shaksperian dramas is due solely to their great literary merit.

Although the real lifework of this person is the uplifting of the drama, he writes dramatic criticisms now and then for some obscure paper, not so much because of the profit that employment of this sort yields as for the excuse that it affords him to lean against the wall of the lobby with that blasé, world weary look against which the feminine undergraduate cannot be warned in too significant or forcible terms. The truth is that it is very much easier to be an Interesting Playwright than to write plays which will act, and there are fools who consider it nobler to be an "interesting failure" than a practical, common sense success.

It may seem to my sane readers that I have wasted a good deal of space over the Interesting Playwright; but if they knew as I do the number of women who are deluded into believing in the pretensions of this preposterous fake, they would perhaps

admit that my words of caution are worth listening to.

#### THE VERY MINOR POET.

The Interesting Poet is also well worthy the attention of the incumbent of my chair of courtship and matrimony. He is at least true to one ancient poetic tradition in that he wears long hair, and has always in stock a smile of singularly sweet and sympathetic sadness, which he produces on special occasions as children produce their company manners.

He writes a great many verses, some of which find their way into print and are greatly admired by those simple minded women who think that anything that lies beyond their comprehension is good. These are wont to declare that the Interesting Poet is far too lofty in thought and execution for the common public. In this respect there is a strong family likeness between him and the Interesting Playwright, who, according to his admirers, will not condescend to "write down" to the American public.

Like the Interesting Playwright, who consoles himself for managerial indifference and contempt by giving readings from his dramas, the Interesting Poet reads aloud those metrical gems which have been returned to him by editors and publishers. The playwright hires a hall, so that his works may be heard by large numbers of those who think they think—and there are many such in the great town of New York. The Poet, on the other hand, reads his in low, measured cadence and in the shadows of darksome corners to one at a time of the credulous minded. To do him justice, his rendition of his own work is extremely effective, especially in the case of his well known masterpiece "As Pants the Hart," the first verse of which runs as follows:

As one who skirts the incipient dawn  
Where cloudlets fleck o'er morning dew,  
Come, oh, my soul, where my parched lips yearn!  
Come, where the nightingale throbs to learn!  
Hark to his song where the shadows turn!

Come, oh, my soul! Ah me!

The rhyming of the third, fourth, and fifth lines in this *chef d'œuvre* has been characterized by the poet's friends as "very daring."

The Interesting Poet owes his little vogue not to what he writes, but to a quality which is so pitifully cheap, that it lies within the reach of the veriest intellectual pauper, namely, his ability to sneer at every real poet. He speaks contemptuously of Tennyson, and even more contemptuously of Longfellow, who was an American. Moore was a writer of jingle—the poet's word for melody—and Burns a mere something or other, I do not remember what. The only true poet that this country has ever produced, present company excepted, is Euphemia Squatag Squeal of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose verses appear in a book which will always be notable by reason of its very wide margins.

#### THE GREAT ART OF JUDGING MEN.

There are other members of the "interesting class" which I should be glad to have discussed by the incumbent of the proposed chair of courtship and matrimony, but it will be safe to take those that I have indicated as typical examples of persons to be avoided.

After having listened to the full course of lectures on the men whom they are to shun, each graduating class should have an opportunity to meet some really interesting and accomplished men who can tell them something about poetry, art, and letters. Let a young girl once enjoy the privilege of listening to the discourse of a man who has actually mastered that most subtle, elusive, and fascinating of all arts—that of the drama—and she will have no taste for either the Interesting Actor or the Interesting Playwright of the sort that I have tried to describe. Let her talk to an artist who has a true feeling for his work, and who respects it too much to vulgarize it by posing as its apostle before the ignorant and credulous, and she will have but small relish for the cheap art chattel of the worthless and embittered. Let her learn something of the noblest of all literatures, and she will turn in disgust from the sneering soul that is too small to comprehend anything better than itself.

In short, she will have learned some useful lessons in the great and important art of judging men.

#### THE SUN DIAL.

SERENE he stands among the flowers,  
And only marks life's sunny hours.  
For him dark days do not exist—  
The brazen faced old optimist!

George Alison.

# The Dictionary and the Bachelor Maid.

TWO INTERESTING WORDS THAT BEGIN WITH THE SIXTEENTH LETTER OF THE ALPHABET.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE.

## I.

THE Bachelor Maid was a studio girl. She kept her shop somewhere down town. We entered the diningroom together and sat down to breakfast. We were somewhat late. The rest of the crowd were already there. We ate for some time in complete silence. Finally I addressed the Bachelor Maid.

"Do you believe in propinquity?" I asked, directing my inquiry and my glance to her end of the table.

She looked up with an expression of uncertainty.

"I don't think——" she began, and then she stopped. I knew what her difficulty was. Her first impulse was to be honest. Had she obeyed it, she would have completed her sentence by explaining that she didn't know exactly what the word meant. It was clear she didn't.

As it was, however, she hurriedly arose. Her meal was but half finished.

"I don't think," she repeated, "that I can stay any longer. I have an important engagement at my studio."

"Your patrons come early," I suggested. "At what hour do you expect to meet this engagement?"

She glanced at me, again uncertainly. When her eyes met mine, my face was as expressionless as it well might be. It told her nothing.

"What hour did you say?" I repeated. "I didn't quite catch you." Of course she had not spoken.

"What time is it now?" she replied, with an assumption of anxious haste.

I looked at my watch. "It is just ten minutes after nine," I said.

"Oh, I must be off at once," she returned. "I am late now. My engagement is for half past."

While she was saying this there was a storm of protest among the masculine fraternity at the table. Every man had his watch in his hand, and was engaged in scowling at me. I silenced the murmurs with a gesture.

"If your engagement is at half past nine," I replied, addressing her, "you cer-

tainly have ample time in which to discuss with me the doctrine of propinquity, for it is now but ten minutes after eight, and not ten minutes after nine, as at first I indicated."

She gave me a look that I did not forget until half past ten. But she was nonplussed. That was clear.

"Oh, then I have but twenty minutes left," she returned, starting out.

"Plus one hour," I insisted; "from ten minutes after eight to half past nine is an hour and twenty minutes."

"But my engagement is at half past eight," she interposed.

"But you said," I protested, "half past nine."

"I said," she replied, "half past. I did not mention the hour. The hour is half past eight, and I shall be late—very late—as it is."

It was a narrow squeak for her, but a fairly neat recovery. She passed down the room boldly. As she neared the door I spoke again.

"Wait a minute. You will find my dictionary on the table in the hall. It is sometimes useful in such cases. I left it there expressly for the purpose."

"You horrid thing!" she exclaimed, using the first distinctively feminine word that had fallen from her lips for a week.

"It is strange," said I to the rest as I rose from my seat, "that my appetite has gone this morning." And I went out.

As I reached the head of the stairs and glanced down the hall, I saw the Maid and the dictionary at the same time. There was an air of propinquity about them. They neither of them saw me. The dictionary did not because it had no eyes except for the girl, and the girl because she had no eyes save for the dictionary. I was determined to aid her in her search for knowledge.

"P-r-o-p-i-n—" I spelled aloud. "If you know how to spell the first part, you can easily find it there."

She started up hastily. "You horrid thing! I was not trying to find that at all. It was something else. I was not looking at that word."

"I know you were not," I assented. "You hadn't reached it. Can I help you out?" I inquired gently.

Had she been a man, she would have slammed the book shut, and slammed the door behind her. Being a woman, she did it any way.

She raised her head high in the air and hastened on.

## II.

THAT evening at dinner I again addressed the Bachelor Maid.

"Your intelligent remarks this morning upon the subject of propinquity," I said, "appealed to me with peculiar force. Emanating as they did from one who entertained a complete understanding of the subject—one who, in fact, has undoubtedly become familiar with it through large experience—coming in fact, as they did, from you—they interested me greatly."

She looked at me for fully half a minute—and that's a long time for such a look, either for the one looked at or the one who looks.

"Just as though I didn't know what it meant!" she exclaimed disdainfully.

"Just as though you didn't know what what meant?" I repeated interrogatively.

"Propinquity," she retorted.

"What does it mean, then?" I replied, looking her squarely in the eye.

"I know just as well as you do," she returned.

"I have no doubt that you do now," I said, emphasizing the "now." "Mine is not the only dictionary on the deck."

The insinuation disconcerted her and she was silent for a moment—only for a moment.

"You mentioned this morning," she remarked, "the doctrine of propinquity. I never heard of the doctrine of propinquity. Where did you discover it?"

"I looked," I replied, borrowing liberally from a literary predecessor of mine—"I looked under D for 'doctrine,' and under P for 'propinquity,' and combined my knowledge of the two. The result was amazing, I assure you."

"Not more so than you are," she suggested delicately.

Such a rough and ready retort, coming from her, showed that she was growing angry, like a fencer who strikes out wildly. So far so good.

## III.

"Now that you have considered the matter fully," I said to her later, as we ascended the stairs together, "do you really believe in propinquity as applied to love?"

For heaven's sake"—I added in an apprehensive tone assumed for the purpose—"don't forget, I beg of you, that this conversation is entirely impersonal. Conversation," I continued, "is said to be intellectual and refined in the degree that the generalities exceed the personalities. Let us above all things be intellectual."

"You be intellectual," she replied considerably, "and I will be refined. I'm more used to it than you are, and do it better."

I went on, heedless of the imputation. I could see that she was recovering her poise—which meant that I must try a new line of attack.

"Let's talk about it," I said, leading the way to a corner where the light was more remarkable for its softness than for its brilliancy.

"Agreed," she returned, leading the way to a corner where the light was more remarkable for its brilliancy than for its softness.

"I will start in first," I resumed when we had established ourselves in her corner.

"It's like you to do so," interposed the girl, "only you usually do not confine yourself to first. They say down stairs that when once you get the floor the only remedy is to adjourn *sine die* so soon as opportunity occurs."

"The doctrine of propinquity," I proceeded, ignoring her remarks, "as I understand it, means that affection may and will result solely—solely, understand—from constant companionship. It is the antithesis of what is known as 'love at first sight.' It is love which is not love until the companionship alone has made it so. It is best illustrated," I continued learnedly, "by a remark which I have often made—said to have been made by some one before me—that any woman without an absolute hump may marry any man she pleases. I maintain also the converse of the proposition—that any man who is generally regarded as being unobjectionable can marry any woman whom he chooses. Both results are satisfactorily accomplished through the same means, to wit, the useful doctrine of propinquity."

I indulged in a parliamentary pause.

"That does well enough," she returned, "in the case of a man who is, as you say, unobjectionable—very well, indeed—but in the case of a man like yourself, now, what—"

"That dictionary still rankles in your mind," I interrupted gently. "I shall overlook your incoherency. And besides," I added, "you are becoming unintellectual and unrefined."

"I forgot that. I beg your pardon," she said apologetically. She was silent for an interval of time. Finally she spoke:

"I cannot agree with you. I am a firm believer in the—the principle of love at first sight. And furthermore," she said gently, "I am still old fashioned enough to believe that marriages are made in Heaven. I know," she continued, "that in my own case——" she stopped suddenly.

"In your own case——" I repeated eagerly.

"I am in fault again," she responded. "I am again straying from the paths of refinement and intellect. My own case would be too personal for our discussion."

"But," I protested, "it is only by way of illustration. All argument must be illuminated and confirmed by example."

She shook her head. "We won't go into that," she said resolutely.

"Still," she continued, "the doctrine of propinquity, as you express it, is interesting. It has its possibilities. Now—well, after all, I am going to be personal, just for once."

"Da," I said eagerly.

"Of course," she resumed, "as you consider yourself a man who is generally unobjectionable——"

"Yes, yes," I said, unobtrusively drawing my chair nearer to her by an infinitesimal space.

"So do I regard myself as a woman without an absolute hump. I assume I am right?" she said interrogatively.

She paused for an instant. I sat there drinking in all the glory of her face and figure. Finally I assented.

"Well," she said, "conceding that, why——"

I was honoring her with my entire attention. Her argument was irresistible.

"Why," she continued, "I was thinking that it would be funny if Jack Armstrong——"

"Jack Armstrong!" I exclaimed, interrupting her. "Jack Armstrong! Who is he?"

"He's in our building," she replied. "He has a studio on the floor above."

"What's he got to do with it?" I said fiercely.

"Why," she returned, "Jack Armstrong and I are awfully good friends, you know. Not—no, not that way at all—just good friends and good fellows together. Jack hasn't an ounce of sentiment in his make up, and neither have I, as you may know. But wouldn't it—now, wouldn't it—be funny if your theory of propinquity should apply to a case of that kind?"

"I don't know," I replied doubtfully. "I don't think that's just the kind of case I meant. No," I continued, with a decided air. "No, that's not the kind of case I meant. I don't think the doctrine would apply there. In fact, I'm sure it wouldn't."

"This is a most interesting subject," she said. "I must discuss it with Jack Armstrong tomorrow—impersonally, of course," she added hastily. "We shall observe the limits of intellect and refinement, you may be sure. And Jack's such a fellow!" she mused. "How he will enjoy it!"

"Will he need my dictionary, too?" I growled savagely.

"Dictionary?" she returned. "No, Jack won't need a dictionary. If he doesn't know what propinquity means, I'll tell him. I'm capable now of explaining to him just what it means. Rely on me for that."

#### IV.

"CONFOUND Jack Armstrong," I said to myself in the solitude of my room that night, and I added, "Confound propinquity, any way."

My dictionary is a small one and easily handled. As it sped across the room it knocked my finest meerschaum pipe into the fire. Hang a dictionary any way!

I felt like Napoleon after Aspern. There was nothing to do but to reorganize my forces for another battle, which might be a Wagram or—terrible thought!—a Waterloo.

#### V.

NEXT evening I was late at dinner. When I had finished I strolled into the parlor.

The girl was sitting in the corner where the light was noted rather for its softness than its brilliancy.

"Oh, I want to tell you," she exclaimed. "I talked to Jack about it today—oh, we talked a long while on the subject, and do you know, he agrees with you. In every particular, too," she added.

I sat and thought for a long while. Finally I spoke.

"But for the limitations which we placed last night upon this topic," I remarked, "I should have told you of an experience of mine."

I noted, out of the corner of my eye, an added expression of interest in the attitude of the girl. I therefore paused, merely for effect.

"In the course of our numerous conversations," I resumed carelessly, "you have doubtless heard me mention the

name of Daisy Darlington." She never had. She was as well aware of that as I. I stopped and looked her in the face. She winced palpably, but recovered almost immediately. She was not easily phased.

"Daisy Darlington?" she said unconcernedly. "Perhaps I have. Yes," she added; "I'm sure I have."

"I have seen a good deal of Daisy Darlington in the last two months," I continued, with a wary eye upon her, "and singularly enough," I added, stooping to restore to her the handkerchief she had inadvertently dropped—"and singularly enough, Daisy Darlington entertains the same views that you expressed to me last night—that all love is love at first sight, and that marriages are made in Heaven. I place great reliance upon the views of Daisy Darlington, and therefore," I concluded, "I see now that you were right last night, and I was wrong."

#### VI.

A FEW days afterwards, one pleasant afternoon, I strolled down town.

As I reached Steenth Street a well dressed couple approached me from the opposite direction. One of them was the Bachelor Maid. I stopped and doffed my hat. The Bachelor Maid spoke first.

"I want to introduce Mr. Armstrong," she said, addressing me. "Mr. Jack Armstrong, you know. You have heard me speak of him on several occasions."

We politely exchanged courtesies and solemnly shook hands. He was a tall, dark, handsome sort of fellow. They made a stunning pair, I thought, as they sauntered up the street.

I gazed after them. It was a funny thing, I said to myself, that she should introduce to me as Jack Armstrong a fellow whose name was Dobbins—"Major Dobbins of Ours," we called him at the Club—a fellow that I'd known for the better part of ten years. It was a very strange procedure. There clearly was some mystery in the case, I thought, as I ruminated upon the subject.

#### VII.

THE next day I appeared at her studio. "So you know Frank Dobbins," I said carelessly. "I didn't know you did."

"Yes," she said; "the mean thing"—that expression has always been music to my ears—"the mean thing! He never told me till afterwards that he knew you and that you knew him. I'll never forgive him," she exclaimed.

"And me?" I inquired.

"I don't know," she said. "I am undecided about you. I'll think it over."

"And about Jack Armstrong?" I continued mercilessly.

"Yes, of course," she assented. "It's just as you surmise. There isn't any. He doesn't exist. And you'd never have known it if it hadn't been for that old Frank Dobbins!" she exclaimed in a burst of feminine—very feminine—wrath.

"Are you sure of that," I inquired—"quite sure?"

She didn't answer, which was satisfactory enough, so far as it went.

"I came in," I remarked after a pause, "to see if I could get you to do me a favor. I want you, if you will, to make a little pencil sketch of me—just head and shoulders—just a rough sketch. This visit of mine, you must understand, is merely a professional call upon an artist of recognized ability, and I—"

"Never mind that," she interrupted. Then she added, "Is it to keep or to give away?"

"Why, what's the difference?" I queried.

"The difference," she replied, "is in the amount of care I shall bestow upon the work."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "if I am to give it away you will take more pains with it than if I am to keep it?"

"No," she returned; "it's the other way."

"Your real motive," I said, "is so palpably different from the one you have expressed that I am determined to tell you all about it. I am going to give it away. I want it for—that is, I promised Daisy Darlington—"

"Sit down," she said severely, pointing to a platform evidently intended for a model, and at the same time getting out some pencils and a pad. "Now, look over there. No, not there. That other way. Now, sit still. Don't move, and don't talk."

I obeyed her. I sat still. I didn't talk. But I did a large amount of thinking.

She worked away in silence. Finally she rose and sprayed on the pad some alcohol out of an atomizer.

"Now it's fixed, and it's all finished. Do you think she'll like it?" she added.

"She?" I queried uncertainly. "I don't quite catch your meaning."

"Why, she," she replied. "You know whom I mean—Daisy Darlington!"

"My dear girl," I said kindly, "Daisy Darlington is not a she. How could you make such a mistake? He's a fellow in our club, and his full name's Livingston

Dreddlington Darlington, and we call him 'Daisy' for short. Why, he's a boon companion of mine. Surely you've heard me mention his name often enough?"

"I should think I had!" she exclaimed, with a heightened color, but a very perceptible air of relief.

There was another long pause. I broke the silence.

"This is a professional visit," I said at last. "I gave you an order which you have executed to my entire satisfaction."

I hesitated a moment. "Of course," I said, "I cannot offer to pay you for this, but I can—I will—make you a proposition which I hope will be acceptable."

"Name it," she said with her professional air.

"Will you," I continued—I wanted to say it well and say it neatly, but I did neither—"are you willing to exchange the picture for the—the model?"

She looked out of the window for a moment, and the color deepened in her beau-

tiful face. Then she came gently up to me and placed her hand in the one I had held out to her.

"The terms are acceptable," she said simply, with a glance that told me all. "I will take the model for the picture."

And then I kissed her.

#### VIII.

"Is this the triumph of your theory or of mine?" she mused as we stood there together.

"Of both, I think," I said.

"That may be," she replied. "But do you know," she suddenly exclaimed, "there's one peculiar thing I noticed in your dictionary—a very peculiar thing," she repeated with a sly glance at me out of the corners of her eyes.

"And what is that?" I queried.

"Why, that 'propinquity' is immediately followed by 'proposal.'"

It was a self evident proposition.

#### THE ETERNAL ROUND.

A FRAGRANT breath along the woodland pass,  
Where peeps the shy arbutus through the snow  
Mid wintergreen and moss; upon the grass  
A brighter sheen; where honeysuckles blow  
The yellow coated bee's industrious hum;  
The robin's early trespass on the lawn;  
The bursting buds that tell of fruit to come—  
All cry: "Rejoice! Rejoice, a year is born!"

The knee deep grasses where the cattle graze,  
The quivering air that shimmers on the hill,  
The shallow pool wherein the minnow plays,  
The dragonflies that dart and then are still,  
The russet tassels on the chestnut trees,  
The ripening wheat that lifts its golden spear  
To catch the kisses of the wanton breeze—  
All cry: "A cheer! A cheer for the lusty year!"

Upon the fields a faint, uncertain haze;  
On maple leaves a strife 'twixt red and gold;  
The mountain ash with berries all ablaze,  
And morn and eve with early frost a cold;  
The steel and amber glow that sunset weaves  
Out of the west, before the stars appear;  
The fitful gusts that chase the flying leaves—  
All sigh: "Prepare a bier for the dying year."

A leaden sky that from the zenith down  
Deepens to black; against the sky the trees,  
Knotted and bare, save here and there a brown  
Leaf rattling in the gale; the hum of bees,  
The song of birds all hushed; on hill and vale  
The ghostly, silent snow; a pall o'erhead,  
A shroud beneath, and mournful winds that wail:  
"Lament! Lament, the new born year is dead!"

*Charles Mumford.*

# An Unforgotten Frontier.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

THE NARROW BORDERLAND BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND WAS FOR MANY CENTURIES THE SCENE OF FIERCE FORAYS, BLOODY ENCOUNTERS, HARD FOUGHT BATTLES—IN IT ARE THE REMAINS OF PICTISH, ROMAN, BRITISH, AND NORMAN DEFENSES—IT IS ESPECIALLY RICH IN ECCLESIASTICAL RUINS, AND IS TODAY THE HOME OF LEGEND, TRADITION, AND MINSTRELSY.

ONE bright afternoon in the spring of the year 563 a boat cast anchor in a little creek of the rocky island of Iona, off the western coast of Scotland. From the clumsy sailing coracle stepped a gigantic monk and his following of twelve disciples. Christianity had come to Scotland, and St. Columba with his monks had arrived to found the first of the marvelous monasteries of North Britain.

Many months later, when the monks had raised the walls of their great abbey, had built the abbot's cell, the sheds for themselves and for strangers, the oratorium and the refectory, the room for the preservation of missals, the cow byres and the granaries, there came from the mainland a little boat tossing uneasily across the sound from Mull. Columba, from the door of his cell on the highest hill of the island, ordered food to be prepared and a bowl of water to wash the feet of the approaching stranger. The seafarer was Aidan, a youth of noble birth, come to study and to learn.

For forty years Aidan abode on Iona, learning the ways of the monks, perfecting himself in piety. Under his tuition was placed Oswald, the son of Ethelfrith, the murdered king of Bernicia and Deira. In 633 this lad, rightful overlord of the lands from the Tyne to the Firth of Forth, marched at the head of a little band of faithful Northumbrians against the pagan hosts of Ceadwalla, Prince of Cumberland, met them at Hexham, slew the usurper, overthrew his army, and "could scarcely believe his eyes on beholding the slaughter he had made" of the enemy.

Thus was Oswald made king of Northumbria. His first act was to send to Iona for missionaries to assist in the work of civilization. Cornan, the monk, was sent out to the bleak, wind swept moors of Oswald's kingdom, to return later disheartened and dismayed—a missionary

failure. Then did Aidan, harkening to him, gently question the man who accused the Northumbrians of perversity and barbarity. "Was it their stubbornness or your severity that was at fault? Forgot ye God's word to give the babe milk first and then the meat?" Aidan himself was despatched to distribute food fit for the newly awakened.

Aidan walked his way across Scotland, followed the banks of the Tweed to its mouth, and there, a brief space from the mainland, he saw an islet on which he determined to establish his see. From King Oswald he obtained permission to found his monastery on that storm racked island of Lindisfarne, thenceforward called Holy Island. Aidan wandered about the uplands, threaded the morasses, climbed the hills, teaching his religion, convincing by his gentleness.

Then on the lower slope of the Lammermoors a shepherd lad was born, a lad of a strange poetic temperament, a lad who saw angels in falling stars, who viewed a man sent from heaven in the white robed stranger who tended his injured knee. This was Cuthbert, the boy who studied in the monastery of Melrose, the missionary who Christianized Northumberland.

At this time there was no Scotland or England, no Borderland. There were the kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira, of East Anglia and Mercia, of the Saxons, the Welsh, the Picts, and the Scots. In the years between 830 and 845 Bishop Egfrid of Lindisfarne gave orders for the erection of a stone church at Norham on the Tweed, to be held in everlasting honor of St. Peter, St. Cuthbert, and St. Ceolwulf.

When that church was finished the supremacy of the Northumbrians over the Saxon Heptarchy had passed away. Bernicia and Deira had been replaced by Scotland in the north, by England in the south.

The Tweed had become the frontier river of two great kingdoms. And so it was when the Danes descended upon the east coast, murdered and pillaged and ravaged, burned the monasteries, the shrines, the little roadside oratories, set the monks wandering with their precious relics of Oswald and Aidan and Cuthbert.

For the space of seven years St. Cuthbert was carried to and fro on the shoulders of pious men

situation a secret of the dead and gone Benedictine friars.

Deep in Durham's Gothic shade

His relics are in secret laid ;

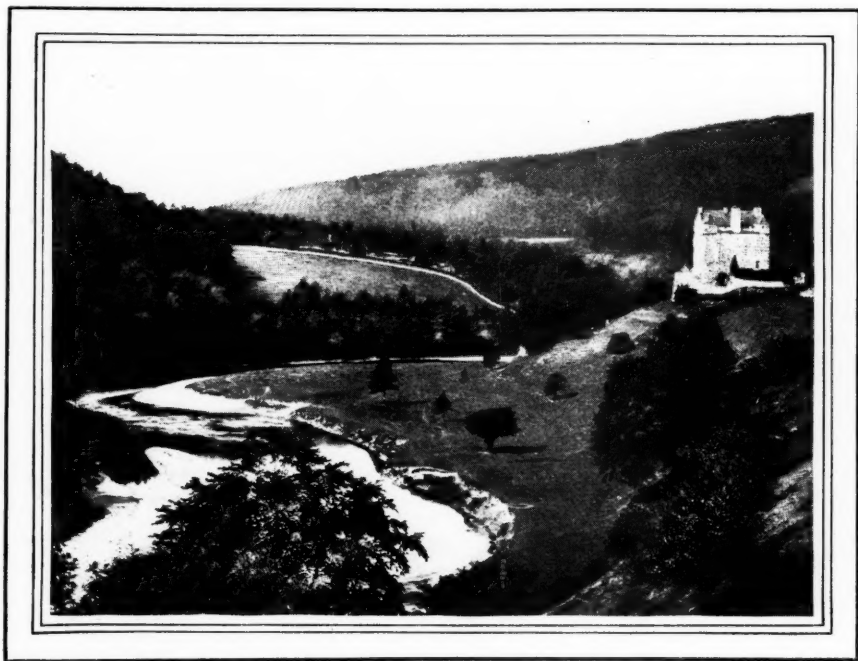
But none may know the place,

Save of his holiest servants three,

Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,

Who share that wondrous grace.

At all the points where the monks rested are to be found the ruins of priories,



NEIDPATH CASTLE, A TYPICAL BORDER PEEL NEAR PEEBLES, BELONGING TO THE EARLS OF MARCH.

through trackless and waterless places ; when no house afforded him a hospitable roof, he remained under the covering of tents.

So wrote Reginald of Durham. Further, he tells how the monks first carried their precious burden to the stone church at Norham ; thence towed it up the river to Tillmouth ; sought sanctuary at Melrose, to find it destroyed by the Scots ; followed the streams of lowland Scotland to the frontier, crossed the hills into England, and descended by the head waters of the Tyne to Hexham Priory ; thence journeyed westward to Carlisle in Cumberland, thence to Dufton Fells, near Appleby in Westmoreland, over into Lancashire, eastward to the monastery at York, finally northward again to their last resting place in Durham. There in Durham cathedral the sainted body rests today, its exact

abbey, or cathedrals—the glory of the borders.

Meanwhile the Danes had hammered the English into unity, and William the Conqueror ruled over a united England. The Britons had found their last refuge in the dreary upland waste that stretched from Derbyshire to the Cheviots, retreating ever northward to the country of moors and morasses between the Solway and the Clyde. North of them in southern Argyllshire a tribe of the Scots from Ireland had fastened themselves and had named their holding Scotland. Suddenly Macalpin of the Scots found himself nearest heir to the vacant throne of the Picts, and united both tribes under his sway. With the opening of the tenth century Pict land had passed away, the land of the Scots had taken its place. And so William

the Conqueror found, as the Romans had found, a barrier at the Tweed which his Norman insolence could not raze.

At the time of the Norman Conquest Northumberland lay barren and deserted. Hollingshead records that—

By the invasion of the Danes, the churches and monasteries throughout Northumberland were so

sister Margaret, the legitimate heirs to the throne of England, were driven by stress of weather. Wyntoun tells the story:

When this Edgar Athelinge,  
That of law should have been king,  
The kingdom saw distroubled so,  
Of counsel with his sisters two,  
A ship he got and took the sea,  
For to pass again thought he,



NORHAM CASTLE, THE FRONTIER FORTRESS OF ENGLAND UPON THE TWEED, CAPTURED AT DIFFERENT TIMES BY DAVID, ROBERT THE BRUCE, AND JAMES IV, KINGS OF SCOTLAND.

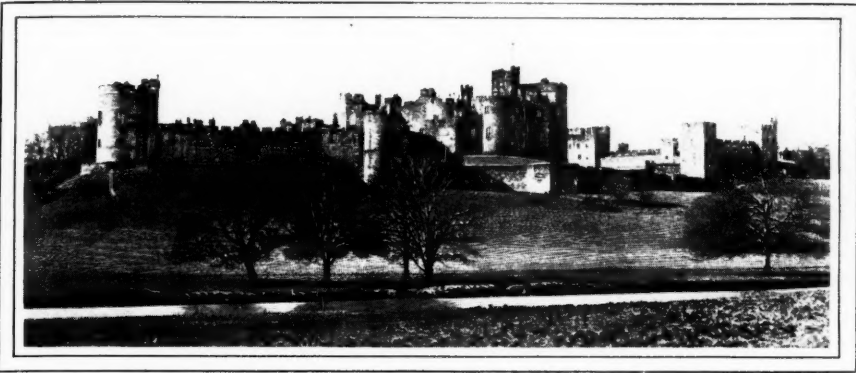
wasted and ruined that a man could scarcely find a church standing at this time in all the country; and as for those that remained they were all covered with broom or thatch; and as for any abbey or monastery there was not one left, neither did any man for the space of two hundred years take care for the repairing or building up of anything in decay, so that the people of Northumberland knew not what a monk meant, and if they saw any they wondered at the strangeness of the sight.

William the Norman was a man of genius as well as a warrior, a statesman as well as a conqueror. He realized that the men of the North—Saxons, Scots, Piets, unvanquished by Roman or Dane, immutably opposed to his own advance—were better allies than subjects, formed a buffer state between his own kingdom and the Danish strongholds in Orkney and Shetland. He sought an alliance with Malcolm of Scotland. This Malcolm was the son of Duncan murdered by Macbeth, had been educated at the court of the gentle Edward the Confessor, had overthrown and slain Macbeth, and was firmly fixed on the throne of Scotland. Into the Firth of Forth Edgar Atheling and his

And arrive in the empire  
Whereof the Lord was his good sire.  
And as they were on the sea  
The wind askant was then blowing,  
And all the weather on their journey  
Was to their purpose all contrary,  
That perforce as the wind them moved,  
Came in the Firth which them behoved,  
And in St. Margaret's Hope by leave  
Of proper need they did arrive.  
In this manner Saint Margaret  
In the empire upon which  
Came to be a Scottish name,  
In King Malcolm's reign.

This Margaret became the queen of Malcolm Canmore, spread religion and civilization throughout Scotland, and founded the little lady chapel that still exists on Edinburgh castle rock. She bowed her head in resignation when Malcolm, her husband, and her eldest son were killed in battle at Alnwick, in 1092, murmuring in prayer:

Praise and blessing to Thee, Almighty God, that hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter an anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby I trust to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins.



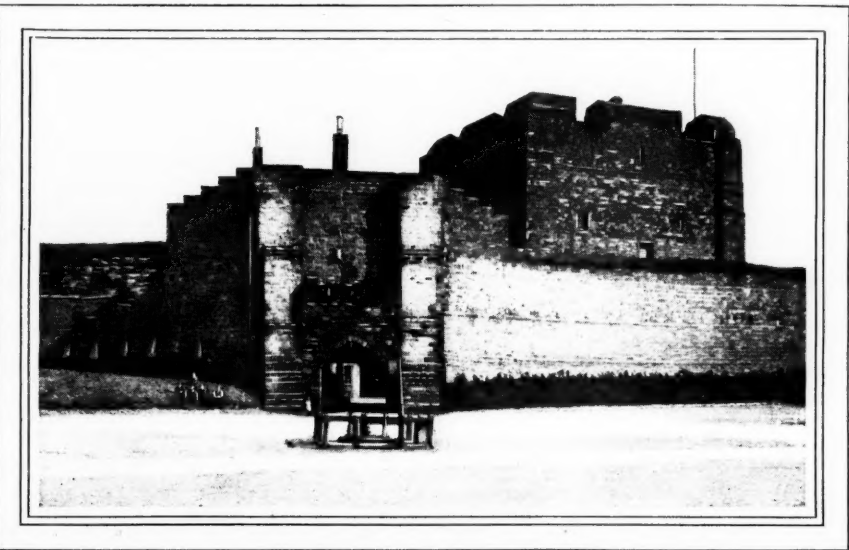
ALNWICK CASTLE, THE ANCIENT SEAT OF THE EARLS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, THE SITE OF MANY BORDER BATTLES, THE DEATH PLACE OF MALCOLM CANMORE OF SCOTLAND.

So glorifying God she dropped back dead. By her daughter's marriage with Henry of England, the kings of England got such legitimate blood of royalty as they might boast till the Stuarts sat on the throne of Great Britain.

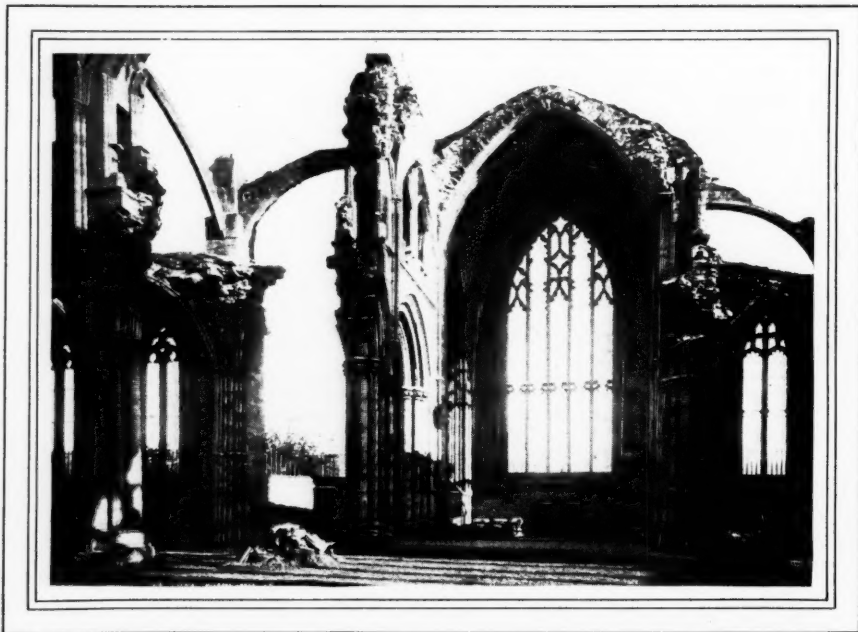
Malcolm, a mighty warrior, five times wasted Northumberland, and carried back to Scotland so vast a number of captives that "for many years they were to be found in every Scottish village, nay, in every Scottish hovel." William sought to retaliate, but vainly. Eight years after his first attempt in 1072, he sent his son Robert, and the chronicle of Melrose relates that—

The Conqueror sent his son Robert Courtois or Courtehoose—him of the short breeches—against Malcolm in 1080, who, having done nothing, upon his return built the New Castle upon the Tyne.

William had realized the power of the Scots, had brought his frontier line back to the Tyne. To the Bishop of Durham he gave full powers, ecclesiastic, civil, and military, to rule the land between the Tyne and the Tweed, to fortify border fortresses. So it was that the ancient stone church of Norham became a frontier fort of England. On the east Berwick and Newcastle were built, on the west the castle of Carlisle. Between the two stretched the impassable range of the Cheviots.



CARLISLE CASTLE, THE WESTERN FRONTIER FORTRESS OF ENGLAND AND CITY OF REFUGE FOR THE PEOPLE OF CUMBERLAND WHEN THE SCOTS SWEEPED DOWN FROM STIRLING AND MENTEITH.



THE CHANCEL OF MELROSE ABBEY UPON THE TWEED, FOUNDED BY THE MONKS OF LINDISFARNE IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY, REBUILT BY KING DAVID IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, AND RESTORED BY ROBERT THE BRUCE IN THE FOURTEENTH. BRUCE'S HEART IS BURIED UNDER THE HIGH ALTAR.

Of border warfare it were impossible to treat within the limits of a library. On the north the Douglasses, the Scotts, the Gordons, the Armstrongs, the Elliots, the Kerrs, the Johnstons, the Hepburns, Dalzells, Prestons, Swintons, Montgomerys, Ramsays, Riddells, Lindsays, and Leslie; on the south, the Pereys, Howards, Clintons, Nevilles, Ogles, Umfrevilles, Greys, Herons, Carrs, Mannerses, Daeres, Hopes, Colvilles, and Middletons—crossed and recrossed the border, stealing cattle, making captives, burning, slaying, enjoying the grand old life of a gentleman.

Two great incidents of border warfare stand out before all others—the Battle of Otterburn and the Battle of Flodden. Old Froissart has told the story of Otterburn. The Scottish barons, tired of the inactivity of their king, determined to invade England, met at Aberdeen, arranged the preliminaries, and—

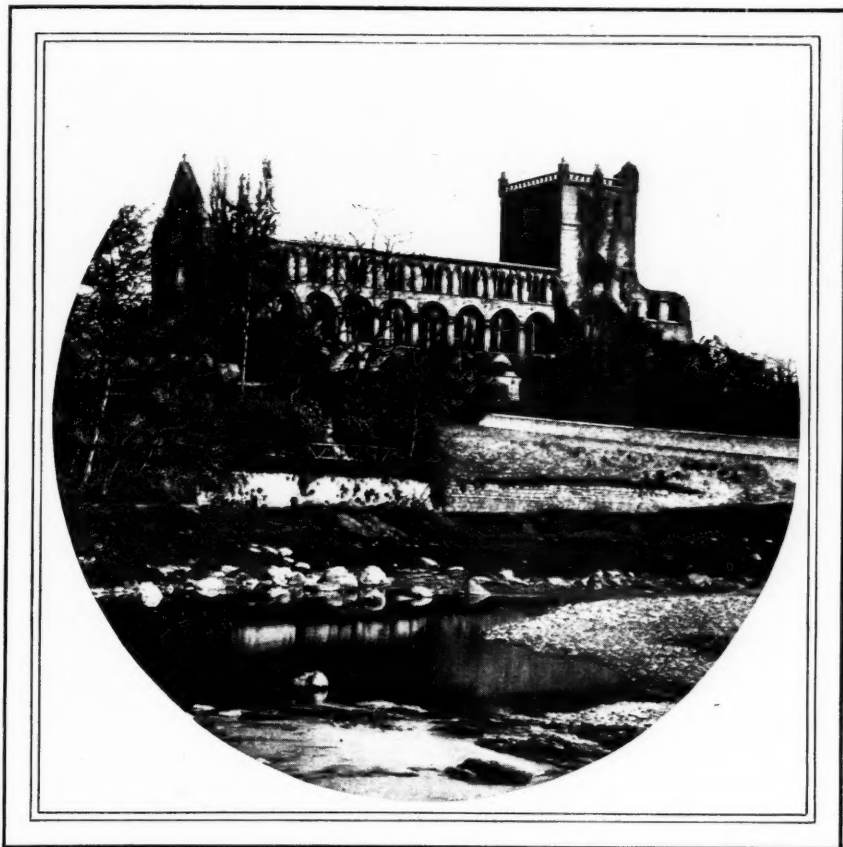
On the day appointed James, Earl of Douglas, first arrived at Jedworth; then came John, Earl of Moray; the Earl of March and Dunbar; William, Earl of Fife; John, Earl of Sutherland; Stephen, Earl of Menteith; William, Earl of Mar; Sir Archibald Douglas, Sir Robert Erskine, and very many other knights and squires of Scotland. There had not been for sixty years so numerous an assembly—they amounted to twelve hundred spears and forty thousand other men and archers.

All this time the King of Scotland was kept in ignorance of the little gathering, for "he knew naught of war." The Earl of Northumberland heard, however, and the seneschal of York, and Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick. These lords sent forth heralds and minstrels telling of the coming of the Scots, and planned to enter Scotland in the east should the Scots make their inroad by way of Carlisle in the west, to enter by the west should the Scots come in by way of Menteith and Carlisle. Unfortunately, the squire sent by the Northumbrian lords to learn the disposition of the enemy fell into the hands of the Scots, and was forced to tell the plans of his generals. Then the invaders divided into two parties, despatched the greater force with the heavy baggage to Carlisle under Sir Archibald Douglas, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Menteith, the Earl of Mar, the Earl of Stratherne, Sir Stephen Frazer, Sir George Dunbar, with sixteen other great barons of Scotland. The Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Moray, with three hundred picked lances and two thousand infantry, burst into Northumberland, rode south as far as Durham, and laid waste the country.

Neither the Earl of Northumberland nor the barons and knights of the country had heard anything of the invasion; but when intelligence came to Durham and Newcastle that the Scots were abroad—which was now visible enough from the smoke that was everywhere seen—the earl sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to Newcastle, while he himself remained at Alnwick and issued his orders.

before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away."

The English, however, waited till the Scots had reached Otterburn on their return homeward. There Sir Henry and Ralph Percy, with six hundred spears of knights and squires and upwards of eight thousand infantry, fell upon the Scots,



JEDBURGH ABBEY, FAMOUS FOR ITS INTERLACED ARCADE AND NORMAN DOOR, WAS FOUNDED BY KING DAVID, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ECCLESIASTICAL RUINS OF SCOTLAND.

Before Newcastle the Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it "by gallantry of arms won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English."

The earl, as he bore away his prize, said:

"I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far."

"By God," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even hear it out of Northumberland; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of."

"You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas. "I will fix your pennon

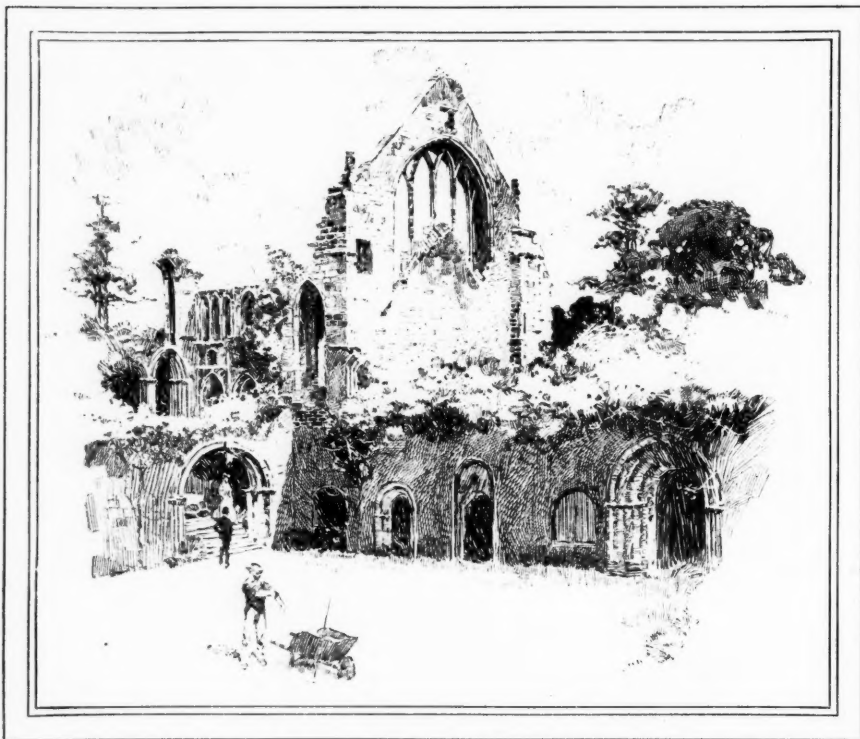
who were but three hundred lances and two thousand others. The fight that followed was one of the most spirited in history, and ended in the death of Douglas, the capture of Sir Henry Percy, the serious wounding of Sir Ralph, the killing or capture of one thousand and forty Englishmen on the field, the capture of eight hundred and forty others in the pursuit, and the wounding of a thousand more. The Scots lost only one hundred slain and two hundred captured. Froissart, who visited both England and Scotland about

the time of the battle, and who was an impartial historian, remarks:

I had my information from both parties, and they agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle ever fought. This I readily believe, for the English and Scots are excellent men at arms, and never spare each other when they meet in battle,

"Ballad of Chevy Chase" dealing with this fight of Otterburn, the same characteristic is emphasized:

At last these two stout erles did meet,  
Like captaines of great might;  
Like lyons wood they layd on lode  
And made a cruell fight.



DRYBURGH ABBEY, FOUNDED ON THE FEAST OF ST. MARTIN, 1150, BY HUGH DE MOREVILLE AND MONKS OF THE ORDER OF WHITE CANONS. SIR WALTER SCOTT IS BURIED IN THE AISLE.

nor is there any check to their courage so long as their weapons last. When they have well beaten each other, and one party is victorious, they are so proud of the conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly and act in such a courteous manner to those that have been taken that on their departure they return them thanks. However, when engaged in war, there is no child's play between them, nor do they shrink from combat; and in the details of this battle you will see as excellent deeds as ever were performed. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

That sporting instinct of the borders, which looked upon battle as a sort of game with permanent opponents, saved the annals of the frontier from the horrors that blot those of continental Europe. In the

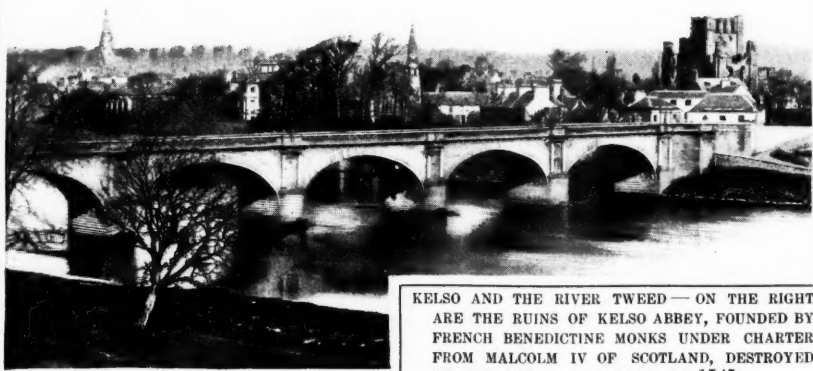
They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steele;  
Until the blood, like drops of raine  
They trickling downe did feelee.

"Yeelde thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;  
"In faith I will thee bringe  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James our Scottish King.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And thus report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,  
"Thy proffer I doe scorne;  
I will not yeelde to any Scott  
That ever yet was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene  
Out of an English bow,  
Which strucke Erle Douglas to the heart  
A deepe and deadlye blow;



KELSO AND THE RIVER TWEED—ON THE RIGHT ARE THE RUINS OF KELSO ABBEY, FOUNDED BY FRENCH BENEDICTINE MONKS UNDER CHARTER FROM MALCOLM IV OF SCOTLAND, DESTROYED BY THE EARL OF HERTFORD IN 1545.

Who never spake more words than these  
 "Fight on, my merry men all;  
 For why, my life is at an end:  
 Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke  
 The dead man by the hand;  
 And said: "Erle Douglas, for thy life  
 Wold I had lost my land!"

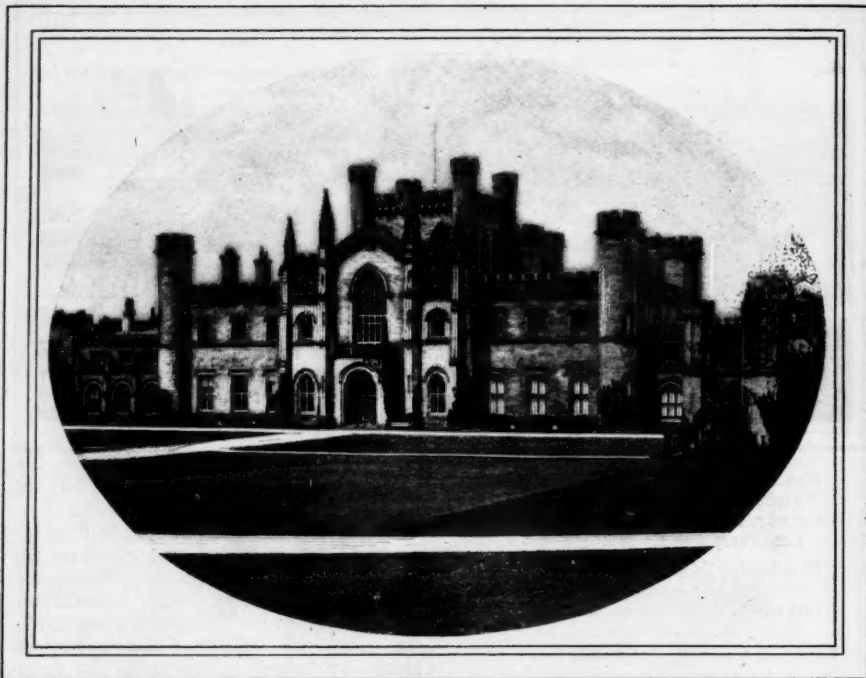
"O Christ! my verry heart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake;  
 For sure a more renowned knight  
 Mischance cold never take."

This grim good fellowship never left the fights on the border.

The story of the battle of Flodden should be written in grander strain, for there Scotland lost her king, the archbishop of St. Andrews, James' natural son, four abbots, twelve earls, seventeen lords, four hundred knights, and seventeen thousand others—sacrificed to the fighting pride of James IV of Scotland. Pierced by several arrows, the left hand



CARLISLE CATHEDRAL, FOUNDED BY WILLIAM THE RED—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE SOUTH TRANSEPT AND THE SHORT NAVE, WHICH CONSISTS OF ONLY TWO BAYS, THE REST HAVING BEEN DESTROYED BY THE SCOTS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



LOWTHER CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE EARLS OF LONSDALE, NEAR PENRITH.

severed from the arm, the neck laid open to the middle, James' body was carried mournfully to Berwick. He had died a hero's death, though a foolish one. His last words have lived in the lines of the rhymster:

"Fight on, my men . . .  
Yet Fortune she may turn the scale;  
And for my wounds be not dismayed,  
Nor ever let your courage fail."

Thus dying did he brave appear  
Till shades of death did close his eyes;  
Till then he did his soldiers cheer  
And raise their courage to the skies.

From the Solway Firth to Berwick the land is dotted with ruins, the border peels of the frontier, the fastnesses of old time

frontier chiefs. Around these, around the hills and the valleys of southern Scotland and northern England, has lingered more of the tradition of old times than elsewhere in Great Britain. Cheviot and Lammermoor, Ettrick and Teviotdale, Yarrow and Annandale, Galawater and the Tweed, ring with ballads of the Douglasses and the Percys, Johnnie Armstrong and the rieviers of Hawick and Jedburgh. The frontier line is as little forgotten in these days of Edward VII as in those of Edward I; the Scotsman crossing it passes into a foreign land, the Englishman traveling northward becomes an object of suspicion. People living a couple of miles apart belong to antagonistic nations—to races apart.

#### THE UNSPOKEN.

OUR speech is but a surface foam; below  
Broods the unspoken, and her caves are rife  
With turbulent powers and passions, to and fro—  
The veiled vitalities of under life.

We meet and part, we say and straight unsay,  
Nor tell our mid sea longings to our mates;  
But all the while, deep down and put away,  
The unsaid sways our fortunes and our fates.

*Richard Burton.*

# STORIETTES

## The Normans of Newfoundland.

### I.

WHEN Peter Stevens, of Gloucester, awoke on the morning of the fifth day from his stupor of exhaustion and sleep, the fog still lay upon the water like gray smoke. The air was bitterly cold. The dory swung up and down on the unequal seas, and with every jump Hal Jones' dead body rolled beneath the thwarts. Stevens' head felt light as air. His stomach had ceased its agony, and fear and thought had left him when hope had died out. A white gull swerved overhead, low down above the battered dory. But the sight of it meant nothing to Stevens, for he had forgotten all his wisdom of the sea. He lay aft, crouching down, with his eyes fixed in a meaningless stare on the fog to starboard. If the fog wouldn't lift, why, then he might as well go to sleep again. The motion of the dory soothed him, as the rocking of a cradle soothes a fretful child.

The report of a gun startled him to an upright posture. It was very faint, muffled by the fog. A gleam of reason returned to his eyes, and he crawled forward, and, straightening one of the thole pins, fixed his oars and pulled away in the direction from which the sound had come. How long it was before he turned his head and saw the brown cliffs, the tiny cove, and the huts and fish flakes clinging to the face of the rock, he could not say. A woman in a blue, shapeless gown stood on one of the stages, looking seaward. Stevens pulled a few more strokes—then the oars slid from his hands and he stumbled forward and picked up the end of the painter. Then time, and hardships, and danger, seemed to have an end. The chiming of a hundred distant bells sounded in his ears. The bow of the dory bumped against the stage head, and the woman caught the painter and made it fast.

Sixteen people, of all ages and varieties of relationship, formed the population of Little River, on the straight shore of Newfoundland. They lifted the living and the dead out of the Gloucester dory. The dead man was laid in one of the sheds, and

Stevens was carried up to Skipper Jarge Norman's hut. Rum was forced between his swollen lips. Presently he opened his eyes and talked to them, calling them by the names of the crew of the Gloucester fishing schooner to which he had belonged. They took off his sodden clothes and rolled him in dry blankets. They gave him more rum and a little broth, and he fell into a broken sleep, which lasted several hours.

These isolated people were kindness itself to the castaway American. They gave him the best they had. They nursed him through his long nights of delirium, and foxy John Norman spent most of his time stalking the high barrens above the village in search of ptarmigan for the invalid. Three weeks after his arrival in Little River he had regained much of his strength, and much of his reason, but still suffered from splitting pains in the head, and a heavy cold contracted in the open dory. Skipper Jarge felt that their humble doctoring could do little more for him, so they took him thirty miles across the wilderness to Burgeo, carrying him bodily most of the way. Here he remained for several weeks in the doctor's hands, and at the end of that time got a berth aboard an American banker that had come in for bait, and in due time returned to Gloucester.

The schooner upon which Stevens had left Gloucester had long since come home with a full catch and the tidings of the disaster. No sooner had he stepped upon the familiar quay than he beheld the Mary Ellen lying at her wharf. A streamer of smoke from the stove pipe forward spoke of human habitation. He made his way to her without attracting the attention of any of the wharf loungers, and, jumping on to the deck, went below. Bole Smith, the cook, was polishing one of the coppers. Upon beholding his long lost shipmate he sat down and sighed. "I might have knowed it," he said. "No man that I owed four dollars to would go and get himself drowned."

"Oh, hang the four dollars!" said Stevens. "Ain't you glad to see me back?"

So they shook hands upon that, and then Stevens left the Mary Ellen, so as

to be sure of surprising the rest of his friends. It was not long before he suffered, all too willingly, an interview at the hands of a newspaper reporter. Stevens by this time had put away several drinks, but the reporter was a man of experience and discretion, and, though he listened attentively to many doubtful tales of the sea, he took notes sparingly. He seemed to pick out the gold from the dross, or rather the truth from the lies, by instinct.

"I say, ain't you leaving something out?" challenged the fisherman.

"Not at all," replied the other. "Don't you see I'm writing it in shorthand?"

The reporter's story, which appeared next morning, was a credit to his paper, though Stevens grumbled because it occupied only half a column. It enlarged upon the kindness received by the lost American at the hands of the people of Little River. It also stated their names, and gave a vivid and fairly correct picture of the desolate spot. It shed a few reportorial tears over the memory of the late Hal Jones.

Some people said that too much space had been given to the incident, for this sort of thing is not rare among the Gloucester fishermen.

## II.

In his own shop on Washington Street in Boston, Mr. Thomas H. Norman, dealer in and maker of boots and shoes, read the account with interest. He had stumbled across it accidentally, but now he read it over and over again, with a queer feeling in his nose that made his eyes water.

"Well, well," he said to himself. "I thought I had forgotten all about them. Skipper Jarge—why, he's my uncle! And to think of them living in that God forsaken place, with the fog smoking along the water, and the sea pigeons and tickleisses flying 'round!"

He folded the paper and put it in his pocket, and, after a few words to one of his clerks, went home to tea.

Mr. Thomas H. Norman lived a quiet and comfortable life in Cambridgeport. His pleasures were inexpensive ones, his wife was a good housekeeper, his children bade fair to become a credit to their country, and his business flourished. Though he sat in his shirt sleeves on Sunday afternoons, he was a man of property. In summer time he always smoked a cigar on his way to business in the open trolley. His face was round, shrewdly good natured, and ruddy. Though his accent was

a combination of acquired Yankee drawl and inherited Newfoundland, he looked like an English tradesman. He had been born at Little River, on the straight shore of Newfoundland, and his father, Black Tom Norman, had brought him to Boston at the age of ten and apprenticed him to a shoemaker. Then Black Tom, who was a widower, had gone to sea before the mast and had died of Yellow Jack in Pernambuco. Young Tom Norman prospered in Boston. He worked hard, displayed remarkable skill and honesty, and in time inserted an H. in the middle of his name, married the shoemaker's daughter, and became a partner in the business.

Thomas H. Norman read the half column from the Gloucester paper to his wife, and then told her for the first time the story of Little River. "Why do people live there?" she cried aghast.

"Because they have to, Sally," replied Thomas, who had forgotten the strange and unreasoning spirit of his countrymen.

"And are there children there relatives of yours?" she asked.

"Yes, foxy Normans, and black Normans, and—oh, plenty of them. Little girls who starve half the year 'round, and little boys who have never seen a horse. They are the best fishermen in the world, and wonderful seamen, but God, they have an awful life!"

"Can letters reach them?" asked his wife.

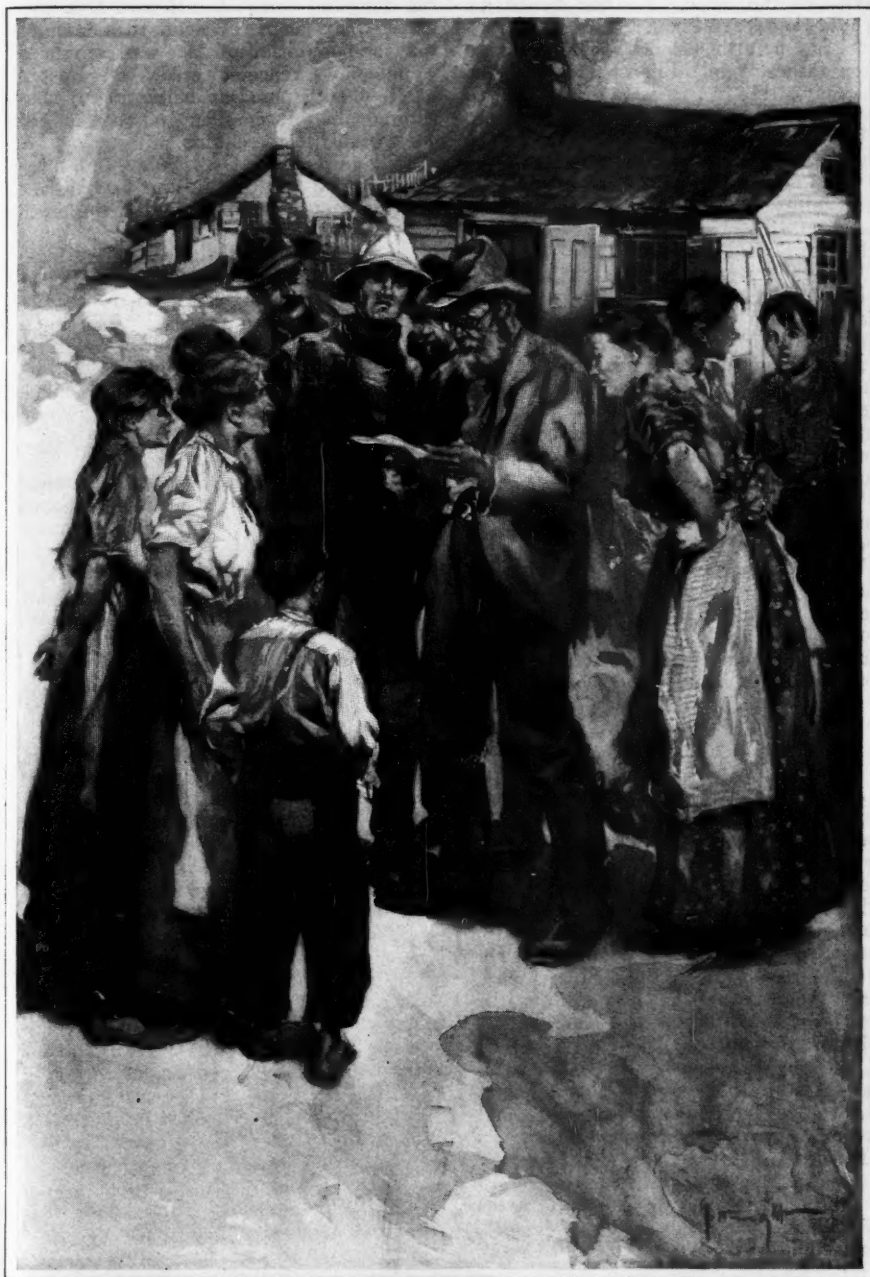
"Yes, about twice a summer," replied Norman.

Next day these good people wrote a letter to Skipper Jarge, giving him greeting, and a postal order for fifty dollars. Incidentally, they asked him to send one of the small Normans of the hamlet to them at Boston, to enter a comfortable home and learn the boot and shoe business.

## III.

MANY months passed. Long Mike Nolan and young Pat Norman were drowned. Little Katey Norman died, and the fish were scarce. But Skipper Jarge kept a brave heart. One day he set sail for St. John's in his little fore and after and returned after a fair voyage with many things from his "marchant", and a wonderful letter from Boston. He called a gathering of the clans and distributed rum and tobacco. Then he donned his spectacles and read the letter aloud. He passed 'round the postal order. It made its way slowly from one jealous hand to another.

"Red Mik' Norman 'ed best go," he



SKIPPER JARGE NORMAN READ THE WONDERFUL LETTER ALOUD.

said, whereat little Mik's mother shed tears and little Mik' raised Cain, and flung himself face down on the floor.

"I's goin' ta fish!" he yelled. His

father raised him, and, with pride, swore a great oath.

Skipper Jarge named another, and then another, and in time exhausted all the

youth of the place. No one would go. Would they leave home? Not much.

"They be all fishermen," said one stalwart father, "an' praise be to God, the fish may strike in nex' year."

"Paddy be right," said a woman. "What wid de fish an' de walin' dis be God's country."

"An' Mister Prowse 'll feed us annuder year, glory be to his sowl," said young Skipper Bill Norman, who owned a schooner he had near paid for.

"May he never die 'til I kills him," cried a woman; "an' may every hair of his head turn into a wax candle to light him to glory!"

Fired with rum and wonderful hopes, and soothed with bad tobacco, they made merry in Jarge Norman's cabin, and forgot the gray wolf of the sea who comes up from the land wash and sniffs along the empty stages.

"I be a proud man," said Skipper Jarge; "an' God will bring de fish. Nex' year I be agoin' to buy a new trap."

Two months later Mr. Thomas H. Norman, of 442 Washington Street, Boston, received a sprawling and a wonderful letter from Skipper Jarge, and he swallowed the butt of his cigar when the finger soiled postal order fluttered to the floor.

*Theodore Roberts.*

### The Sheriff of Aloe.

A SPIRIT of reform had struck Aloe. Sagebrush scoffed openly, and to show its contempt of a town that presumed to close its saloons on Sunday and to announce that lynchings would no longer be considered good form sent a deputation consisting of Rawhide Pete and half a dozen boys from the Bar-C outfit to shoot out the new town lights. Subsequently Pete averred that in his opinion this pretended saintliness was a snare and a delusion, invented for the express purpose of enticing Sagebrush citizens into ambuscades. Perhaps Pete's skeptical view was due to the length of time his shattered right wrist remained in splints.

Nevertheless, that there was a spirit of gentleness hovering over that metropolis of the desert was exemplified when Gentleman Dan, having taken an unreasonable quantity of red liquor aboard, for no greater cause than that he was called "a flea bitten, saddle galled burro," punctuated with a .44 the cuticle of Snag-tooth Sam in the region of the left breast pocket. Instead of being strung up to the one tree of the town—the boys afterwards in a playful spirit taking snap shots at

the dangling form—Gentleman Dan was arrested by Sheriff Wilson in a manner that the population of Aloe was convinced would have reflected credit on Boston itself—Gentleman Dan being merely shot through the left shoulder and then lodged comfortably in the county jail.

In due course, Gentleman Dan was convicted of murder in the first degree and told that he would hang on the tenth day of June.

Never before had there been a legal hanging in the County of Aloe, and elaborate preparations were made to accommodate the expected crowds. "The Quirt & Spur" imported a special barrel from Louisville, while the "Cowboys' Rest" announced that on the auspicious day a white chip, good at the faro layout, would be given away with every drink.

It was ten o'clock on the ninth. The town seemed utterly deserted or asleep. The sun gleamed fiercely—like a copper dish pan, the sheriff thought, as he stood in front of the post office waiting for the Rawlins stage. The innovations in Aloe had even extended to a petition for pardon for Gentleman Dan, and it was possible a reprieve might come by the tri-weekly mail.

Sheriff Wilson pushed his slouch hat to the back of his head and mopped his brow with a red bandanna.

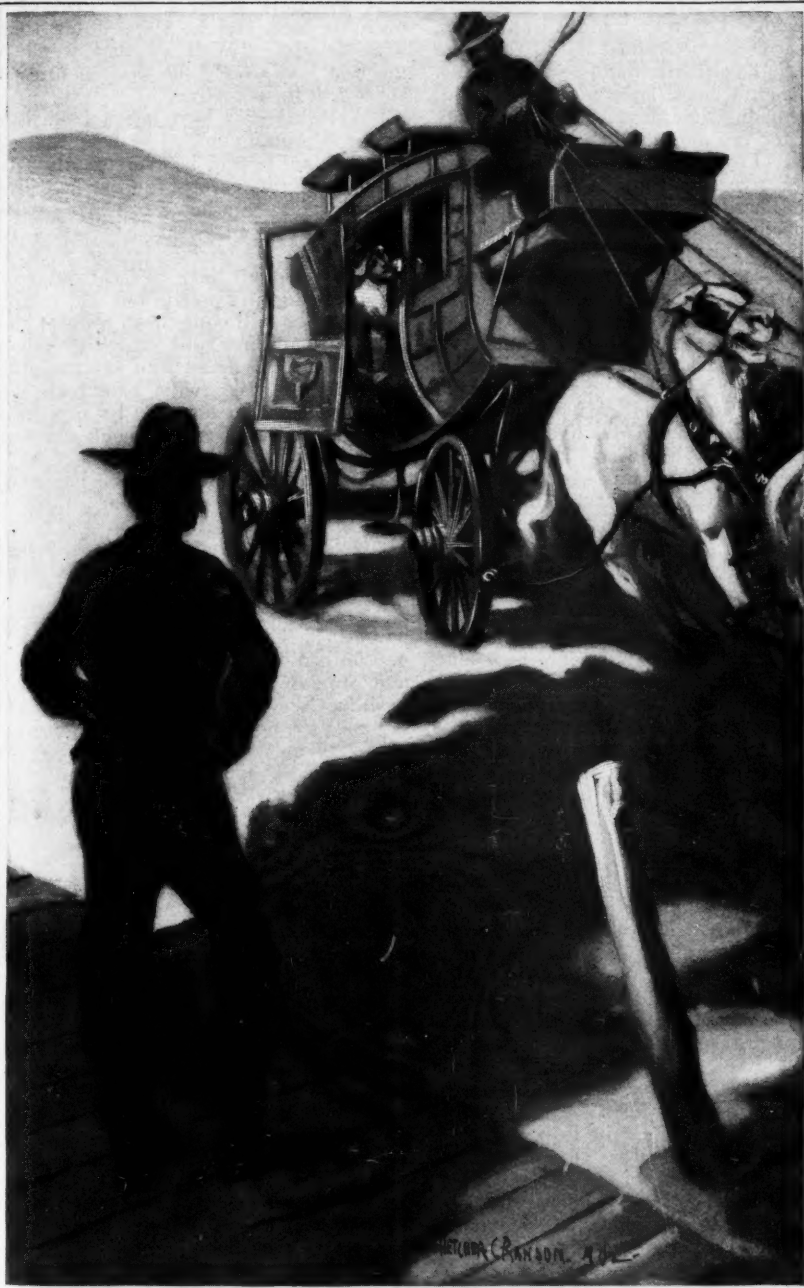
Presently a far off, rhythmic beat drew his attention, and an approaching cloud of dust on the sagebrush plain told of the Rawlins stage. Ten minutes later it drew up near where the sheriff stood, the lanky driver tossed a lean mail bag to the ground, then called to a passenger whose head appeared from the inside of the vehicle.

"Reckon this is 'bout thar, lady."

An old lady, with a sweet face and white hair, climbed from the stage. The driver cracked his bull whip, and the team started quickly for their stable. The postmaster had secured the mail bag and retreated to the semi coolness of the adobe post office.

The little old lady looked at the sheriff and smiled shyly. He blushed and removed his hat while he wished acutely for his coat. He also felt, vaguely, that he would like to have on a collar; there were only two women in Aloe, the wife and daughter of the proprietor of the "Cowboys' Rest," and Wilson instinctively felt that this little old lady was different. She reminded him of his mother, who was now sleeping back in old Virginia.

"Lookin' fer anybody in particular, marm? Expect somebody to meet yer?" he asked.



"RECKON THIS IS 'BOUT THAR, LADY."

The old lady smiled again. "No, suh, but I am looking for some one. Perhaps I was not expectin' anybody to meet me, yo' could tell me whar to find him. He

is my son, and he has a ranch somewhere near heah. I didn't tell him I was comin', because he never wanted me to come, he thought the climate would be bad for me, but I hadn't heard from him fer so long, and he hadn't sent me no money to pay my board fer two months, so I knew he must be sick. I sold my rings that I had always kept to give him when I was gone, and come. There ain't nothin' the matter with him, is there, suh—he ain't hurt bad no way, is he, suh?"

There was a pathetic appeal in the sweet old voice, the courage that had brought her so far was almost exhausted.

"Yo' haven't told me his name yet, marm," the sheriff reminded her gently.

"Why, didn't I? He is my little Dannie—though he isn't little any more, except to me. Daniel Francis is his name."

Wilson shook his head. "No, marm, don't reckon I know him—but maybe we all calls him by some yuther name; we all has a kinder habit of givin' nicknames, yo' know."

The old lady fumbled in a satchel hung from her belt and then held out a little gold rimmed miniature. "This is his picture. I reckon he has changed some—it was painted 'most ten years ago—but maybe yo' would recognize him."

The sheriff took the picture and looked steadily at the smiling face for full five minutes. It was not that he had not known the owner of the merry eyes and curling hair; he was trying to think of something to say. It was the face of Gentleman Dan.

Wilson handed back the picture. "Yes, marm, I sho do know him, but he lives off from heah a piece, punchin' over on the Big Sandy. Ef yo' will come down to mar house an' stay, I will send him word yo' are heah."

She made him an old fashioned courtesy. "I am delighted to accept yo' hospitality, suh, and my son will add his thanks to mine."

Together they passed down the deserted street towards the sheriff's shack, which nestled in the brush a mile from town.

All through the sultry day the sheriff sat on a little bench on the shady side of his house and pondered. There were two facts, apparently irreconcilable; but both, to the mind of the sheriff, irrefutable. First, it would be impossible for him to hang Gentleman Dan, almost within hearing of his mother's voice. Secondly, Aloe was justly entitled and bound to have the hanging on the morrow for which such elaborate preparations had been made.

It was dark when a slow grin came over his face, and he slapped his thigh with delight. "Wall, ef that won't be the best joke ever!" he said to himself. He sought the old lady.

"Wall, marm, I have hearn from him, an' he is plum delighted to hear that yo' air heah, an' he will be over tonight. He has to be mighty careful the way he travels round. There is a lot of bad men—cattle rustlers an' the like—that has took a dislike to him. They likes him so little, in fact, that he will have to light out from these here diggin's precipitous like, mighty soon. So he will come heah tonight in a buckboard an' then split out with you back to Alabama. I hearn him say the other day that he was gwine back. He has saved up some money, an' he says he is gwineter buy back the old home place an' raise cotton."

In all his life before Wilson had never made so long a speech—nor drawn so heavily on his imagination.

"Oh, yo' say he is goin' to buy back the old place?" The old lady's sweet face was almost rosy with delight.

"Yes, marm, that's what he said—an' he will." The sheriff's mouth took a determined set. He picked up his hat and started for the door, then paused, flushing like a girl. "I reckon I will say good by, now, marm; I have got to go on a trip an' won't get a chanst ter see yo' agin. Yo' son will be heah all right, 'bout ten o'clock."

He looked at the ceiling and shuffled his feet. There was a little bell on his spur that tinkled.

"Yo' reminds me powerful of my maw, marm—would yo' give me a blessin'?"

There were tears in the old lady's eyes as she came and placed her hand on his head. "May God bless ye, my boy, for yo' kindness to an old woman in a strange land!"

Then the sheriff of Aloe went out of the cabin and across the plain towards the town.

By daylight on the tenth of June the punchers began to pour into Aloe. By ones and twos and in squads of a dozen they rode in from the ranges. Even the far off Clearwater furnished her quota. By ten o'clock the special barrel from Kentucky was half empty. Then the crowd began to drift towards the jail, to stand and gaze at the scaffold erected against one side of the building. At ten minutes to the time set for the execution Buckskin Charlie, deputy sheriff and inseparable friend of Wilson, appeared on the platform. Some strange emotion

seemed struggling in his breast as he advanced to the edge of the scaffold and addressed the crowd.

"Gents, I regrets to announce to yer that our popular and capable sheriff is at the present time of speakin' in parts unknown to this here cote—he gittin' word last night that a gang of greasers was goin' to jump a bunch of steers from the A2Y outfit today while the boys was all in town, an' he put out fer the befo' named stampin' ground last night as afo'said. Therefo', as deputy sheriff of Aloe County, it will be my duty to carry forward these here festivities.

"As yo' know, gents, it is the custom to allow a condemned man any reasonable request that he makes. Wall, the request of this here Gentleman Dan is that the black cap be put on his hade befo' I brings him outer the jail. This here—which seems to me to be a plum foolish, but not unreasonable request—I have decided to do. The brandin' will now proceed."

He retired from the stage and there followed a breathless pause, then he reappeared, leading the masked figure of Gentleman Dan. When asked if he had any remarks to make he merely shook his head. Without more preliminaries, the noose was placed about his neck, Buckskin Charlie paused, glanced over the waiting crowd, and touched the spring. In three minutes the swinging form hung motionless, and Doc Meadows announced that he was dead. Then the crowd melted away, intent upon the special barrel and the free chips.

The sheriff of Aloe never came back from his trip to the A2Y ranch—"Reckon them greasers got him foul, but it's plum funny they never lifted no cattle," was the opinion of Aloe. It was also supposed that the nine thousand dollars Wilson had received for his cattle at the time of his election had been about him at the time of his demise.

The grave of Gentleman Dan is kept green by Buckskin Charlie.

*Emmett Campbell Hall.*

### A Human Interest Story.

THE story was a good one, as even the managing editor said, written as only Blake knew how; builded of little, common, every day words, but in such fashion that the pathos and tragedy of the whole thing—the young widow suddenly made husbandless and poor by a disastrous accident, and now half starving with the child whose every other Thanksgiving day had been so happy—went straight to one's

heart, and made a score of readers of the *Daily Star* reach for their pocketbooks.

Blake was the best writer on the paper, although not so good a news gatherer as some other men on the staff. He was rarely sent out of the office except on special occasions where descriptive writing was wanted. His special task was to shape other men's work into the form demanded by the *Star*, which was a bit "yellow" in its tone, but a readable, well written paper with a decided preference for "human interest stories"—records of a great city's daily tragedies, comedies, love affairs, not to forget its scandals.

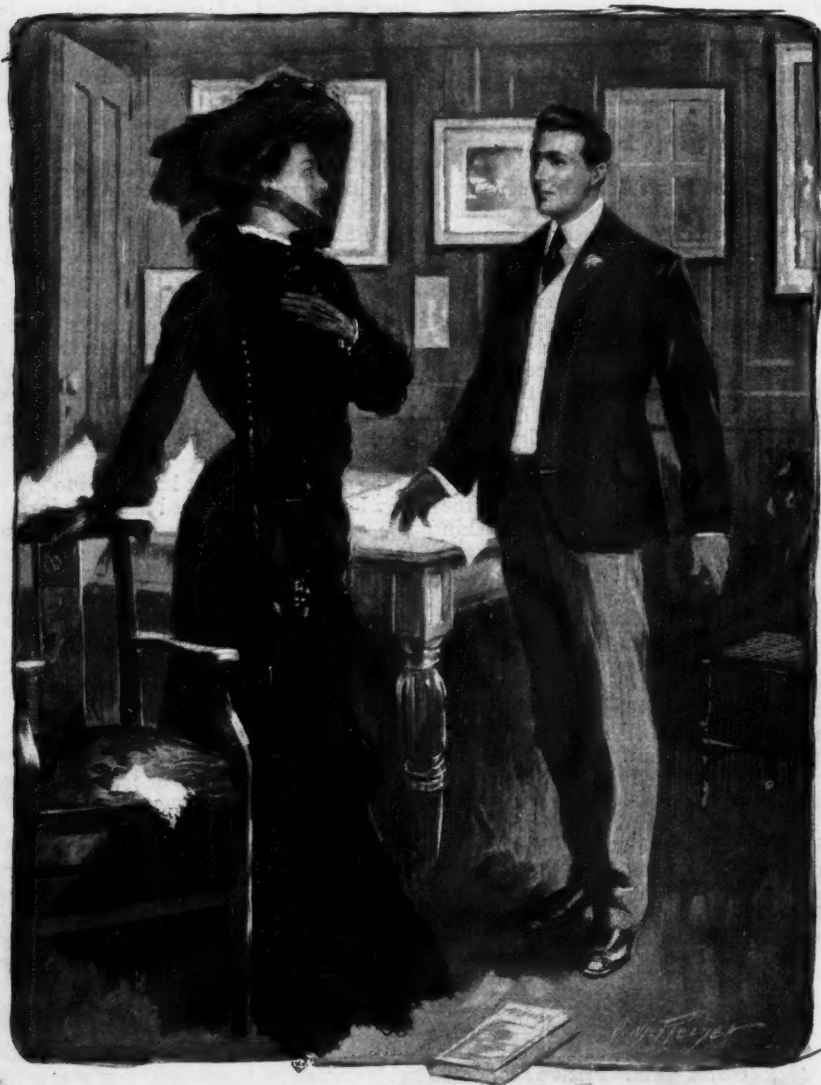
Blake's real ideals clustered about certain other work—which he filed and polished and groaned over in loving, honest labor—at his table in his up town boarding house, and there were whispers of a Book among his fellows. He never talked about it himself. He was a silent man, well liked by the other reporters because he had always money to lend a chap, and would lend it, too, having no expensive habits himself except for books; and he gave that up when he started work on his own.

It puzzled those that knew him to know why he who really seemed made for joviality—with his open, good humored face that always seemed ready to break into the smile that so rarely illumined it—was so serious and at times so somber. Blake never gave answer to the question, he never told about—ah, how could he tell of that love romance of his in the South, among the pines of his native North Carolina, of the girl whom he had loved, and who, he had thought, loved him, but who disappeared, so far as he was concerned, into wedlock with another man that time when he lay in the unconsciousness of fever in Cuba with his regiment? No, he could never tell of that. The war over, he had drifted North, exchanging the sword for the pen, and now he was writing "human interest" stories for the *Daily Star*, and stories and verses which the magazine editors returned to him—because, said they, of the uncheerfulness of their tone. Lost love does not sing in the key of laughter.

Blake had been at his desk but a little while when a messenger boy staggered into the office carrying a turkey nearly as big as himself, with a card dangling from one of its claws inscribed: "For Mrs. Mitchell, care of the *Daily Star*," and bearing the name of its donor, who evidently wished to see a printed mention of his generosity. Four others followed it in rapid succession. The city editor

swore irritably at first as the legendary birds of Thanksgiving cheer, accompanied soon by other things—little dresses, a pair of shoes, a hat with a gigantic red plume, and the like—were heaped in more or less picturesque profusion about his desk;

kid. I'll send a photographer with you. Get a good story from the widow and the little girl, with pictures of 'em, and of the tenement. It'll make a good second day story, and we'll play it up for tomorrow. You know what we want."



"ARTHUR, THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE DEAD AND BURIED IN CUBA!"

but, as might be expected, an idea soon struck him for turning the situation to advantage for the *Daily Star*.

He called Blake over to his desk.

"Get a cab," he told him, "and take this truck over to that woman and her

"All right, sir," said Blake, but he looked a bit embarrassed. He telephoned for the cab and then called up Brock, the man who had brought in the "tip" for the story. Brock was a police headquarters man.

"Brock," he said, "I owe you five dollars on that widow woman story of yours."

"Mighty glad to hear it!" Brock called back cheerily.

"But see here," Blake continued. "The story is straight goods, isn't it? I played it up pretty stiff, you know, and now I have to cart a lot of turkeys over to the woman and her little Elsie."

Brock's laughter buzzed in Blake's ear.

"Why, there is no little blue eyed, golden haired Elsie. At least, I don't know of any."

"Do you mean the story is a fake?" Blake demanded.

"Oh," said Brock cheerfully, "I guess not—not altogether. A cop told me about the woman, and when I tried to tell you about it over the 'phone last night either I or you got things mixed up. The old negro woman, the aunty who lives with the woman—they are from the sunny South, you know—is Elsie, Aunt Elsie, and the baby is a boy. The woman did lose her husband in a train wreck; but say, that was over a year ago, not two weeks ago. It's all straight enough about the widow taking in sewing, but not washing—oh, weren't you pathetic about the tub! But I guess it's all right. The widow ought to be glad to get the turkeys and things, and shouldn't have any kick coming."

"Well, but who is going to stand for the story if she does kick—if she gets a lawyer to kick up a libel suit for her?"

"Blessed if I know," said Brock. "You certainly did write an awful sob about her and little Elsie—poor little Elsie!" Brock chuckled. "Send over that five, will you? I need it."

"Humph!" said Blake, and went for his overcoat.

Just then a stout and flurried old negro woman was bundled out of the elevator into the editorial reception room volubly inquiring for "de editor." She was followed by a tall young woman dressed in black and veiled. An office boy came forward.

"We want to see de editor man, you boy," said the first in an angry grumble. "We want to know why such doggone mean lies are printed about folks in de papers. You done march right off and tell dat editor—"

Her companion interposed. "Take my card to the editor, please," she said to the boy, after writing a line on the card, and that young man at once obeyed, anxious to get somewhere to grin in safety.

The city editor read below the neatly copperplated "Mrs. R. H. Mitchell," the

words: "in reference to a false article in this morning's paper."

"Phew!" he whistled in annoyance. He called Blake and handed him the card.

"It's up to you, I guess," he said drily. "Please see this lady. She seems to be your poor widow. See what she has to say—if it is the preface to a libel suit, for instance."

Blake walked slowly to the reception room. His appetite for interviews with angry females was very slight. Besides, a possible libel suit looming ahead—that bugbear of newspaper men! He entered the room softly, closing the door behind him—for which he was very glad afterwards.

Two thoroughly frightened and not irate women confronted and then fell back from him.

"Mistah Arthur!" gasped Aunt Elsie, turning gray, and her hands raised in horror. "What foh you ha'nt me? I never done you no hahm in de world, I deelah, Mistah Arthur!"

"Arthur!" whispered the tall girl, white as paper first, and then ruddy as a rose with the sudden rush of glad blood. "Arthur, they told me you were dead and buried in Cuba!"

Blake stood for a moment like a wooden manikin, and then this quiet, grave young man, this somber fellow whom his fellows had never seen perturbed or move beyond an almost languid step, had leaped across the room like a greyhound released from leash, his face aflame, his eyes hungry, but not so hungry as his heart, and cried in a broken voice:

"Peggie!"

He gathered the girl in his arms, and for a few minutes little broken words—and unbroken kisses—made up the conversation in the reception room, except for Aunt Elsie's ejaculations of amazement as she hovered about the lovers.

"Yes, dear, they told me you were dead—"

"Your father always hated me—"

"Hush—he is dead. And you away sick in Cuba—oh, oh!"

"And you got married, Peggie?"

"Yes. John Mitchell paid off father's debts, and so I—I—"

"Yes, Peggie—and he—he is gone, too?"

"Yes, but the baby's name is not Elsie; it's a boy—his name is Arthur. Oh, Arthur, and you wrote that silly thing in the paper! But, Arthur, oh, I am so glad you did!"

There was no "second day story," but a second life story. And they ate one of

the turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinner. Aunt Elsie was a famous cook.

There is a little Elsie now. On her first birthday the boys in the *Star* office sent her a little silver turkey.

*Charles Michael Williams.*

### The Eyes of the World.

Two ladies sat in the cozy room talking earnestly. Over in a corner, half hidden by a screen, a child was playing. To the child the screen was a wall, and the narrow inclosure where she was kneeling a hospital ward—just such a one as she had seen when with her mother last Christmas they had together visited the sick children, and with arms filled with toys had gone from crib to crib, leaving pretty gifts for each little occupant. In consequence, a doll with a bandaged head now lay in a little bed behind a fold of the screen, while a nurse clad doll leaned wearily against the wall. A wee teacup stood on a tiny table—but a pause had come in the game. On the sofa the eldest lady was saying:

"Well, in the eyes of the world, she will always be a mystery."

"True," the voice of the child's mother replied, "in the eyes of the world she will have acted wrongly."

"The eyes of the world!"

The expression caught the child's attention and began to recur and recur like a well worn refrain. It puzzled her. The eyes of the world. Had the world really eyes? They must be big, big eyes, for the world was so big—so very big, indeed, that nobody ever dropped off. But where were the world's eyes? Why had she never seen them, or had she? Were they, perhaps, the two great big round balls that looked so yellow and bright each night on top of that house across the square—real, true giant cat's eyes? Of course they could see 'way, 'way off—being so high up—but then in the day they looked just like ordinary glass globes. Perhaps they slept in the daytime and only opened at night—she meant to stay awake some night and watch if they were closed. Could they really see all over the world? Grown ups always spoke of somebody's being seen by the eyes of the world, so they must roll round and round—and yet she had never seen them move! Nevertheless, she felt more and more sure that they were indeed the eyes of the world.

Could they see in everywhere, and had they seen her that day in the parlor when, finding herself alone, she had naughtily touched the crystal ball? It was forbid-

den, but her mother had certainly known, for she had been punished; yet she had been alone! Did those big eyes see and tell? The child shivered as this awful thought suggested itself. One evening, she remembered, two golden gleams had come into her room and fallen across her cot. The nurse had grumbled about the reflection and pulled the curtain. Nurse must be mistaken. She now knew it was the big, starry, cruel eyes of the world—the eyes that told her mother, and would follow her, follow her always. Perhaps they were like the angels the nurse talked about, who were everywhere; and sometimes, if we were very good, we could hear their wings rustle. If she were good, very good, the great eyes might close and stare at her no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

The bureau drawers stood open, and around the room were boxes hastily opened, with their contents strewn here and there. Slippers were tossed under a chair. A maid knelt on the floor, busily putting the final touches in the gown of the tall girl who stood in the midst of all the confusion, dressed for her first ball. Beside her stood her mother, in somber black, lovingly pulling up the long gloves on her daughter's hands while finishing her little parting speech.

"Remember, dear, tonight you go no longer as a child to a party, but as a woman to meet fellow women and men on common 'pleasure ground—danger ground, it ought to be called, for there many of life's big and little battles are fought, and your metal will be tested. I want my daughter to realize that in a ballroom the eyes of the world are always upon her; and, dear, as you conduct yourself so will they prove friendly or stern."

The girl had started at the old familiar phrase—"the eyes of the world"—and though she had outgrown her childish belief in the glass eyes over the way, nevertheless she felt a dread, as if of a many eyed monster, of the little world she was about to face. Calling herself superstitious and smiling at her folly, she cast a last glance at the mirror and quickly gathered up her wraps, kissed her mother, and said gaily:

"I'll remember your little sermon, mother dear;" and then, with mock solemnity, "And now I'm off to brave these ever watchful eyes!"

The roses seemed to be fairly growing, and formed a veritable bower at the altar, while down the main aisle were arches of roses and lilies of the valley, alternating. The church was crowded, and all were

kneeling, listening as though spellbound to the solemn words uttered in the low voice of the minister. Then swiftly the tension was broken by a clear, bell-like note from the organ, which gradually rose and rose till it seemed fairly to sing forth a victorious chant, and down from the altar rail, beneath the arches of roses, stepped in white bridal array a radiant looking girl leaning on the arm of her newly made husband, a handsome, keen eyed man. In the eyes of the world there assembled, it was most truly a goodly match—and the bride's own heart beat a happy echo.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back and forth a white faced woman paced the room with tight clasped hands and panting breath. Unconsciously she took in the details of the luxurious room. Three short years ago she had entered this new home as a bride, and now she told herself the yellow damask portières and gold threaded muslin curtains—a wedding gift from India—but heightened the effect of a gilded prison. One short year of happiness had been hers, which had been glorified at its end by the arrival of a little daughter—a cooing, blue eyed baby, who viewed the world solemnly and then smiled her approval. Then the dark cloud gathered. Arthur, her husband, the man she had married with love and faith, came home reeling one evening. Two days later, in the early hours of the morning, in a night hawk he was brought to her, escorted by kindly policemen who had picked him up from the sidewalk. From then on, the old habit, which unknown to her had been but laid aside during his wooing and the first months of marriage, again had him in its clutches. Prayers, entreaties, and scorn alike had no effect on him; and so, shamed and broken, like some haunted creature she had sought refuge from the curious by remaining shut up in the house, her chief solace her child.

Gradually friends and acquaintances alike had dropped away—save one, a classmate of her husband. He had begun by admiring the pretty and happy bride, had lingered to pity the forlorn wife. Sometimes he dropped in at the tea hour to give this prisoner news of the outside world, again he came to dinner and listened to his friend's maudlin complaints for the sake of the woman at the end of the table. Slowly a strange friendship had sprung up between the man and the woman, founded on pity on his side and gratitude on hers, and then—there was that subtle something between them so

often called congeniality for lack of a better expression.

Today the climax had come. He had dropped in ostensibly for a cup of tea, really to cheer her up, knowing well how long the dreary winter's day must have been. They had chatted as usual when suddenly the portières had parted and Arthur had staggered in. He proved to be in a hilarious mood, had wandered vaguely over to his wife, lurched half over her, and with a tipsy grin had seized her and said:

"Kiss me, darling, just to show what an affectionate couple we are!"

She had crimsoned with humiliation at the scene and repulsed him gently, at which the man, suddenly turned into a wild beast, grabbed her by the shoulder, shook her, and, raising his arm, left the impression of his hand on her face with such force that she staggered from the blow. Then grunting a "Damn you!" her husband shambled away.

The room seemed to dance before her eyes, and her first clear recollection was finding herself in the other man's arms, and listening, without understanding, to his words of pity and love. She repulsed him, too, and, sinking into a chair, began to sob. The man knelt beside her and began his pleading, clasping one of her hands. Why should they not go away together? He loved her, she must know that, and he could no longer leave her to this daily degradation and brutality. What harm would they do? She had nothing to lose, since her home was a prison and friends and acquaintances had vanished; nor did she owe a duty to the man to whom by law she was to look for love, support, and protection. Whisky had taken the place of the wife. Let him care for her, let them go away where together they could make the future bright. At first she had said, "No, no, it was impossible." She could not rid herself of the old fashioned idea, imparted by her mother, that marriage was "till death do us part." Gradually, as she had listened to the pleading tones, it seemed less hard to obey. As the horrible scene rose again before her, she felt how futile her life was. Why not snatch a little happiness, a little peace, while she could? Finally she sent him away—to think it over clearly, she said—but with a half promise to join him in an hour at the station.

And now alone she paced the room and watched the clock with wide open eyes, for well she knew she was going. She went to a closet, and, pulling down a dress suit case, began piling in a few necessary

things with hands that shook so that she dropped a brush. As she stooped a little voice behind her said:

"Mamsy going away?"

She jumped as though a bullet had pierced her, and, turning, saw her little golden haired child gazing at her with solemn blue eyes. Her child, whose very existence she had almost forgotten in her excitement! How could she go and leave the child—the one bright gleam in those two years of sorrow? It was not to be thought of. She would take her, too. He would be willing enough, she knew.

"Wouldn't you like to go away—'way off with mother?"

The blue eyes looked more solemn, and the golden head was nodded as the answer came:

"Me and Mamsy go traveling."

She did not explain that there was to be a third to the party; how could she to those clear eyes? Suddenly above the golden head she seemed to see looking at her eyes upon eyes—the world's eyes—some mocking, some scornful, some malicious, some pitying, some reproachful. The number grew and grew. She gasped for breath, then stared wildly at the blue eyes of her daughter, gazing at her gravely. The others—yes—she could bid defiance to them all—for how could they understand?—but to that other pair of true blue—could she bear to see them grow scornful or reproachful? Where had she meant to lead them? God help her, wicked woman though she be! With a sob she fell on her knees before the child, and, gathering her in her arms, cried:

"No, no, just Mamsy and you till I die! You will be my all; and when I look in your eyes, then shall I know if the world—my world—be sad or gay."

*Edith V. Brander Matthews.*

### A Voice in the Multitude.

IN that small town on the Mississippi she was known as the best singer of all the girls. When she reached sixteen the fame of her pretty face, her youthful grace, and her sweet contralto had spread as far as the academy at Cordova and the coal mines at Carbon Cliff.

One or two had told her, during those days at the academy, that she should study for the stage; but she took this only as a pretty compliment, for to her the stage was a closed world. She had been sheltered in a home which held a contralto's destiny to be the cheering of a domestic circle and the voicing of God's praise in the church choir. So she sang through a contented

girlhood, and stepped across the border into woman's land to find the song of her heart growing richer with the deepening of her voice; until one day she said "yes" to the old, old story, and suddenly realized that she was a promised bride.

To her the wedding preparations brought the happiest days she had known. In the simple faith of her love for the sturdy young fellow who had won her heart, she went singing about her plans, accepting this destiny as the natural and fitting disposition of her beauty and her voice. She was content.

The wedding trip was to be the great event of her life. The groom had a claim on a country editor, and the editor settled by sending transportation for two from Barstow Junction to St. Louis and return. Then came an echo from that larger world which conveyed to her the fact that a great orchestra was to be heard in St. Louis for a season of two weeks. A Saengerfest! The dream of her life, and to come to her on her wedding tour!

There was a church wedding, and many came, some from even so far as the academy at Cordova and the coal mines at Carbon Cliff. There was rice in plenty, there was a charivari, and there were good, wholesome presents of more or less domestic utility. Her traveling dress was a modest brown, cut by a dressmaker who knew a good form and fitted it well. Her hat was flat and broad, and its bits of fur and feathers made it most fitting for an October bridal tour. He had been to Rock Island for his clothes, and wore them well. Many people turned to look at the couple in St. Louis; her so radiant in her abundant health and jaunty ways, him so dignified and sensible.

The Saengerfest! This soul of music for the first time drank its full; this artistic mind first knew and listened to a satisfying artistic performance. The great orchestra became a living thing to her, the leader a being of magic power, and the volume of sound thrilled her as she, unknown to herself, had with her sweet contralto thrilled others. Daily they sat through the concerts; she entranced, he enduring it for her sake.

The last afternoon of her stay was marked by a patriotic coloring of the program. National airs and anthems were featured, and at the end the audience was to stand and join in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." She was pleased when she read it, for now she could sing once with her whole heart and her whole soul and be one voice in a multitude of singers.

The great leader was weary, for the

audience had gone wild in its patriotism and had insisted on many repetitions. Its enthusiasm had affected the great chorus and caused the singers to get slightly ahead of the orchestra, damaging the harmony. He was glad that but one number remained. Lifting his hands over the orchestra, every man made ready and waited; lifting them higher, the great chorus, which was banked behind, came to its feet with much rustling of dresses and shaking out of scores. Behind him the vast audience rose. Then, as the leader held his arms ready for the first beat, there was a silence of expectancy.

Down came his arms, and a burst of sound filled the wide auditorium. Orchestra, chorus, and audience voiced the opening words of the national hymn, together, exact, harmonious:

My country, 'tis of thee—

The conductor's whole soul went into that volume of sound. He led, feeling that the movements of his arms were bringing these sounds into existence. He was playing on a magnificent instrument—the grandest musical instrument in creation—a singing multitude.

Sweet land of liberty—

The leader swayed from side to side with the sway of the music.

Of thee I sing.

What was that? In the multitude of sounds the leader detected a tone, perfect, full, rare of color. His trained ear told him that it was a woman's voice, a contralto of unexcelled sweetness. He listened.

Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From ev'ry mountainside —

The voice was not in the great chorus. It was in the multitude behind him. He turned his head and heard the last line, full and true, as though the unknown singer stood at his elbow:

Let freedom ring!

The leader's heart beat high as his arms descended and the second stanza began. He listened for the voice and it was there—

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love.

The leader was listening now, beating time absent mindedly. What voice was this he heard? No singer of national or even world wide reputation possessed it, for he knew them all. Was it a discovery?

Could he locate the singer, meet her, and bring a new contralto of such magnificent power to the knowledge of the world?

I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

The first violin noted the leader's abstraction, and spoke sharply to him. Again his arms went up, and he led the time for the third stanza; but again that voice, as clear and distinct as that of the great soprano who led the chorus:

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song.

The leader turned his back to the orchestra and looked into the faces of the multitude. The first violin shut his teeth, bore down hard on the strings, and pulled the great volume of sound along with him; but the leader knew it not. He was searching for that one voice in the multitude; that contralto that sang straight into his soul as no contralto had ever done in his professional career:

Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

The leader's arms leaped into the air, but they were extended over the multitude. Orchestra and chorus were behind him. His white gloved hands descended sharply, and the last wave of sound broke over the auditorium:

Our father's God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing.

She, standing by her husband, saw the movement and thought it a compliment to the multitude that the leader should face them for the last stanza. She sang till even those about her turned to look; sang straight at the leader, and wondered why his nervous eyes danced about so. And look, he is stopping! The first violin is bowing and marking the time! The leader is listening, looking! His face has an expression of entreaty. She thinks he wishes a strong burst of sound for the climax, and so she sings with her whole being aflame with the ecstasy of it:

Long may the land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might;  
Great God, our King!

Silence, momentarily. Then the ripple of breaking up, increasing quickly to a roar of moving chairs, shuffling feet, and

human voices. The leader turns away to meet the inquiring face of the first violin.

"Did you hear it?"

"What, Herr Leader?"

"Did you hear that contralto, the one voice in the multitude?"

"No, Herr Leader. You are unwell, Herr Leader."

"Yes, I am heart sick—I have lost it—that voice is gone. *Ach Gott*, didst Thou send an angel to mock me?"

She and her husband went out into the crowded streets. Their holiday was over. They went to their train, and to the new home in the village, where the echoes of the great stage world came but faintly and thrilled them not. She felt a strange glow of triumph, as though this intoning of her mission of melody, this sounding her note of freedom, had fulfilled her destiny.

Radiant in her own happiness, she went to his humble home, where that one voice of all the multitude became the treasure of a fireside; where little souls, listening at her knee, learned from its loving cadences the way to eternity.

*Joseph Blethen.*

### The Cruise of the Fleet.

WHEN the Fust Colorado Volunteer Ranger cavalry, of which I was sergeant major, was ordered into southern Texas, the general commanding the department told our colonel to organize a naval force on the lower Rio Grande. It was to help the land forces circumvent a rebel fort our troops had been poundin' at for nigh a month. The fort had a strong position on a bend of the river, and as its south and east sides was protected by water, and we couldn't put any guns on the Mexican side of the river, the rebels had to defend only two quarters of the fort, and we couldn't take it. We had 'em blockaded so they was forced to live on the fish they ketched in the river and the cabbages that growed in gardens near the fort, run by greasers; but we couldn't dislodge 'em jest the same.

So we was ordered to build a vessel, and what did old Colonel Hetherington do but appint Jonas G. Smalls captain of the vessel, when everybody in the regiment knew I was the man for the place! Smalls didn't know any more about river boatin' than a rabbit. He had been brought up in central New York, and had run an excursion steamer on them lakes there; and that's all he knew. I was from Mizsourah, and had run on the Mississippi, the old Big Muddy itself, the Osage, and all them rivers. I had river boatin' down to a fine point, but old Hetherington

was from New Hampshire, used to live in the White Mountains, and had more sense for lakes than rivers, seein' as rivers ain't much out there and the lakes are pretty considerable; so he appointed Jonas G. Smalls captain of the Admiral Decatur—that was our fleet.

It wasn't a steamboat, because we didn't have no machinery out there, and a good article of firewood was scarce, even if we had the machinery. The Admiral Decatur was run by four mules travelin' in a treadmill that furnished power for the big kick behind paddle wheel at the stern. She had some good lively mules, too, and, except for bein' unable to whistle, was about as good as most river steamboats. By twistin' the smallest mule's tail, you could generally fetch a bray that would let folks know yer was comin'. Another thing agin Smalls bein' commander of the fleet was his lack of knowledge about mules. Hetherington said he was a fine machinist, but that didn't help much with a boat run by mules, which same are not common in central New York, but are thick in Mizsourah.

The river was high when Smalls fust took command, and although he didn't know a slough from a main channel, or anything about heavin' a lead, he got along for a while, and old Hetherington kinder laughed at me, for he had heard I said I ought to command the fleet, and that Jonas G. Smalls would sink it before he had run it three weeks.

Two weeks after the Admiral Decatur was finished, orders come to attack the rebel fort, and Smalls was told to take the fleet down behind the fort at night, ready to bombard when the rest attacked the land side early in the mornin'.

"We won't have any trouble takin' the fort," said Hetherington. "Them fellers have been livin' on fish and cabbage so long they can't fight. 'An army is like a snake and moves on its belly,' said Napoleon, or Washington, or somebody; and in my opinion a truer military sayin' never was said. You can't put up a fust class fight without fust class food in your stomach. Beef and mutton are the stuff. Bull meat and mutton from a cross old ram put lots of metal into a soldier. That's my theory, and any book on the art of war will tell you I'm right. I'm goin' to give the boys a bull supper tonight with baked rattlesnake as a side dish, and if they don't chaw up them rebels tomorrow, I'll be mighty disappointed."

I hadn't any business with the fleet, but I sneaked around and hid aboard jest as it was startin', with the intention of showin'

I got carried off by mistake if they noticed my absence from the regiment; but in the confusion precedin' the attack on the fort, I didn't reckon they'd find out I was gone. The river had fallen a good deal, and with Smalls runnin' things I was sure I'd see a wreck before mornin', and perhaps I'd come in handy then.

The fireman fed up the mules a good snack of oats, and the Decatur went slippin' down the river at a brisk rate, mile after mile. I was beginnin' to think Smalls would get her through when I heard him call to a Mexican who was along:

"Say, Valencia, what's that over yonder? Is that the main channel, or what?"

I run out along with the crew, and see by the glare of the headlight, as it turned here and there, a very narrier sort of slough bendin' off to the north. Unlike most sloughs, it wasn't broader than the main channel, and it was runnin' swift, too, just as swift as the main channel; but I could tell from the marks familiar to any real river man which was the channel. This might be a new cut off of the river that in course of time would be the main channel, but anybody that knew anything wouldn't fool around in no new cut offs.

"I don't know what it is," said Valencia. "I don't remember ever seein' it."

"Well, I reckon it's the main channel," said Smalls, and he went on repeatin' a lot of the things I had told him about how to tell the channel, applyin' 'em to this new place, and makin' out like they was things he had always known. He shoved the wheel around, put the lights out again, and we turned into the cut off, or whatever it was. I thought we wasn't far from the fort, but I wasn't much expectin' to git there, not very much.

We hadn't been in the cut off fifteen minutes when we see it widened out a bit. Away ahead, as well as we could see in the dim light, it didn't seem to have any banks at all. "Tingaling" went the pilot's bell, and Smalls shouted down the speakin' tube for the engineer to slow up. He and the fireman tried to stop the mules some, but for some reason the critturs wouldn't slow up, but worked harder and harder, sniffin' somethin' or other and gittin' eager and excited. Smalls turned on the headlight again, and sent its ray here and there over the water.

"Look yonder!" screamed the fust mate. "The light don't cast no reflection in the water on ahead a piece. There ain't no water there!"

"Back her, back her!" yelled Smalls frantic down the speakin' tube.

The engineer and fireman tried to make the mules back, but the critters wouldn't, and commenced gallopin' in the treadmill. In a minute we felt the boat touch ground, and the decks resounded with the trampin' of men runnin' with poles to push her off.

"*Valgamedios!*" shouted Valencia in the confusion. "We're in the San Ildefonso cabbage plantation, and we came in through the big irrigation ditch they open every Wednesday night. The mules smell the cabbages!"

Smalls tried to turn the boat around, for the mules wouldn't back, and the water was now spread over so much ground that there wasn't hardly any of it; but we had hardly got back into the main current of the ditch when somebody closed the gates at the river, and there wasn't any water at all.

The dawn was jest breakin', and we see we was on the land side of the fort and about three quarters of a mile from it. We jumped off the boat, sloped through the cabbage fields, and met our regiment comin', after we had gone three miles. Hetherington didn't wait to hear much about the disaster, but pushed on, hopin' to surprise the rebels. Imagine our feelin's when we was opened on by our own guns from the Admiral Decatur and see the rebels eatin' the mules—the first meat they'd had for a month!

Well, we didn't take the fort. Lord love you, friend, men fed on rattlesnakes and bull meat ain't no match for men that's been eatin' mule!

Old Hetherington was reprimanded by the general commandin' the department, and he was sore and mad. I said what I thought about it, and pointed out to the boys how I ought to have run the fleet instead of Smalls. Some mean cuss went and told Hetherington what I said, and he sent for me.

"Jasper," said he, "do I understand that you knew the expedition would end badly if Smalls commanded the fleet and would come out all right if you commanded it?"

"It looks like it. Seems as if things proved I knew it. I can run a river boat and Smalls can't."

"Jasper, it is the duty of every soldier to report all important knowledge they may possess about projected moves. You knew you could git the fleet through all right and didn't tell me so. You have neglected your duty. Take them chevrons off your sleeves. The orders reducing you to the ranks will be read at retreat."

*Eustace Raoul La Ferronnays.*

# LITERARY CHAT

## BALLADE OF THE ATHLETIC NOVELISTS.

Of old, in bidding ladies hail  
To ranks of story telling skill,  
The paragraphers, in detail,  
Told how each loved her domicile;  
Described her eager and athril  
Concerning matters dietetic;  
She was most housewifely until  
The world became so much athletic.

Last spring fair Betty wrote a tale  
Of vegetation by a rill,  
Pauline a diatribe 'gainst ale,  
And Jane a novel volatile.  
The "book notes" all their hopes fulfil,  
And are most amiably prophetic,  
Yet this the chief truth they instill—  
That these new writers are athletic!

Miss Jones, of whose tremendous sale  
Her publishers make clamor shrill,  
Can track her moose and bag her quail—  
Her gun seems very versatile!  
Miss Smith swims like an aquatile  
In pauses of her work poetic;  
Miss Brown has climbed each Alpine hill—  
In short, they've all grown most athletic.

### L'ENVOI.

Prince, were the vizier's daughter still  
Romancing to her king splenetic,  
Down each Arabian daily quill  
Would flow the news: "She's most  
athletic!"

## A LIFE OF FORREST — Captain Mathes' biography of the famous Confederate cavalry commander.

The forthcoming memoirs of the Boer generals have been loudly heralded, but it will not be surprising if they prove to possess little permanent value, from either the literary or the military viewpoint. It is not at all likely that any of them will be as well worth reading as the recently published life of General Nathan B. Forrest by Captain Harvey Mathes.

Whatever the Boer commandants may accomplish with the pen, it is certain that their achievements in the field cannot be compared with those of the Confederate

cavalry leader. The disadvantages under which he fought were fully equal to theirs; the results he gained were much more substantial. For instance, when he frustrated Streight's attempt to strike at the rear of Bragg's position in Tennessee, in April, 1863, by capturing the Federal officer and his entire force, Forrest had with him less than half as many men as his prisoners, and his artillery was inferior to theirs. In February, 1864, when Sooy Smith invaded Mississippi with seven thousand men, Forrest with four thousand drove him back to Memphis.

In September of the same year Forrest moved upon Sherman's communications with about four thousand troopers. On the 24th he captured the post at Athens, Alabama, almost without firing a shot, by a ruse as "slim" as any of De Wet's. Extending his command around the Federal fortifications, which were held by fourteen hundred men, he sent in a demand for surrender to prevent useless bloodshed. Colonel Campbell, commanding the garrison, refused to yield without further evidence that his position was hopeless—which indeed it was by no means. Forrest let him ride along the Confederate lines, where he saw three or four thousand cavalry and about the same number of infantry. Considering such a force too strong for him, he surrendered, unaware that while he made the circuit Forrest had had most of his men make a lightning change from cavalry to infantry, or vice versa, and had showed them twice over.

That day Forrest captured not only the fortified post at Athens, with its guns and valuable stores, but also a regiment that came up to its assistance, and several blockhouses, with their garrisons. On the next day, September 25, he pushed along the railroad towards Nashville, and took another post, defended by a thousand Federals. He continued his daring raid for two weeks longer, capturing detachments, seizing stores, destroying bridges, and seriously dislocating the plans of the Union commanders. Half a dozen generals and thirty thousand men were in the field against him, but his rapid movements baffled pursuit, and on October 9 he recrossed the Tennessee into safety.

The most famous and most controverted

incident of Forrest's career was the storming of Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi, on April 12, 1864. As is well known, the victors of the encounter were charged with massacring the surrendered garrison, which consisted largely of colored soldiers; and an alleged despatch of Forrest's was produced which read:

We busted the fort at ninerclock and scattered the niggers. The men is still a cillanem [killing them] in the woods.

Captain Mathes sums up the conclusions of Dr. Wyeth, James Grant Wilson, and others who have investigated the matter thoroughly. The allegation that Forrest disregarded the rules of civilized warfare rests solely on *ex parte* testimony taken during the war, and mostly given by ignorant negroes. Though indorsed by a Congressional committee, it is inherently improbable, for many thousands of prisoners passed through the great cavalry leader's hands, and nowhere else was he accused of ill treatment. It is explicitly denied by an abundance of credible witnesses. The evidence of the colored soldiers is further discredited by the proved fact that they had been plied with whisky just before the fight. Individual cases of brutality there may have been, for it was a fierce, hand to hand struggle, and a scene of terrible confusion followed the rushing of the Federal works; but the charge of a general or authorized massacre may be set down as disproved.

As for the wonderfully spelled despatch, General Wilson at first accepted it as genuine, but later rejected it. General Chalmers, who served with Forrest, pronounces against it. The Confederate leader had only six months' schooling, and existing letters show that his orthography was by no means infallible; but he was far from being wholly illiterate or uncultured. At the outbreak of the war he was a man of wealth, and of experience in business and politics.

To compare him once more with the Boer commandants, Forrest was much more than a successful guerrilla leader. Indeed, when Lee's surrender made a continuance of regular operations manifestly impossible, he promptly and wisely dismissed all idea of instituting a partisan warfare. He told his troops:

That we are beaten is a self evident fact, and further resistance on our part would be justly regarded as the height of folly. Reason dictates and humanity demands that no more blood be shed.

Herein Forrest showed more wisdom and no less courage than the gallant South Africans who for nearly two years after

the fall of their capital went on vainly struggling against the inevitable.

### ROYALTY AND GENIUS—The auspicious meeting of King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and Mr. Hall Caine.

Monday, August 25, 1902, was a day to be marked with a white stone in the annals of British royalty and English literature. On that day the sun rose to find the good ship Victoria and Albert anchored in Ramsey Bay, one of the harbors of that well advertised speck of earth, the Isle of Man. At noon the vessel's royal passengers, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, went ashore and drove to Bishop's Court, the official residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, where they had lunch, and were photographed with a select group of Manx notables—including, of course, the Manx notable, Mr. T. Hall Caine.

The resultant photograph well deserves the publicity that the loyal illustrated weeklies of England have given it. The queen wore a plain costume of dark cloth, with a skirt of sensible length for walking. His majesty looked quite democratic in a tweed suit, with light gray derby hat and tan shoes. Mr. Hall Caine looked distinctly aristocratic in a long and somewhat baggy overcoat, with a silk hat carefully borne in his left hand.

It was a proud day for King Edward VII, who stood next but one to Mr. Hall Caine. It was a still prouder day for Queen Alexandra, who stood next to Mr. Hall Caine. Whether it was a proud day for Mr. Hall Caine, we leave the reader to imagine.

### SIBORNE'S "WATERLOO" — An old fashioned history that can never be superseded by modern versions.

There have been countless histories of every one of Napoleon's campaigns, and it is a fashion with many of the more recent writers to justify their own appearance in the field by decrying their predecessors. But when one takes up a book like the famous narrative of Waterloo by Captain William Siborne, one is tempted to doubt whether there has been any crying need for the long list of later books on the same subject.

One or two important pieces of evidence have been discovered since Siborne wrote—for instance, the written orders which Napoleon gave Grouchy on the day

before Waterloo, and which distinctly put the marshal in the wrong in the controversy over the question whether he was or was not to blame for his failure to come to the emperor's support in the hour of need. On other contested points, however, the most recent investigators confirm the English officer's accuracy. There is, for example, the interesting story of the Duke of Wellington's night ride from his headquarters at Waterloo to Blücher's tent at Wavre, to ascertain whether he could count on Prussian aid in the morrow's fight. The incident—an important one, if it really occurred—is not mentioned by Siborne. Later writers unearthed it in contemporary memoirs, and bolstered it up with a considerable show of evidence; but that very able and careful American historian, the late John Codman Ropes, in the last edition of his narrative of the campaign, pretty clearly proves it a myth.

Siborne is old fashioned in style, no doubt; he avowedly writes from the British standpoint, not with the absolutely impartial view of the scientific historian of today; but as a trustworthy record of one of the most interesting of all historical episodes, compiled by first hand inquiry among participants in the events recorded, his book can never be superseded. First published in 1844, twenty nine years after the battle, there have been several later editions, and a new one has recently been issued by the Messrs. Constable in London and Dutton in New York. No novel can compare in interest with this faithful transcript of what was perhaps the shortest as well as the most momentous military campaign in history—for in that eventful June of 1815, Napoleon opened hostilities on the 15th by crossing the Sambre at the head of a splendid force of a hundred and twenty thousand veterans; on the 16th he defeated Blücher at Ligny; on the evening of the 18th his army was wrecked and he himself a fugitive.

#### A CORELLIAN SUICIDE—The sad fate of an admirer of the novelist who was not the late Queen Victoria's favorite.

It has often been questioned whether it is her own diplomatic genius or mere luck that has made Marie Corelli the best advertised novelist of the day. It would seem to be mere luck in the latest instance, for it is scarcely to be believed that Miss Corelli arranged the ghastly

incident reported in the newspapers the other day, when the nineteen year old son of an English clergyman committed a melodramatic suicide in imitation of a scene in one of her novels. The young man is said to have left the following note:

This is not self murder. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out. If thy life offend thee, give it back to Him who gave it to thee. I ask that this cross be put on my breast in my grave. Bury me in this holy robe.

It would seem that this misguided youth was not only an admirer of Miss Corelli, but also a close imitator of her style. Had he lived, he might have rivaled her fame as a writer of novels which minds of a certain order find weirdly impressive. His exit relieves her from the danger of a possible business competitor, besides securing her a new series of reading notices.

But if all Miss Corelli's admirers insist on committing Corellian suicides, though one result might be a rise in the average level of popular taste in fiction, the effect on the sales of her forthcoming masterpieces—for she probably has masterpieces still in store for the world—would be disastrous to her income. She should issue a note of warning, which no doubt the obliging gentlemen of the press will be glad to print.

#### RECENT PUBLISHERS' NOTES—

Which throw a gladsome light on the American literary movement of the day.

The following paragraphs will not be found in any of the "literary periodicals" of the current month—which will, however, contain matter of the same sort in delightful abundance:

Miss Martha Rant, the author of the most talked of book of the year, "Blue Bonnets of Scotland," is a remarkable figure in contemporary literature. She is not only a newcomer in the ranks of fiction writers, but she is equally inexperienced in all the walks of life, being a young girl of fifteen. She will be graduated from the Secaucus (New Jersey) High School in 1903.

One of the most interesting features of Miss Rant's success is her entire ignorance of Scotland. She has never visited Europe, and has had only the school geography and Scott's novels to aid her in her stupendous work.

Miss Rant is the owner of an Angora cat whom she quaintly calls "Angy." When her check in payment for the serial rights of the "Blue Bonnets of Scotland" was handed to her by the postman, she took it to her teacher to be interpreted, for she is girlishly ignorant of business forms. When she understood that the generous publishers of the

*Illuminator* had actually paid her seventeen thousand dollars for her story, she clapped her hands and cried: "Oh, how glad I am! Now Angy can have a new ribbon!"

Miss Rant wears her hair in curls confined by a coral round comb. She is at present engaged upon her graduation essay and a new novel to be called "The Cardinal's Red Chapeau."

Mr. James Eli Slide, the author of "Twineville on the Short Cut" (published by Charles Logroller & Co.), which has been receiving such favorable notices in the *Book Advertiser* (also published by Charles Logroller & Co.), is not a writer by profession. He is a prosperous plumber of Sheboygan, Michigan, and has written merely for his own entertainment and that of his family. He is a man of great modesty, and his aim has always been to keep his literary relaxations a secret from the publishers. For this purpose he had built under his tastefully furnished parlor a fireproof cellar in which to store his manuscripts. He never permitted them to be brought up for family reading until midnight, in order that no one in Sheboygan might guess his pastime.

But the secret leaked out, as the best kept secrets will. The detectives of the Logroller staff were instructed to drill a subterranean passage to Mr. Slide's cellar, and there to confront him with their knowledge of his work. When he realized that his carefully hidden pursuit was known to this enterprising firm, the Sheboygan genius gave up. He reluctantly consented to the publication of "Twineville on the Short Cut." The Logroller firm's resident sleuths in Sheboygan have already ferreted out Mr. Slide's new hiding places, and their magazine is enabled to announce for early appearance in its pages his new stories: "The Short Cut Mystery," "The Twineville Hoodoo," and "The Short Cut Voodoo."

Edward Eastman, author of that magnificently strong and human story "Goll Darn It Jenkins," is not a professional writer. Mr. Eastman's happy fancies, his unhackneyed style, and his insistent truthfulness to the details of homely American life, are not the qualities of the regulation copy maker. It was during his long service as bookkeeper to a clothing firm in his native city that he gained the rare insight into the hearts of the plain people which is the chief charm of "Goll Darn It Jenkins."

Mr. Eastman has not given up his position, though the returns from his notable novel would easily have permitted him to retire to a life of luxurious idleness. He values his job for the opportunities of human study it affords. He is engaged upon a second novel, which he has already named "Whoa Thar Hopkins."

Miss Mollie Jackson, whose novel "Tawdry" is familiar to all subscribers of the *Antarctic Magazine* as well as to all readers of her former works, "To Beg and to Borrow" and "The Chain Gang of Fear," is another amateur of the pen. Her regular occupation was that of housekeeper to her uncle and teacher in the Sabbath school of her native town, Kokomo, Indiana. She still prefers to regard her domestic occupation as her real calling, while novel writing is merely a side issue to be taken up in the intervals of the more womanly work.

Dr. S. Loch Campbell, author of "The Vet," is a writer merely for relaxation. His business is

medicine, and the three or four masterpieces of fiction that he turns out each year are dashed off in odd moments while he keeps his patients waiting.

Mrs. R. Van Cortlandt Screwger, whose novelette "Polly's Passions" appears this month, is not a professional writer. She is a society leader, and has been a reigning beauty in the younger New York set for twenty two years. Her literary work, which is remarkable for its brilliancy and dash, is done as she drives to her engagements. Mrs. Screwger's coupé was the first in New York to be fitted with an inside electric light, in order that she might write her charming stories without loss of time from social life.

Do not these "personal notes" suggest to the professional writer the necessity of forming a writers' union, with the object of preventing the publishers from employing non union labor? Only those writers who had served a hard hack apprenticeship would be eligible, of course.

#### SERMONS IN JAIL—Moral instruction from a rather unexpected source.

Every one knows the old jokes about the seedy, shirt sleeved hack who sits in a bare garret working busily upon a "Guide to Wealth," and the feeble wreck who is propped up in bed to complete a "Health Manual." Such witticisms are so familiar that the recent announcement of a London publisher may fail to evoke the smile that it would otherwise deserve. The book promised us is "Lay Sermons," and the preacher whose message is to be given to an eager world is a titled Englishman who was recently tried, convicted, and imprisoned on the somewhat serious charge of bigamy. Indeed, the information is gravely added that the "sermons" were actually written in jail!

#### A FAIR RETURN—For the Frenchman's delightful blunders in the use of English words and phrases.

Among the numerous grounds for sarcastic comment which the Frenchman affords to Anglo Saxons is his crass ignorance of English words and phrases that one would suppose to be sufficiently common in France to make their misuse inexcusable. Even the leading Parisian journals and the most prominent French authors are not free from this reproach. The *Figaro* will refer to "Sir Buller" and "Mistress Terry," and we read constantly in French novels of men in London society who perpetrate such atrocities as "Miss, will you dance?" As for the Parisian restaurants and shops, their "bifteck" and "rosbif" and "scham-

poing" and "No smoaking" are too common to attract comment.

It is a poor question which has not two sides. Not long ago Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood contributed to the literary supplement of a New York newspaper a series of papers written from Paris and purporting to deal authoritatively with French matters literary. The results of her labors in this direction have never, we think, been excelled, except by Miss Lilian Bell's delineation of Parisian life in "The Expatriates," with its *marquise* who called an ambassador's servant "*garçon*." We find Mrs. Sherwood talking about Zola's "La Ventre de Paris"; exploiting a remarkable something called a *juste méliu*; informing us that the American woman in Paris is always "*délicieusement habillé on deshabilité*"; and capping the climax by stating that "Anatole France is the most *spirituelle* of the modern French authors."

The French, she further tells us, "write their plays for us." It would be interesting to know Edmond Rostand's opinion on this point.

"Paris," concludes Mrs. Sherwood naïvely, "is full of possibilities." More so, we are sure, while Mrs. Sherwood sojourned there than ever before.

### GEORGE MOORE—And his unfulfilled threat of self banishment from unappreciative London.

George Moore, author of "A Mummer's Wife" and "Esther Waters," is an Irishman by birth and an Englishman by taste, though he would deny the latter. His hero of the pen is Balzac. To those who know him, it seems odd that most of his work deals with the lower walks of life. He is not of the multitude in any of his tastes. It may be that in his choice of material he was influenced by Balzac, and that in attempting to reach the latter's high level in the portrayal of character he sought even a lower stratum for his inspiration.

Mr. Moore wastes time and money in striving for the unattainable. He writes, rewrites, and rewrites again. He has rewritten a book five times. He is unsatisfied ever with his work, and if the publisher did not finally wax wroth and insist upon a delivery of manuscript, the reading public would know even less of Mr. Moore than it does.

He assures himself at frequent intervals that he is not appreciated, and he grumbles in thin voiced fashion. A few years ago he threatened to shun London and

shine upon Dublin for the rest of his life; but the feat required too much of human endurance. As the home of a writer who must dwell among his types, Dublin to London would be as Omaha to New York. Mr. Moore is not of a nature to be satisfied with the solitude of self; he must be of as well as in the crowd. Had he chosen Paris instead of Dublin, the change might have been for the advantage of himself and his readers, for he has an almost exact knowledge of the people of Paris and is altogether one of them, in the language of the City of Light.

### GENIUS AND UTILITY—And Mr. Birrell's statement that only the former counts in literature.

"In literature," says Augustine Birrell in his recent volume on William Hazlitt, "nothing counts but genius; and between a work of genius however small and a task of utility however long, there is a greater gulf fixed than there is between 'Dream Children' and 'The Faerie Queene.'"

Mr. Birrell's distinction is perhaps too severe. It would leave few names on the roll of fame save those of the great poets and the masters of fiction. The critic, the essayist, the historian—the product of all these is primarily work of utility rather than creative genius; yet are we to say that none of it counts?

Elsewhere in the same clever little book Mr. Birrell seems to claim a legitimate place for the class of literary laborers to which both he and Hazlitt may be assigned. "Here," he says, in speaking of "The Round Table," one of the English critic's volumes of collected essays, "we first meet with Hazlitt, the miscellaneous writer. Montaigne was in Hazlitt's opinion the first who led the way to this kind of writing among the moderns, being the first who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man."

And surely the author of the "Essais" counted in literature!

### THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITER—A literary type that flourishes greatly in these days.

The "miscellaneous writer," whether Montaigne originated the type or not, has since multiplied amazingly. At his best, he might prefer to be called a critic; at the other end of the scale he sinks into the hack. The periodicals of London and New York are full of his work; and very good work some of it is. Mr. Birrell him-

self is one of the best of the fraternity. He has many of the qualities that he finds in Hazlitt. His work may not display creative genius, but he has insight and information, plenty of opinions of his own, and great readiness in expressing them. Here are some instances from the book mentioned in the preceding paragraph:

There is no peace for the politician save in the grave.

It is wisest to hate your country's enemies. The church allows it, the national anthem demands it, and the experience of mankind approves it.

To Hazlitt's bitter abuse of Pitt Mr. Birrell appends:

If this be not true of Pitt, it is, at any rate, true of other practitioners in the same way of business.

This of the doctor who attended Hazlitt in his last illness:

If there were those among the laity who conceived him to misunderstand the case, the circumstance would not be unusual.

Entertaining as are these little asides, one feels sometimes that they might be omitted without injury to the thread of the discourse.

#### A WELCOME DECLINE—The "record breaking" novel shows signs of being less with us.

The statisticians who keep an eye on the book market were ready in the early autumn with the cheering assurance that there had been a falling off in the production of "record breakers." No books, not even the most wildly improbable romances, the most nauseating "confessions," the most dreary historical novels, had reached the customary millionth edition in three months.

When the statistician was a philosopher, he moralized over this phenomenon. Could it be, he speculated, that the supply of heaven sent genius during, for example, April and May, was less than that of February and March? Or was the hard worked individual in the publishers' offices who compiles the list of sales taking a much needed rest? Had his glowing but overworked imagination felt the effect of the high temperature of July and August? Or had the publisher ceased to advertise in the reckless way which made one marvel succeed another without breathing space between?

The conclusion generally was that the publisher had ceased to push his new books with the force which he had been expend-

ing upon them for the last few years. The publisher, according to his view, has finally perceived the truth which the rest of the world grasped some time ago, namely, that if with his new record breakers he constantly crowds his old ones from sight, he loses by short sales whatever he gains by large ones. The books for which he created a wild furor the year before last are not even called for now, and all the slow, gentle, but very desirable profit which comes from long continued popularity is lost.

As an object lesson to publishers comes the report of an English house that during the last three years more than thirty thousand of Thomas Carlyle's works have been sold. And this with slight expenditure for advertising, and no perjury as to merit!

#### HOW HOWELLS BEGAN—The experiment by which he tested his powers as a novelist.

Some one asked W. D. Howells not long ago if he could remember the time when he consciously became a realist. He replied that he could not, and to illustrate his attitude of mind he told how he definitely began his career as a novelist. Before trying to write a story he had become known as a contributor to the magazines of verse somewhat after the manner of Heine. He was ambitious to write fiction, but he doubted if he had sufficient imagination; so he tried with a combination of fiction and fact, and "Their Wedding Journey" was the result. He submitted the manuscript to a lady in whose literary judgment he had great confidence, asking her to mark those passages which she believed to be transcripts from life, and those which seemed to her imaginary. Half the marks proved to be wrong; in other words, the lady was unable to distinguish with anything like accuracy where fact ended and imagination began. So Mr. Howells felt encouraged to devote himself to novel writing.

He now believes that he would have done better in his career if he had not been distracted from fiction by engaging in literary controversy. Until he formulated the doctrine of realism, readers accepted his work without inquiring whether it was realism or romance; since that time he has been the object of much severe criticism. Of late, however, there are signs of a reaction in his favor. His new novel, "The Kentons," has been warmly received by judicious critics both in this country and in England.

# ETCHINGS

## WHAT MOLLY SAID.

WHAT Molly said to me is yet  
A secret, you must know;  
I will not ope my lips to let  
Them say 'twas "Yes" or "No."  
My tongue I do not dare to trust;  
I'm sworn to secrecy,  
Although I'd like to tell you just  
What Molly said to me.

The world today's a gladsome place—  
I'm free to tell you that;  
The future hath a smiling face,  
My heart goes pitapat.  
I can't with honesty confess—  
I'm on my guard, you see,  
Lest some one reading this should  
guess  
What Molly said to me!  
*Roy Farrell Greene.*

## THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

AUTUMN days are swiftly passing, very  
soon the time will be  
For the same old query: "Won't you come  
and have a cup of tea?"  
When the weather's warm, each hostess  
strives to find out something nice  
In a novel cooling draft, or in a dainty  
sort of ice;  
In the winter each is certain nothing can  
as fitting be  
As the curse of man's existence, the eternal  
cup of tea!

Then no more the hostess offers clinking  
glass or ice cold stein,  
But a bit of eggshell Sèvres, very delicate  
and fine;  
And to swallow lukewarm water most  
courageously you toil,  
While she smiles and ask you sweetly if  
the water didn't boil.  
Like automaton you answer with the lie  
that is so trite:  
"It is most refreshing, thank you, and it's  
made exactly right!"

Oh, I've drunk it barely warm, and I have  
drunk it scalding hot,  
And nobody ever bothers if I like the stuff  
or not.

Bitter as was Marah's water, full of dregs  
as lees of wine,  
Have I gulped it, meekly wondering why  
'twas served *à la quinine*,  
While the charming girl who poured it  
waited till I drank it up  
Just to ask the torturing question: "Won't  
you let me fill your cup?"  
*Margaret Busbee Shipp.*

## IN THE FIRELIGHT.

I SEE her dreaming in the firelight glow,  
Deep nestled in an ancient, oaken chair  
Of quaintest workmanship—a picture  
rare!  
Upon her face, as white as lilies blow,  
The red light plays in gentle ebb and flow,  
And slowly creeps into her wooing  
hair—  
A very thrall of love—or wanders where  
The heart throbs stir her bosom's drifted  
snow.

What wealth, or fame, or highest worldly  
place,  
Would I not gladly give could I but gain  
The sovereign right to touch her hair, her  
face,  
To melt with mine her crimson lips' dis-  
dain?  
Or, this denied, to kiss the hem of lace  
Where, envied, lies the firelight's ruddy  
stain?

*Claribel Egbert.*

## INVITATION TO THE REDWOODS.

LET me pilot you afar  
Where the redwood forests are,  
And the turquoise sky leans to the tur-  
quoise sea;  
Through the wondrous gate of gold  
Where the poppy fields unfold,  
And the mission bells call "Benedicite."

Let me guide you to a spot,  
To a fairy, greenwood grot  
Where a silver streamlet sings its life  
away;  
Let us wander up its bed  
To its very fountain head  
Resting close beside the spring of Dream-  
a-day.

Here is half light through the leaves  
Where the wild azalea weaves  
Arabesques of shine and shadow, breeze  
beguiled;

Here are glimmer, glint, and gleam  
Of a rainbow in a dream  
Where the sun has kissed the waterfall and  
smiled.

Here is music of the wind  
By the redwoods half confined;  
Peace has here her home and calm Content  
her nest;

There is heaven in the sky  
When the sunset glories die  
And the evening star is trembling in the  
west.

Is this not enough of bliss?  
Eden could not better this;  
Earth and air and sky and nature all agree.  
Let me pilot you afar  
Where the redwood forests are,  
And the turquoise sky leans to the tur-  
quoise sea!

Clarence Urmey.

#### THE HIGH COIFFURE.

THE high coiffure, I read today,  
Is coming in, perhaps to stay;  
I think I see on Bertha's brow  
A golden coronet, and how  
Kate's curls will look "done" the new way.

To little chits, like Grace and May,  
Whose height will grow with such display,  
'Twill be a boon, I must allow—  
The high coiffure.

As for the tall and *distingué*,  
What need of tressy crowns have they?  
There's Blanche, for instance, who I vow  
Towers quite a head above me now!  
Ah, pity me should *she* essay  
The high coiffure!

Edward W. Barnard.

#### THE SPECIALTY OF PRUE.

BUT poor Bohemians are we,  
For when the play is done,  
Though cafés blaze enticingly,  
We find home's better fun.  
I see a something brown unpanned  
At just the proper toss;  
Her brother makes a salad, and  
Fair Prue supplies the sauce.

The long day's doings we review;  
Discuss, each as it comes,  
The scandal of the avenue,  
The horror of the slums.

And if the chat grows prosy, then,  
As we grow tired and cross,  
With ready, real wit again  
Fair Prue supplies the sauce.

Life, one may just as well admit,  
At times lacks character—  
An egg *sans* salt, a salmon fit  
Without the Worcestershire!  
But as I've said—to her, at that!—  
He'll fret 'neath no such loss  
To whose existence sometime flat  
Fair Prue supplies the sauce!

Edward W. Barnard.

#### A WINTER SONG.

SYLVIA, let the autumn go,  
With its pageantry of gold,  
And its sunset splendors spun  
From the rich loom of the sun;  
Welcome to the keening cold,  
And the winds that swirl the snow!

Sylvia, let the autumn go!  
What to us is all its gold?  
If so be it love abide,  
Little heed we time or tide—  
If the summer clothe the world,  
Or the world be wrapt in snow!

Clinton Scollard.

#### CONSIDERATELY BLIND.

HER chaperon's a matron plump and  
portly,  
A widowed aunt, with insight very clear;  
In manner she is dignified and courtly;  
Of her the callow youths stand much in  
fear.  
When first she came as Mabel's social  
tutor,  
I deemed our tête-à-têtes would lose  
their charm;  
Although for months I'd been a favored  
suitor,  
I viewed her omnipresence with alarm.

But when I called last night she, very  
blindly  
To love's intrigues, an easy rocker chose  
Remote from our loved window seat, and  
kindly  
Allowed herself to drop into a doze.  
I squeezed dear Mabel's hand, and vowed  
I'd take her  
In arms and rob her lips of honeyed pelf  
If—"Jack," she said, "I don't think it  
would wake her;  
Dear aunt, you know, was once a girl  
herself!"

Roy Farrell Greene.

# Skeeter's Charge.

THE DEED A DRUNKEN DESERTER DID FOR THE SAKE OF A WOMAN.

BY HAROLD KRAMER.

## I.

"SKEETER," they called him. The roll book and paymaster's records bore a different name; but no one cared for that. "Skeeter" was so comprehensive. Whisper the name to a stranger, and he would unhesitatingly pick out this lank soldier with a handful of freckles spilled on his face and a shock of red hair rioting above them.

These were his outward markings. Inwardly, he was conspicuous for a spirit of devilry and a thirst like unto the desert sands. His efforts to extinguish this torment with cheap whisky kept him in perpetual disrepute with the officers, and in their eyes he possessed but one redeeming feature—he could make a bugle speak like a thing of life; and his bugle was about the only thing he would not pawn for whisky.

But little cared Skeeter for their opinion. He held shoulder straps in contempt, and bestowed his friendship upon a slouching young Sioux brave known on the near by reservation as "Little Fox," and who seemed consumed by the same raging thirst for fire water. But Skeeter's deity was Alice Gilbert, the major's niece, who had come out from that mysterious bourne known on the frontier as "the States" to keep house for her bachelor brother, owner of the Circle-X ranch, over in Cougar Valley. She had interceded for him one day when he was in disgrace for providing Little Fox with a quantity of fiery liquor and for having poured double that amount down his own parched throat. Once he gave a loafer at the canteen a terrible beating because of a slighting remark made concerning the girl, and though he was given a guard house sentence for "conduct unbecoming a soldier" he did his term cheerfully, and steadfastly refused to tell the cause of the brawl.

## II.

OCTOBER came, and there was uneasiness, ever increasing, in the fort—a small post tucked down among the foothills of eastern Montana. Rumors of restlessness

among the Sioux were floating in. White faced ranchers came hurrying into the fort with the news; at the midnight hour the cavalry scouts returning from the camps thundered at the gates and reported that the reds were beginning the ghost dance.

From out of the Northwest strange Indians had come, preaching a doctrine of frenzy. A new Messiah was to appear among them; the dust of countless thousands of dead Indians was suddenly to spring to life, the palefaces would be swept from the earth, and the buffalo and the hunting grounds would be restored to the red men. The major's face was seamed with anxiety. His garrison of three troops of horse was but a handful compared to the savage hordes whose mutterings were constantly in his ears. He pleaded with his nephew to take refuge in the fort, but the young man said, "Not yet." He must look after his cattle. And Alice? She smiled bravely and declined to leave her brother.

Day and night the ghost dance went on. The Indians became bolder and more threatening. Bands of young braves broke away from the reservation and took to the Bad Lands. Ranchers and army officers frantically bombarded Washington with telegrams, urging that strong reinforcements be hurried to the post. Washington yawned over her tea tables, and in the rhythm of the waltz the bureau chiefs, who had never seen the paint on an Indian, frowned and cursed the "timid weaklings." Far out on the frontier the officers gathered at headquarters each night and, long after "taps" had sounded, watched with gloomy forebodings the signal fires that blazed from the summits of distant buttes.

## III.

THE sun was hanging, blood red, low down the western sky, and a haze drifting down from the forest fires in the mountains dulled the tints of the cottonwood leaves kissed by the breath of October into crimson and golden glory.

Skeeter was splitting wood under guard, the while his head ached terribly from the



HIS BUGLE WENT TO HIS LIPS, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE THRILLING NOTES OF "THE CHARGE" WERE RINGING.

last carousal. He whistled at his work, and even joked with his guard, for that was to be his last day of servitude. The

guard book said he had two more days to serve, but the wiry little trooper had different plans.

During this last debauch, he and Little Fox had planned a glorious future. They were to meet that very night at Big Boulder. They had radiantly pictured their life among the crags and streams of the Rockies, hunting, fishing, and trapping, returning to a settlement at long intervals to renew the supply of whisky and other necessities. The sentence had been extra severe that time, but Skeeter had been too long in the service and too frequently in the guard house not to know a way of escape.

When the "tattoo" inspection was made that night there was chagrin galore at guard headquarters. Skeeter was absent. His horse also was missing. Half an hour later a solitary rider far out on the plain drew rein and listened as the faint sound of a cavalry bugle came to him in a sadly sweet strain, sounding "taps." He chuckled as he rode on. His own good horse was beneath him, a carbine was in its holster, a brace of pistols swung at his hips, and, best of all, at his side hung his well loved bugle.

A feeble moon struggled for a time with the haze and darkness and then disappeared; but Skeeter could have made the journey blindfolded, so in due time he reached Big Boulder. Sitting motionless in his saddle, he waited a moment, then hooted like an owl. Thrice the dolorous notes sounded. Only silence followed. Muttering a curse, the ex trooper dismounted and sat down on a boulder.

"Skeet!"

The voice was not an arm's length away, and the deserter sprang to his feet, pistol in hand, and peered into the darkness. Then came the low hoot of an owl, and his hand left his weapon.

"Ye red devil, where are ye?" he demanded.

A figure rose beside him.

"Little Fox here!"

The trooper detected a pompous note that was new in the Indian's voice.

"Well, if it wasn't fer this derned smoke I'd a seen ye, all right," he growled.

"Smoke heap worse tomorrow," was the response.

"What d'ye mean, Fox?"

He made a sudden step towards his companion, but the Sioux darted away.

"We ride," he said simply, and a moment later was astride his pony, trotting up the canyon, leaving the soldier to mount and follow at will.

For an hour they rode, practically in silence, the Indian leading and defeating every plan of the deserter to draw from him an explanation. They had decided

on a certain spring as a camping place until daylight, well knowing that they were safe from pursuit, as the officers would expect Skeeter to return of his own free will, as he had done so often before.

#### IV.

It was near midnight when the strangely matched pair picketed their horses and started a small fire. As the blaze leaped up it revealed the form of Little Fox drawn up to his fullest height, arms folded, dressed in the hideous ghost dance shirt and leggings, while daubs of red and yellow paint gave to his face the appearance of a fiend.

The trooper sprang to his feet, stood staring at the Indian in astonishment.

"Darn ye, what does it mean—them togs?" he demanded, pointing to the emblem of the red Messiah.

"Little Fox join his brothers. Great Spirit say to red man, 'Kill palefaces—burn ranch houses—red man come back from happy hunting ground and bring with him buffalo. All belong to red man.' Great Spirit speaks and Little Fox hears."

His voice with its boastful tone rose to a chanting cadence; his arms were uplifted, his body swayed, as the fires of fanaticism swept him.

"So ye're goin' to join them murderin' devils, are ye?" There was a threat in his tone.

"Great Spirit call, red man hear. 'Dig up hatchet and kill all palefaces!' Skeet go with Little Fox—paint face—dance to Great Spirit—be red man—when buffalo come back we hunt—no hide in mountains."

The soldier's impulse was to shoot him where he stood, but he shrank from the deed.

"When is it to take place?" he asked.

The Indian again flung out his arms, his body swayed, and a weird, droning chant came from his lips. Then he paused.

"The time here," he said. "Tonight give signal. Braves burn and kill. Tonight—tonight!"

Skeeter felt the blood leave his face as he asked:

"And the signal?"

"Three heap fires on Eagle Butte when the night half dead. You go?"

"I think I will, but let's take a drink." He handed the canteen to Little Fox, who seized it and gulped down a quantity of the liquor, then handed it back.

The soldier placed the canteen to his lips and tilted it towards the sky, but his



"WHERE'S THE TROOP?" WAS THE ANXIOUS QUERY.

tongue was pressed against the canteen mouth and not a drop passed it. His throat and lips were parched, but not from thirst.

He passed the canteen back to the Sioux and again and again urged him to drink, keeping up his own sham. Little Fox soon showed the effects of the whisky. He

slashed his arms with his hunting knife and laughed at the blood; he chanted of the Great Spirit's message; he gloated over the tempest of death that was to sweep the hated palefaces off the earth. Then suddenly he sprang to his feet, his face working convulsively, the very picture of a demon as seen by the camp fire's glow.

"Look!"

He pointed to the southward, but the motion was unnecessary. The trooper had kept his gaze thitherward ever since the story of the signal. And now a pillar of flame shot up from the summit of Eagle Butte. A minute passed—hours to the soldier standing with clinched jaws, peering out across the waste of rocks and alkali, every nerve at highest tension—and then another column of fire burned its way into the night, followed closely by a third.

Again the swaying form of the Indian circled about the fire, chanting and boasting of the deeds of blood that were to follow.

Skeeter's voice sounded hoarse and deep in his throat as he turned his back on Eagle Butte and urged the Sioux to drink, drink, drink. He joined in the dance and told of scalps he would take, pausing only to continue his pretense of drinking, and to press the whisky on the painted fiend at his side.

Little Fox was growing stupid from the liquor and the dance. The trooper fell by the fire, apparently unconscious; a moment later the Indian was also down, but he still chanted. Half an hour passed; the camp fire died out, a coyote wailed from a near by hill. The signal fires on Eagle Butte were burning lower. Little Fox was senseless.

## V.

Rising cautiously, Skeeter bent over the form of the Indian, and again the impulse came to bury his knife in the treacherous heart; but he turned away, and in a few minutes was in the saddle and riding away, leading the Indian's horse.

It was pitch dark, but he rode at a sharp trot back over the trail he had come, back towards the post, to join the men of his blood. The mouth of the canyon was reached. As he struck out across the plain he urged his horse to greater speed, pictured to himself the scene at the major's headquarters when he should report the signal and its meaning. The major's first act would be to dictate a message to Washington, he told himself, and the major's next act would be to order Skeeter placed in chains. He smiled grimly at

the thought. Then he pulled rein sharply. Another thought had come to him. What of Alice Gilbert at the Circle-X ranch over in Cougar Valley? He turned his horse's head and galloped off to the left. The fort must wait. His first duty was in Cougar Valley.

The night was waning, already he could see the first paleness in the eastern sky that heralded the approach of dawn. In an hour it would be light. He still led the Indian's pony, and with the free end of the picket rope he struck his mount, urging it forward. A pallor crept through the tan of his cheeks. The faint report of firearms came from the direction of the Circle-X. He paused in indecision. The fort was five miles away. If the Indians had already attacked the ranch, it was doubtful if he could reach the post in time to secure assistance. But the fight, if such it was, might not be at the Circle-X. He rode forward. Ten minutes later and his teeth clicked together. He could see the outbuildings of the ranch in flames; the spiteful crack of the Winchester showed that the fight was on in earnest. At the brow of the hill he dismounted, crept forward to the shelter of a pile of rocks, and carefully scanned the scene below, noting with satisfaction that it was but a small band that had swooped down on the place.

The firing from the house was steady, but pitifully weak, so that it was only a question of a very brief time until the reds would rush the place, butcher the defenders. Something very like a sob escaped the trooper as he crouched there and realized his helplessness. No horse-flesh could bring succor from the fort in time. In half an hour the story would be ended, the mangled bodies of the people of the ranch would be burning in the house that had sheltered them. Even as the thought flashed through his brain a fire brand hurtled through the air and fell on the roof of the house. In a moment the dry boards were ablaze.

There rose before him the sweet face of Alice Gilbert. He heard her pleading with the major for mercy for the drunken bugler; he saw her as she stood by his sick bed, tender, gracious, a divinity. He saw her as the Sioux battered down the doors and butchered the men. He saw her as the bloody demons with the lusts of hell in their breasts surrounded her.

"Oh, God!"

It was a moaning prayer from the deserter behind the rocks, from lips that had never known prayer.

He sprang to his feet and rushed back

to his horse. His blood was liquid fire, his brain a seething whirl. With a bound he was in the saddle, his bugle went to his lips, and the next instant the thrilling notes of "the charge" were ringing. Then he sank his spurs in his horse's flanks and dashed forward, the Indian's pony following.

They swept over the brow of the hill in a thundering gallop, and then straight for the surprised horde of Sioux he rode in the half dawn, guiding the well trained cavalry horse with his knees, and pouring in a rapid fire from a pistol clutched in his right hand, while with his left he pressed the bugle to his lips, and again and again its fierce notes rang out. The Sioux paused, bewildered. A cheer came from the house and the firing was quickened.

"The charge! The charge!" sounded the bugle. The hostiles had heard the call before, doubted not that a detachment of "long knives" was upon them. As they hesitated the Winchesters in the ranch house wrought death in their midst, and they wheeled their ponies and dashed away, sending a final volley back towards that shrieking trumpet, a volley that caused the lone trooper to drop his pistol and clutch at his breast. The notes of the bugle broke to a splutter as he reeled from the saddle.

When he opened his eyes Alice Gilbert and the men of the ranch were bending over him; one was forcing whisky down his throat. He twisted his head aside.

"Take that damned—stuff—away; give me water!" he gasped.

"Where's the troop?" was the anxious query.

He looked at them stupidly a moment. Then he smiled.

"The troop? I'm the troop."

Then things became confused, a delirium came over him, and they bore him towards the house. With the strength of fevered frenzy he seized the bugle again and once more "the charge" was sounded clear as of old.

Then the wounded man's arm dropped. In an instant he was clutching at those who bore him.

"God! D'ye hear that?" he exclaimed.

They paused a moment in silence. Then from far out on the plains came the faint, silvery notes of a cavalry bugle.

"They're comin'," he whispered, and fainted.

Ten or fifteen minutes later the troop pounded up to the ranch, the major at their head.

"We would have been too late had it not been for Skeeter's charge," he said, caressing the shock of red hair resting on the snowy pillow.

The post surgeon coaxed the trooper back to health without the aid of whisky, and now when the autumn haze drifts down from the mountains and the Sioux grow restless, the officers and men of the post recount the tale of the most thrilling temperance lecture known, and of the daring courage of Skeeter's charge.

### THE DEPTH OF LOVE.

BECAUSE he brought no tears to her dear grave,  
Many and many there were  
Who whispered, when no single sign he gave,  
"He never cared for her."

But down within the silence of his soul  
A surging ocean swept;  
Yet none could see the current onward roll,  
The tides that never slept.

Because I stand in silence when your eyes  
Look softly into mine;  
Because no words to my poor lips arise,  
Because I give no sign;

There are, perchance, those who would dare to say  
There is no heart in me.  
Beloved, let them cry! Be glad that they  
Can never sound our sea.

*Charles Hanson Towne.*

# THE CROWN OF LONDON.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL THAT FORMS THE DOMINANT ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS, AND THE GREAT ARCHITECT WHOSE MASTERPIECE AND MONUMENT IT IS.

ONLY a few years ago lower New York was dominated by the tall spire of Trinity, pointing heavenward from the very center of the New World's busiest arena of commerce and finance. Now the old church is dwarfed and lost amid the huge, many storied boxes of steel, stone, and brick that stand about it, structures of all styles and of all degrees of ugliness, temples of Mammon, the brazen god of gold. Never was there such a monument to modern materialism as the skyline of the American metropolis.

If ever London, which has adopted more than one American idea, shall acquire the skyscraper habit, and if Cheapside and Ludgate Hill shall bristle with sierras of twenty story office buildings, the old city on the Thames may gain commercially, but her artistic and spiritual loss will be far greater than that which New York has suffered in the eclipsing of Trinity's spire. For today St. Paul's cathedral, as it is seen from the near by streets, or, better, from the Embankment or one of the bridges—stately and solemn, with its splendid dome soaring above the crowded roofs—is the finest sight in London, perhaps the most impressive thing that any of the world's capitals can show.

## WREN'S OPPORTUNITY—AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.

It is strange that this grandest of all the English cathedrals—for the grandest it must be called, though assuredly not the most beautiful—should also be the youngest, and the only one built after the passing of the Gothic style so intimately identified with them. It is strange that it should date from a period that was distinctly a time of decadence in English architecture. It is singularly fortunate that in such a time, after the great fire that swept London in 1666, destroying old St. Paul's and fifty lesser churches, so unequalled an opportunity fell to a man worthy of it—a man of real taste, ingenuity, originality, and great constructive

skill. It is fortunate, again, that of several plans prepared by Christopher Wren for the new St. Paul's, the one that finally took shape should have been by far the best and noblest.

Wren's first model is preserved in the museum at South Kensington. It shows a great rotunda surrounded by a wide aisle, with a double portico in front; above rises a flat dome, surmounted by a second cupola raised on a lofty drum and crowned by a tall spire. This was the architect's idea of a church that should be neither a Roman basilica nor a medieval cathedral, but distinctively a modern Protestant place of worship. Its fortunate rejection was due to the opposition of the dean and chapter, the conservative ecclesiastics objecting to the absence of the time honored division into nave and choir. It had been approved by the king—that eminently qualified churchman, Charles II—and Wren is said to have been not a little disgusted when he had to abandon it.

His next plan retained the combination of dome and spire, and there were many changes before he reached his final design. It was only at the eleventh hour that he broke the exterior elevation into two orders—that is, two stories—instead of the traditional single order of the classical architects. The double design, involving one colonnade above another, is extremely difficult to work out symmetrically, but the gain to the majesty of Wren's cathedral may readily be measured by comparing it with St. Peter's, which was dedicated in the same century,\* and which is similar in its general plan. The Italian church is so greatly larger than the English that it has often been said—not quite truly—that St. Paul's could be put bodily inside of St. Peter's; but one has to appeal to the measurements to find it out. To the eye, St. Paul's is undoubtedly the grander

\* St. Peter's was begun by Bramante in 1506, but the original design was entirely changed by Michelangelo and later architects; the dome was finished in 1590, and the building dedicated in 1626. The first service in St. Paul's was held on Sunday, December 5, 1697.

of the two. The unbroken columns in the façade of St. Peter's are so colossal that they dwarf the whole structure.

With the successful innovation of the double order, and in spite of the fact that his ground plan was that of the cruciform medieval cathedral with choir, nave, and transepts, Wren's style was purely that of the classical renaissance—"after a good Roman manner," as he said himself, not following "the Gothic rudeness of the

ditions of Palladio and Michelangelo. A few years before, when Louis XIV summoned Bernini to Paris to supervise the rebuilding of the Louvre, Wren had journeyed there to worship at his shrine. The Italian—a man of less genius than the Englishman—showed his plans for the Louvre, but would not allow them to be copied, though Wren said that he "would have given his skin" for a tracing of them.

Wren was then thirty four years old,



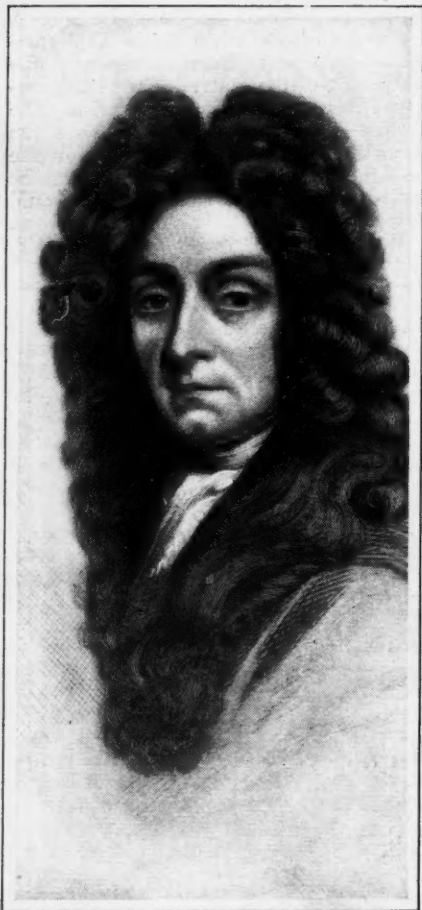
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S MASTERPIECE AND MONUMENT.

old design." In those days, it must be remembered, no term of contempt was too strong for the pointed architecture that was the glory of the middle ages. When we find a man of Wren's undoubted genius unable to see any beauty in the noble front of York Minster, the stately towers of Durham, the graceful ensemble of Salisbury, or the rich tracery of Gloucester, it suggests the query whether there is any such thing as finality in artistic taste.

#### CHRISTOPHER WREN AND HIS WORK.

Wren was a consistent classicist. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Bernini, the Italian architect who inherited the tra-

ditions of Palladio and Michelangelo. He had recently come to London from Oxford, where he had been Savilian professor of astronomy, and had distinguished himself by his studies in geometry and applied mathematics. His great contemporary, Newton, mentions him with high praise. It is not too often that a Cambridge mathematician finds occasion to commend a fellow worker of the sister university. Wren was an Oxonian through and through—an undergraduate at Wadham and a fellow of All Souls before he became a professor; and later in life he left an unmistakable mark upon Oxford architecture. He



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN (1632-1723).

*From an engraving by Jackman after the portrait by Kneller owned by the Royal Society.*

designed the Sheldonian Theater, the Ashmolean Museum, the chapels of Brasenose and Queen's College—none of which is a very notable performance; but in the Tom Tower of Christ Church he added to the city of "dreaming spires" the most dignified and congruous feature that it gained between the sixteenth century and our own day.

But most of Wren's long life—he died in his ninety first year—was spent in London, where, even apart from St. Paul's, he accomplished work enough to suffice most men. He had a leading share in the great rebuilding which followed the fire of 1666, and many of the best of the city churches are his—among them the famous Bow Church in Cheapside, whose fine tower is proverbially the central point of

Cockneyland; St. Bride's in Fleet Street; St. Michael's in Cornhill; St. Lawrence Jewry; and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. He was also the architect of Drury Lane Theater, the Greenwich Observatory, old Temple Bar, and William III's wing of Hampton Court; while Marlborough House, built for the conqueror of Blenheim, shows his ability as a designer of residences. He did not add to his fame by what was quite or nearly his latest work, the addition to Westminster Abbey of the two western towers. Success was indeed impossible in an attempt to harmonize Wren's "good Roman" with the "Gothic rudeness" of the splendid old church—a "rudeness" which we of today would prefer to see untouched.

One large and curiously modern plan formulated by Wren was never realized. This was a scheme for the reconstruction of London, after the fire, with wide avenues radiating from St. Paul's Churchyard to replace the old network of narrow streets. It was an idea that savored more of the twentieth than of the seventeenth century.

Wren was a man of varied gifts and interests. One of his *parerga* was the designing of the fortifications of Tangiers, in his day a British dependency. In many ways he was a shining light to his profession. He is said to have been extremely careful and judicious in expending his clients' money. In designing churches, he obtained the best effect at the least possible cost by centering his efforts in each case upon some special feature appropriate to the nature or location of the building—a spire, a tower, a handsome façade, or rich interior decoration—instead of striving for a structure impressive at every point.

He certainly was not avaricious. One of his largest buildings, the Royal Naval Hospital at Greenwich, was undertaken without fee, as a voluntary contribution to a charitable cause. As architect of St. Paul's, a post whose duties occupied most of his time and thought for thirty five years, his salary was only two hundred pounds a year. This was a trifling fee for his inestimable services as the creator of a building which cost more than a million pounds sterling, and which was a national work of prime importance.

Yet Wren was amply rewarded, for he gained immortality. Never was there a more just or more noble epitaph than the simple line on the tablet above his grave in the crypt of his great cathedral: "*Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice*" ("Reader, if you seek his monument, look around you").

# THE STAGE

A GOOD FIT FOR ALICE FISCHER.

When "Little Lord Fauntleroy" first captured New York, fourteen years ago, it was Alice Fischer who originated *Minna*, the black spot of wickedness in

that compound of sweetness and truth. She came from that abode of all sorts of genius, Indiana, having been brought up in Terre Haute. Having taken up the stage as a means of livelihood, her first



ALICE FISCHER, WHO IS THE LEADING FEATURE IN THE NEW AMERICAN COMEDY, "MRS. JACK."

*From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.*

engagement was with Frank Mayo, and later she appeared with Joseph Jefferson. After "Fauntleroy," it was difficult to convince managers that she was suitable for anything but the "villainess," so we

*Poppæa* in "Quo Vadis." She is tall, not in the least a sylph, and has a voice for which even the vast reaches of the Metropolitan Opera House possess no terrors. With such an insistent personality, it



ROBERT T. HAINES, LEADING MAN WITH BLANCHE BATES.

*From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*

find her smoking cigarettes in "The Sporting Duchess," inspiring creeps of horror by the vividness of the old hag Zephyrine in "Two Little Vagrants," and spreading terror in her path as *Queen*

seemed that she was doomed to play the adventuress to the end of the chapter.

Then came "Mrs. Jack," a comedy by an American woman, which called for a big, breezy, matter of fact American



ADÈLE RITCHIE, APPEARING AS "MRS. PINEAPPLE," THE BRIDE, IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

*From her latest photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.*



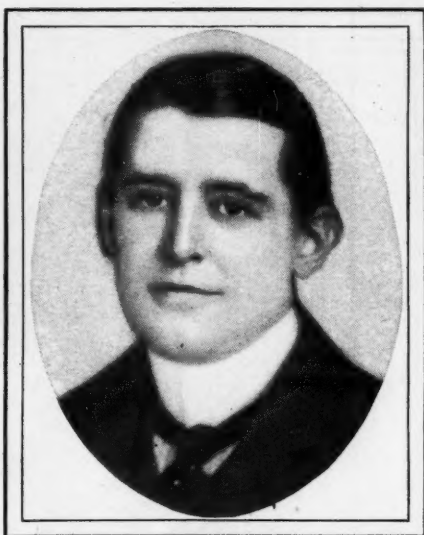
OLIVE CELESTE MOORE, WHO IS THE LATEST "ALAN A DALE" WITH THE BOSTONIANS IN "ROBIN HOOD."

*From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.*



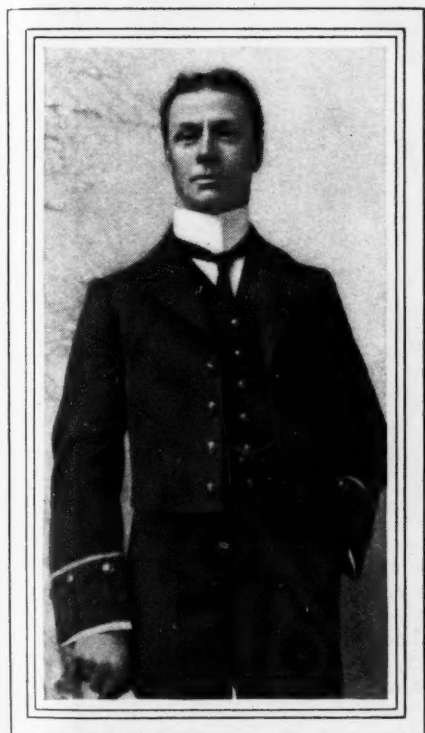
KATIE BARRY, WHO IS "FI FI," THE COCKNEY SLAVEY, IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

*From a photograph by Brinkley, Glasgow.*



CHARLEY CHERRY, WHO IS LEADING MAN WITH HENRIETTA CROSMAN.

*From a photograph by Conley, Boston.*



HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS "BARRY" IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "A COUNTRY GIRL."

*From a photograph by Ellis & Watery, London.*



FRED WRIGHT, JR., WHO IS "FETTIFER" IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE TOREADOR."

*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.*



SUSAN DRAKE, FORMERLY OF "FLORODORA," TO APPEAR IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER."

*From her latest photograph by Foley, New York.*

woman to play it. The main idea is delightfully promising. A wife who has not lived with her husband for years suddenly finds herself a widow and the heir to all his wealth. The situation has abundant possibilities, and if Grace Furniss, the dramatist, has not always made the best selection, it may be answered that she

did not set out to write the great American play, which very likely would not prove a box office winner did it ever come to performance.

The foils to *Mrs. Jack* are *Jack's* brother and sister, beside whom the erstwhile adventuress appears as an angel of light. Miss Fischer is wholly admirable



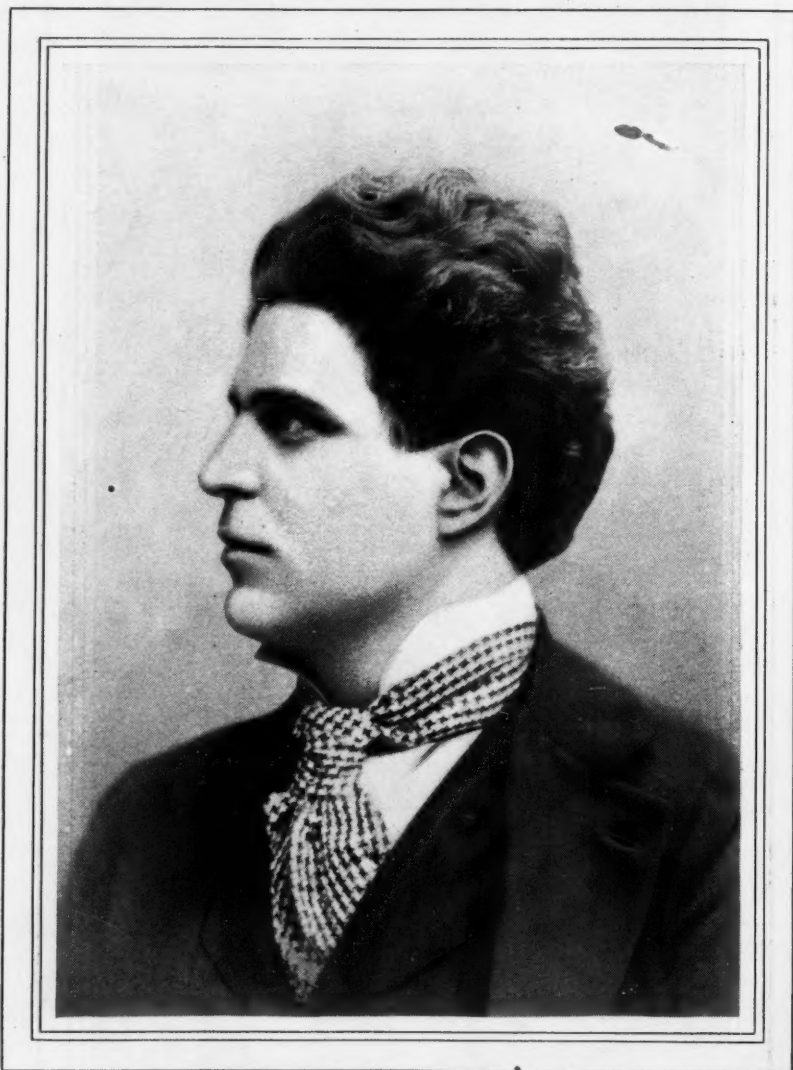
EVELYN MILLARD, LEADING WOMAN WITH GEORGE ALEXANDER IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

*From her latest photograph by Ellis & Walery, London.*

as the widow, because the part permits her to be her own rollicking self, and an audience usually enjoys a rôle which the artist enjoys playing. Of course *Mrs. Jack* marries again, and, as it happens,

bird," and the answer you are most likely to get is: "Oh, fairly good, but you ought to see that scene with the organ grinder. It's great."

As the American playgoing public is



PIETRO MASCAGNI, THE COMPOSER OF "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA," NOW ON A TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES AS A CONDUCTOR OF HIS OWN OPERAS.

*From a photograph by Guigoni & Bossi, Milan.*

William Harcourt, Miss Fischer's husband in real life, is the happy man.

#### JOHN DREW'S LATEST.

Ask for an opinion on John Drew's new play, "The Mummy and the Humming-

bird," now constituted, such comment on a piece is far more likely to insure it big audiences for an extended period than the more unreservedly eulogistic, "Very fine. Go and see it." Such reports as the latter were circulated about "The Second in

Command" last season, but while the production was an artistic hit, it was far from turning in at the box office the money it should have drawn. The American people—or at any rate the theatergoers of New York—want novelty; not novelty in plot, necessarily, but some one feature in the presentation that will stand out from all the rest and serve as a peg on which to hang anticipation.

As a piece of dramatic construction, "The Mummy and the Hummingbird" is erected on a foundation of wild improbability, and soldered together with the mortar of wonderful coincidences. The mummy is *Lord Lumley* (John Drew), who is so absorbed in his scientific investigations that he forgets his wife's birthday. The hummingbird is the Adonis-like Italian *D'Orelli* (Guy Standing), who tries to induce milord's neglected spouse (Margaret Dale) to run away with him. The organ grinder is another Italian, *Giuseppe* (Lionel Barrymore), who has come from London for the express purpose of finding the villain that robbed him of his sweetheart and then cast her aside to die. The reader does not need to be told that said villain is *D'Orelli*, but what he would enjoy seeing is the scene wherein *Lumley*, having invited the organ grinder in to dine with him, makes him tell his story without words, as neither understands the language of the other.

Young Barrymore, who is the son of the late Maurice Barrymore and the brother of Ethel Barrymore, proves himself a worthy member of so talented a family. In this, his first big opportunity, he "makes good," as the players phrase it, as much by what he refrains from doing as by what he does. Most young actors would have found it impossible to simulate the stolid stupidity of this humble son of Italy. Knowing him to be a member of the Latin race, they would have overloaded the characterization with gestures and by play that would have made it quite untrue to the type it was designed to depict.

Although Mr. Barrymore is the sensation of the performance, John Drew is well fitted with his part. He shows a particularly happy grasp of it in the last act, where he has awakened to what is going on between his wife and *D'Orelli* and has the villain completely at his mercy. The interest in these final scenes is well sustained, and the recurrence to the pantomime effects of the first act, now surcharged with new and momentous meaning, amounts to a happy stroke of genius on the part of the author, Isaac Hender-

son. Mr. Henderson is an American resident in London, in this respect resembling Richard Ganthony, author of last season's hit, "A Message from Mars."

#### MUSICAL COMEDY AS IT IS AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

What enterprising manager will acquire the right to all the song hits of the past few months and incorporate them into a single musical comedy? He might attain wealth past the dreams of avarice. Imagine being able to hear "Nancy Brown," "Mary Green," "Blooming Lize," "Dear Old Summertime," and all the rest of them, for the one price of admission! It would certainly be no more difficult to concoct a story that would carry all these "gems" than it is now for the average playgoer to understand the so called plot that offers but a single one of them.

Such a vaudeville farce could not be more chaotic than "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard." And yet this fifth offering of John J. McNally, with the two little variety players as chief exponents, draws as packed houses as did their incursion into Wall Street, the most coherent and reasonable of the series. This year, however, it is the girls, the gowns they wear, and the stage manager's disposition of the combination, that form the strongest drawing card. A number at the opening of the second act, introducing the daisy chain, is as pretty as anything ever seen across the footlights. "Reuben and His Maid" is growing rather attenuated. In the composer's anxiety to make each year's air as catchy as the last, he dares depart only slightly from familiar forms. The resultant melody seems like some uncanny thing, suspended between birth and banishment, and badly in need of a good square meal.

Almost the same thing may be said of "Sally in Our Alley," a song and dance concoction which George W. Lederer has not attempted to define, merely "begging to present" it. There are many tedious moments, but an unwontedly liberal supply of pretty girls, and a septet for the latter which, together with a novel first act finale, has already assured the piece a lengthy career. Marie Cahill is *Sally*, and even the inanity of some of the things she is called on to do cannot detract from a certain natural refinement in her work, which has always been one of her chief charms.

While new light musical ventures are claiming the attention of New Yorkers, "A Chinese Honeymoon," a hold over from last spring, continues to crowd the

Casino as it was filled only during the "Florodora" reign. Adèle Ritchie, the *Mrs. Pineapple* of the cast, first came into prominence nine years ago, while appearing with Marie Tempest in "The Algerian," an opera to which Reginald de Koven had written the music. The prima donna being ill, Miss Ritchie took her place, and proved so satisfactory to the public that it was not long before she was regularly filling the leading rôle. She is a Philadelphia Quakeress, was educated in a convent, and her first appearance was in a very small part with "The Isle of Champagne," in which her present stage husband, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, made his great hit as a star.

The biggest hit in "A Chinese Honey-moon" is the smallest person in it—Katie Barry, who does the English slavey, *Fi Fi*. She is an Englishwoman who has been on the stage all her life. She was playing in "The Gay Grisetee" on the other side last spring when the opportunity to cross the Atlantic and create *Fi Fi* in the States offered. Miss Barry did not spring at it, for she does not like the sea. She was over here about eleven years ago with Florence St. John in "Faust Up To Date," as *Siebel*. Later she came again, with Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss in "Cinderella," impersonating the small part, *Dandini*. After that, in her own land, she played the title rôle in "The Lady Slavey," done here by Virginia Earl.

It was Louie Freear's hit in "The Girl from Paris" with "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note" that suggested a different line of parts to Miss Barry. A touring company was to be sent out with "The Girl from Paris" and she asked for the rôle. As she had never done character work before, the management hesitated about making the experiment, but finally gave her the chance to try, and the result was so satisfactory that she has remained in that line ever since.

Off the stage Miss Barry is a pleasant looking young woman, with little to suggest the creature in blue bloomers who turns hand springs every night on the Casino stage. Of course she is gratified at her success, but confesses to being tired of the work.

"Just think," she says, "I have been playing ever since I was a baby in arms."

Our portraits of Huntley and Fred Wright, Jr., show two brothers who figure prominently in the London productions of musical comedies. Fred, Jr., is *Pettifer*, the animal man in "The Toreador," and was *Lord Coodle* in "A Runaway Girl." Huntley created on the other side the two

comic Chinamen in "The Geisha" and "San Toy," played here by James T. Powers. His *Barry* in "A Country Girl"—done in New York by William Norris—is a very clever performance. Lionel Monckton, by the way, who wrote the music for "A Country Girl," is a son of Sir Charles Monckton, and his mother was an actress.

### THREE ENGLISH WEAKLINGS.

Charles Frohman's first venture of the new season was made with "The New Clown," a farce that had some measure of success in London last year, but whose career in the States was limited to a very few weeks. The premises of the piece are absurd in conception and bungling in execution. A man pushes his friend from a window into the river, and believes that he has been drowned, confusing him with a dog of the same name—Jack. To escape the police he takes the place of a clown in a circus, and some of his adventures here are worth seeing, but the whole scheme, as will be apparent, is preposterous, even for farce.

Robert Marshall, the British army captain who wrote the charming "Royal Family" and the clever "His Excellency the Governor," has not enhanced his reputation by making a new version of "The Ladies' Battle," from the French of Scribe and Legouvé. "There's Many a Slip" followed "The New Clown" at the Garrick, and did not do so well as that luckless farce, in spite of a fine cast, including Jessie Millward, Sydney Herbert, and Leo Ditrichstein. This play also served as the vehicle for the American début of the British earl, Lord Rosslyn, who figured on the bills as James Erskine.

The following night, another English piece flashed in the pan at the Garden Theater—"Aunt Jeannie," by E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo." The play introduced Mrs. Patrick Campbell to New York for her second season, and was a cross between a "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in its morals and an Oscar Wilde compote in epigrams. But as the thing was far behind its models in both respects, it seemed on the one hand extremely improbable and on the other frightfully talky. A member of the audience was overheard to remark, "If it started as well as it ended, and kept on improving as it did, it might be worth seeing." However, people are not paying their way into the theater to witness a playwright's maneuvers in leading strings, and even the sterling art of Mrs. Campbell could not save "Aunt Jeannie"

from the shelf. Fortunately for her, she was not dependent on the one novelty.

#### THE REIGN OF "ROBIN HOOD."

The "famous original Bostonians" have at last taken the bull by the horns. Despairing of getting hold of another real success, they have announced a "magnificent revival" of "Robin Hood," which was first produced in 1890. Of late years they have given the favorite in a sort of apologetic manner. Now they are reaping the reward of their courage. Although there are only four of the "originals" left—Barnabee, McDonald, Frothingham, and Josephine Bartlett—and there is nothing particularly "magnificent" about either the number of people employed or the new scenery that has been provided, the old familiar airs exert a drawing power all their own, and the big Academy of Music was crowded during the month as it has not been filled for many a night during the régime of farmyard twaddle that seems to have a lien on the former home of melody.

The company as a whole is perhaps the poorest that has ever given the piece, but in Grace Van Studdiford they have the best *Maid Marian* in the whole list of them. She sings like a bird, and infuses dash and life into the whole performance. The new *Alan a Dale*, Olive Celeste Moore, is a graduate from a Brooklyn church choir; so is Weeden, who alternates *Robin Hood* with *Harold Gordon*; from the Castle Square forces. Allen C. Hinckley, the *Will Scarlet*, is one of the first fruits of the new School of Opera.

#### FOR FASHION AND FUN.

A unique experiment will be in its swaddling clothes stage when these lines are read. A New York woman who has gained reputation by making the gowns for many well known American actresses decided that there was money in labeling a theater "smart." So she has taken the tiny Berkeley Lyceum, had its interior done over, and the whole rechristened "Mrs. Osborn's Play House." The prices for seats are two dollars and a half; the performance is not to begin until nine o'clock, and the interval between the acts will be utilized as a sort of social function. Every one is expected to come in evening dress, but Thursday has been set apart as "subscription" or extra "smart" night.

The entertainment to be provided amid these swell surroundings is a musical comedy by two Americans, Messrs. Waters

and Rupert Hughes, and courageously labeled "Tommy Rot." The name was not fixed on until after long deliberation and the discarding of the more respectable, if less startling, "Understudy." Those who have heard the music at rehearsals report it to be of the catchy sort, and the announcement that the second attraction is by Clifton Crawford, author of "Nancy Brown," would indicate that however insistent Mrs. Osborn may be as regards the proper dress for the body, she is going to provide the ear with that which it most craves. Among those engaged in the company is Alfred Hickman, who is tired of being referred to as the original *Little Billee* in "Trilby," and Blanche Ring, who is said to have kept the song "In the Dear Old Summertime" hid away in her trunk for years, in despair of getting anybody to let her sing it until her chance came in "The Defender" last spring.

#### "CAPTAIN MOLLY" PUT TO FLIGHT.

The Manhattan Theater threw open its doors on September 8 for its second season under the Fiske management, and continued to live up to its reputation of having the neatest programs and the poorest plays in the metropolis. Indeed, "Captain Molly" was by a good deal the worst yet. Written by George C. Hazelton, who struck luck and Henrietta Crosman with his "Mistress Nell," it purported to set forth the love affairs of Molly Pitcher, the heroine of the Battle of Monmouth. What it did do was to make the judicious grieve over the fact that such a crude attempt should be labeled "American comedy." To be sure, Elizabeth Tyree did what was possible with an impossible heroine, but nothing could save such balderdash.

Here is a sample of Mr. Hazelton's grade of humor: A soldier says to *Molly*, "If you were my wife, I'd give you poison," to which *Molly* promptly retorts, "And if you were my husband, I'd take it." In the last act the lover, supposed to be slain on the field of battle, arranges with some yokels to carry him into the inn on a bier covered by the American flag, and after listening to *Molly's* lamentations, which include a confession of her love for him, he rises up like a Jack in the box and announces that it's only a joke. And this in a house which proudly declares that it is "the primary aim of its management to make it a home for the artistic drama"! No wonder that the piece lived but three weeks, affording Minnie Dupree a chance to get a metropolitan hearing for "A Rose o' Plymouth Town."

# John Burt.\*

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

JAMES BLAKE comes to New York to transact some important Wall Street operations for his friend John Burt, whose California mining interests have netted him millions; and also to learn the whereabouts of John's boyhood sweetheart, Miss Jessie Carden, and to ascertain if Arthur Morris is living. For when, some years before, John Burt fled from his New England home, Morris was hovering between life and death, stricken down by John's hand for making an insulting remark about Jessie.

Blake finds that Arthur Morris is alive, and that he has become a power in the world of finance. He cultivates Morris' acquaintance, and the latter, while in his cups, confides in him that he is engaged to Jessie Carden, and that her father has lost his fortune and become in a measure dependent on him. Blake carries this news to John Burt, who thereupon comes to New York.

## XXI.

AFTER an absence of two years Jessie Carden looked forward with pleasure to a home coming. Her studies in Berlin were ended, and Professor Reidesel departed from his established rule and openly praised her work. Charmed by her beauty, the famous Steinbach craved and obtained permission to paint her portrait, which he presented to her on behalf of her tutors and fellow students. General Carden was a proud and happy father when he received the portrait, and gave it the place of honor in his drawingroom.

Jessie had bidden her kind instructors and friends adieu, and was about leaving Berlin for a brief visit to Paris, when she received a cablegram from General Carden requesting her to return home at once. The message was so worded that Jessie was mystified, but not alarmed.

After a stormy voyage the liner steamed into Boston harbor, and General Carden clasped his daughter in his arms. At first glance she hardly recognized him. His face was drawn, and the dark hair and beard had turned to silver gray.

"You will be brave, my pet," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I have sad news for you, Jessie."

"There can be no very sad news, papa dear, so long as you are alive," said Jessie. With a woman's intuition she guessed the truth. Like a flash the interview in the old grape arbor came back to her.

"I am ruined, Jessie. My bank has failed, and my fortune is swept away. That is not all. Our old home is in the

hands of creditors, and I am a bankrupt—a bankrupt at the age of fifty."

Jessie smiled through her tears.

"I am distressed on your account, papa dear, but you must not worry in the least over me. I have money, papa; lots and lots of money. I have saved nearly two thousand dollars out of my allowance. We shall get along famously. I can more than earn my own living, and I shall see that you grow young again and regain all that you have lost."

A new light came into General Carden's eyes as he listened to these brave words. That evening, in the modest apartments he had rented, General Carden told Jessie the story of his downfall. The unexpected depreciation of a certain stock, coupled with heavy demands on his bank, had forced him to the wall. Randolph Morris was his principal creditor, and negotiations were then in progress by which he hoped to transfer his L. & O. stock to Mr. Morris in consideration of a loan which would enable him to settle with his minor creditors.

"If Mr. Morris refuses to extend this accommodation, I shall be in lasting disgrace," faltered General Carden. "Your Aunt Helen and her husband, Thomas Bishop, have large sums deposited with me. Many of my personal friends and old army comrades have trusted me with every dollar they possessed. If Mr. Morris consents to make this loan I can meet these obligations, face the world, and begin the fight anew. Arthur Morris is now a member of the firm, and the matter has been placed in his hands. I regret

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this exceedingly. Arthur Morris seems to have conceived a dislike for me, and while he has not rejected my proposition he treats me coldly. We will talk no more of it, Jessie, my pet. Let us hope for the best."

Jessie Carden had listened quietly. Until that day she had given little thought to the problem which ever confronts the great mass of mankind—how shall we live, wherewithal shall we be fed, clothed, and housed? She knew, or at least thought she knew, what poverty meant—for others—but it never had occurred to her that a day could come when the springs of affluence would run dry.

She looked at her father's pale and anxious face, and saw him run his hand nervously through his whitened locks. The little room in which they sat looked mean and want haunted. The faded carpet, the cheap wall paper, the tawdry decorations, the low and marred ceiling, the wailing of a sick child through the thin partition, the odor of a kitchen, the rumble of traffic over a cobblestone pavement—surely this was a dream from which she would awaken to find herself in the stately mansion on the great boulevard.

The dear old home was as vivid to her as on the day she left for Europe. She could see her room looking out on the Charles River; the climbing ivy softly seeking an entrance, the green lawns with their fountains, the gentle voices of the old servants who loved and petted her, the great brown eyes of the horses as they lifted their heads when she entered their stables, the quaint homestead with its hallowed recollections of three generations, the fashionable calm of an exclusive neighborhood—surely these had not gone from her forever.

Yet it was not a dream. At the sound of the name of Arthur Morris the past and the present stood before her in vivid colors. She must be brave; she would be brave. She realized that she was no longer a girl; she was a woman, and would play a woman's part. But how? She thought of Morris and shuddered.

With that superb insight which nature gives to woman, the plot devised by Arthur Morris lay bare before her eyes. Her father was immeshed in the net which had been set for her. To release him must she be caught in the toils?

The gentle doe at bay will fight. The most docile of God's creatures arouses at times to resist the hand of cruelty. The dormant faculties of defense which are planted in every woman's heart spring on

guard when the gentler traits are trampled underfoot, and when those she loves are threatened.

Self defense is the heritage which has come to a woman with a civilization which has crowned her with an equality in loving and in being loved. No longer a slave, she has developed the weapons of defense and acquired a skill in using them. Should woman surrender her powers of resistance, or again tamely yield to man's duplicity, injustice, and usurpation, slavery will again be her portion and love will cease to exist.

The Bishops had purchased a residence in New York, and there was waiting for Jessie a letter from her aunt cordially inviting her to spend April and May with them in the metropolis, and to be their guest in Hingham during the summer.

"Your uncle Thomas and myself shall be delighted if you make our home yours until General Carden has settled his affairs," wrote her aunt. "I have written your father, and he gladly gives his consent, though I know it to be a sacrifice for him. You will like New York, and will thoroughly enjoy yourself."

General Carden had advised her to accept the invitation, but Jessie had at first declared that her place was with him, and would not listen to his arguments.

"I have changed my mind about accepting Aunt Helen's invitation," she said when General Carden paused. "You must not think me undutiful, papa, but I have decided to go to New York for a few weeks at least. I believe I can sell some of my sketches and paintings there, and—and—well, I think it best to go."

"You are a wise little girl, Jessie," said General Carden. "I shall be in New York nearly as much as in Boston, and you will be much happier there."

A week later Jessie was fondly greeted by her aunt. Her charming cousin, Edith Hancock, was also a visitor in the Madison Avenue mansion. Thomas Bishop belonged to an old New York family, and was proud to introduce his beautiful nieces to the exclusive society circles in which the Bishops had been welcomed. He would not listen to Jessie's plan of selling her pictures, and in the maze of receptions, balls, and theater parties which followed her arrival Jessie postponed that doubtful project.

It was at the Cregier reception that she again met Arthur Morris. Edith had returned to Massachusetts, and Jessie went under the escort of her cousin, "Bert" Hancock—Edith's brother—who had already established his standing in the

legal profession, and was marked for political honors.

Not until the hostess had pronounced Jessie's name in presenting Arthur Morris did that dazed young millionaire fully recognize her. He had thought her interesting in Hingham, and fascinating in Berlin, even though gowned in the quiet habit of a student, but not until that night had the matchless beauty of Jessie Carden been set in a frame which did it justice. Her ball gown was of soft white silk, and around her neck were the famous Hancock pearls, once worn by her mother, and by her grandmother before her.

The superb mass of dark brown hair lay in glossy folds above the perfect brow. The dark eyes glowed with that beauty which comes from a cultured mind. The clinging fabric revealed the slender, graceful, and rounded outlines of virile youth—no longer the broken curves of spring, but the symmetry of nascent summer.

Jessie looked with a quiet smile into the bewildered face of Arthur Morris. For a moment he was unable to speak, and gazed blankly, first at Jessie and then at Mrs. Cregier.

"Really—why, really—why—why, don't you know, Mrs. Cregier, Miss Carden and I have met before!" he exclaimed. "In fact—why, in fact, we are old acquaintances; are we not, Miss Carden?"

"I recall having met Mr. Morris," said Jessie, addressing her hostess.

"I am always making the stupid blunder of introducing old friends," laughed Mrs. Cregier. At that moment her daughter announced arriving guests, and, smilingly excusing herself, Mrs. Cregier turned to greet the newcomers.

It was a trying moment for Jessie Carden. Before her stood the one being in all the world whom she hated. Why had fate thrown him as a reptile across her path? She longed to crush the serpent's head with her tiny heel, yet she knew that the snake had cunning, and that her father was caught in his coils. Never until that moment did she realize the power of money or sound the fathomless depths of hatred.

To spurn Arthur Morris, to satisfy her pride, and to feed her revenge was the thought which flamed in her mind and trembled on her lips. In that moment it required all her self possession to restrain this impulse. But the careworn face of her father, and the thought of his humbled pride, came back to her. She would take up his cause and fight his battles with a woman's weapons.

"May I say something to you, Miss Carden?" ventured Morris. "I've been wishing to talk to you for a long time, or rather write something, but—but—let's get out of this crush so I can explain myself."

Jessie permitted Morris to escort her to a quite corner.

"I want to apologize for what I did in Berlin, or rather for coming to Berlin," he began. "I know I had no right, after you returned my letter, to intrude the way I did, but I wished to see you awfully, Miss Carden, and was ass enough to think—well, to think you wouldn't care. I was wrong, and I beg your pardon."

"That is not the offense for which you should crave forgiveness," said Jessie Carden. Scorn was in her voice and a warning flash in her beautiful eyes. "Your intrusion in Berlin was insolent, but it was in harmony with a greater affront which preceded it and one of which no gentleman would be guilty. If it has passed out of your recollection, I shall not recall it. If you have nothing more to say, leave me, sir!"

"I have! I have!" cried Morris, cowering before her indignant gaze. "Pray be seated, Miss Carden, and listen to me."

"I should not listen to you," she said coldly.

"I know the time you mean, Miss Carden." His face flushed a deeper red and he looked at her with appealing eyes. "You mean that affair at the clambake. I was intoxicated, Miss Carden. It's a hard word, but I'm going to be honest and throw myself on your mercy. I drank too much wine, and I don't know what I said or did after I came ashore from the *Voltaire*. But I couldn't have said anything against you, because, don't you know—well, because I thought too much of you. I wanted to explain this in Berlin, but you wouldn't let me. If you'll forgive me now, Miss Carden, I promise you that I will never be in that condition again. If we were alone I would get on my knees and ask your pardon, but I can't do it here, don't you know. I am very, very sorry, really I am, Miss Carden, and I want to be good friends with you."

She longed to spurn his prayers and to ask him to take back the white locks from above her father's brow and remove the stain of his disgrace. She longed to demand of him the return from exile of the man who had resented his insults and risked his life and imperiled his future in her defense. She realized that the man who had crushed her father was now in her power, and felt that triumphant joy

which only a woman can know. But it wounded her pride to think that Morris dared aspire to her love. She charged the sacrifice she was about to make against the account of a future revenge.

"I should not forgive you," she said. "When a man who pretends to your position so far forgets himself he should first seek and obtain his own pardon. He should then seek to redress all the wrongs caused by his offense. Are you prepared to do that, Mr. Morris?"

"I don't think I exactly understand what you mean, Miss Carden."

"I will make myself plain," said Jessie. "You attempted to murder a young man who resented your insults in a public place, and in the encounter you were injured. For years you have had a standing reward for the arrest of this innocent man. Having reason to fear the power of your money and influence, and preferring not to blight his career on account of it, he has remained in exile, with an unjust charge hanging over him. Are you willing to take steps to absolve him? Mr. Burt has been the greater victim of your conduct."

"But, my dear Miss Carden, I haven't the slightest notion of where the fellow is, don't you know," said Morris, with a puzzled expression. "'Pon my word, I had almost forgotten there ever was such a chap. We had a beastly row, in which I got shot, and all the fellows who were with me say I started it, and that the pistol went off in my own hand. I assure you that I don't remember a thing about it. The governor offered the reward. I can get him to withdraw it, and put a notice in some of the papers that no prosecution will be made. I haven't anything against that chap Burt, 'pon my word I haven't. He was out of our class, and all that sort of thing, don't you know, Miss Carden. He might be a very decent sort of a fellow, after all, and it's thoughtful of you to remind me of this. I'll do anything you say, Miss Carden."

"I suggest that you publicly announce the withdrawal of the reward, and state that he will not be prosecuted," said Jessie, as if the matter was merely one of abstract justice. "It seems to have been decreed that we be repeatedly thrown into each other's society, and if you are confident that I shall not again be embarrassed by your indiscretions, I consent to overlook the past."

"You are very good!" he exclaimed effusively. "It's more than I deserve, but you will not regret it, Miss Carden. My governor and yours are mixed up in

business, and it's a beastly shame, don't you know, that we should be at odds. By the way, I'm awfully sorry about the general's financial troubles. Hope he pulls out of them all right, and think he will. I'm trying now to make a deal which will help him out. And you're not angry with me now, are you? Let's shake hands and call it square!"

Morris extended a soft fat hand, and Jessie, with an inward shudder, permitted him to clasp hers for a moment. Her cousin approached and claimed her for a dance.

For weeks Morris continued to be present at most of the social functions attended by Jessie Carden. He apparently so far reinstated himself in her favor as to be permitted to call at the Bishop residence. His habits during this period were beyond reproach, and his friend Kingsley went so far, as to assert that he was growing good looking.

"You must be in love, Commodore," he declared. "It's either love or lithia—perhaps both. Bacchus the slave of Venus! By Jove, that's a great subject for a painting! I shall tell our artist friend Holloway the woful tale of your reformation, and have him make a mythological picture of it. The merry god under Venus' spell empties his wine casks, composes love ditties, and carries his loved one's shawl. Come to think of it, Venus had no shawl. However, Holloway can fix that. By Jove, you're looking fine, old man! Think I'll quit myself."

Morris grinned his pleasure and revelled in the soft impeachment.

The summer season was at hand, and Jessie was looking forward with pleasure to a sojourn in Hingham. Arthur Morris had been devoted in his attentions, and Jessie felt a thrilling wickedness at the tacit encouragement she had given him. He was her escort to theaters and receptions. She had permitted him to monopolize her company. Edith Hancock returned to New York, and Jessie made of her a confidant.

"I never dreamed I could be so deceitful," she admitted to Edith, who had bluntly asked if she were engaged to Morris. "I feel so wicked that I hardly dare look papa in the face. You know papa really thinks I like Arthur Morris, and it almost breaks my heart to know he is willing I should marry him. It's horrible, Edith, horrible!"

The expression of contrition died out and the dark eyes flashed defiantly.

"I suppose I should imitate the timid maiden of fiction and supinely submit to

the scheming of a moneyed villain until rescued by some adventurous hero," declared Jessie bitterly. "But it is in no sense likely that a hero will come to my relief, so I must wage my own battles. It is modern, and accordingly unromantic. Mr. Morris is holding his wealth as a weapon over my father's head, and in their commercial transactions I am rated as having a certain collateral value. I am to fold my hands, close my eyes, and tacitly assent to the terms agreed upon. Papa has debts, Mr. Morris has money, and I am alleged to have beauty. I propose to use the one weapon in my possession, and, if possible, save my father from the clutches of that villain. I hate money. I hate Arthur Morris, and I intend to punish him for his insolence. Were it not for his wealth and papa's embarrassment he would not dare speak to me. He has deceived and swindled us. He holds possession of our home, has smirched our good name, and now I am to be thrown in to make full the measure of his profit. And he really thinks I should be delighted with the bargain! It makes me mad to think of it! I long to crush him. This is my romance, Edith, but I do not intend it shall be a tragedy. You are the one person in the world to whom I can tell my troubles, or from whom I can seek sympathy."

Edith kissed away the two mad little tears which glistened in Jessie's eyes.

That evening Arthur Morris called on Jessie Carden. Of her favorable answer to his suit he had not the slightest doubt. He had carefully rehearsed his avowal. After critically reviewing his campaign since quitting Paris he decided that he had made no mistakes.

"It has worked out like the moves on a chessboard, and I have captured this queen," he mused triumphantly on his way to the Bishop residence. "She wouldn't listen to me so long as old Carden had money, and the governor took that away from him. That crippled her fight. Money's the thing. Love is all right in its place, but money pays the bills. I own the fastest horse on the track, the swiftest yacht on the Hudson, and now I want to have the prettiest bride in New York. She's a bit high spirited just now, but she will wear well. By Jove, I'm almost in love!" And to the extent of his selfish, material nature he was.

He made his declaration confidently, but with more of feeling than Jessie thought him capable. For one instant she felt sorry for him and thought to end a scene which was distasteful by a posi-

tive refusal of his suit. But only for an instant did she hesitate to assume the part upon which she determined.

"Mr. Morris," she said with an earnestness which almost tricked herself, "I owe a duty to my father which I cannot forego. He is alone and in trouble, and I cannot leave him. You know little of the pride of the Cardens if you imagine that the daughter of General Marshall Carden will give her hand in marriage so long as the shadow of bankruptcy hangs over his name."

"But, Jessie," interposed Morris eagerly, "that can all be fixed, don't you know. Your father is not really bankrupt, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. He has assets, stocks, and securities which will more than meet all claims against him. That can all be arranged. Don't you worry your pretty head about business affairs, but leave them to the men."

"That is what my father says," said Jessie demurely, but with a growing indignation. "Still, I know he is in trouble, and I cannot think of marriage until he no longer fears to look any man in the face. I know little of business affairs, but I do know that he is in debt. He is confident that he will be able to meet all of his obligations, and talks gaily of sending me to Paris to complete my studies, but I fear his hopes are unfounded. Aunt Helen has offered to meet my expenses abroad, and it is likely I shall go to Paris in the autumn. Beyond that I do not see my way clear, only—I cannot marry you now."

Morris again assured Jessie of his absolute confidence in General Carden's financial future, and attempted to secure some conditional promise from her.

"I am willing to wait, don't you know," he said. "I'm sure General Carden will come out all right. Go abroad if you like, but promise to marry me when you return." He gazed longingly at her.

"No. I shall only promise not to marry within the next three years. Will that satisfy you?"

Morris left Jessie's presence wild with delight over his fancied success.

A few days later General Carden arrived from Boston and held several conferences with Arthur Morris. One night he greeted Jessie with unusual tenderness. The old proud light was in his eyes. His shoulders were thrown back and his step was elastic.

"I am no longer a bankrupt, Jessie, my darling," he said when they were alone. "I have so disposed of my securities to

Mr. Morris that I am able to pay all of my debts and have enough remaining to send you abroad, my pet. And Mr. Morris has given me a position in his bank, with a chance of a partnership."

"Oh, that's splendid!" exclaimed Jessie. "Are you sure you will not be disappointed? Is it all arranged beyond any doubt?"

"Here is the check," said General Carden in some surprise. "Why do you ask, Jessie?"

"Because I wish to go to Paris as soon as possible," was the answer. "I am just crazy to take up my painting and music. And now I can go, can't I, papa?"

"Certainly, my pet, but I thought you intended to spend the summer in Hingham. Mr. Morris goes there next week."

"I would rather go to Paris at once, papa," said Jessie decisively. "I will be an old woman before I finish unless I begin at once. It is lovely in Paris in summer. I can go, can't I, papa?"

Jessie sailed for Paris ten days later. Arthur Morris called twice before she left and vainly endeavored to persuade her to spend the summer in Hingham.

"I told you that General Carden would come out all right," he said with a meaningful smile. "Our bank was very glad to extend the accommodation."

"Papa has told me none of the details, and if he had I wouldn't have understood them," said Jessie. "I thought it was a regular business transaction. You don't mean to say my father—General Carden—is the recipient of a favor—an accommodation at any banker's hands?"

"Not at all; not at all," stammered Morris, lowering his eyes before her searching gaze. "The affair was strictly a business one. I only wish to point out that everything has turned out just as I predicted. The securities were in such shape that our bank could handle them—and we handled them. That's all."

Morris asked permission to write, and Jessie granted it, but warned him that she was going to Paris to work—not to write letters.

Jessie bade her father and her kinsfolk good by with a gaiety which was strange to her, and felt a positive relief when the steamship swung majestically out of the harbor. Arthur Morris stood on the pier and waved his hand in adieu. Jessie entered her stateroom and viewed with disdain a huge mass of roses—the gift of the young man on the pier. She rang the bell with vigor and a maid responded.

"Those flowers annoy me," she said. "Take them away."

It was nearly two years before Jessie Carden again sailed into New York harbor. Shortly before, Arthur Morris had acquainted James Blake with the "secret" of his engagement.

## XXII.

"HERE are the papers, papa dear. And here are cigars and matches. I found your glasses on the writing desk. You are careless as ever, papa dear. Who has taken care of you since I have been away? Isn't it nice to have some one who knows just what you wish and where to find it?"

"It is, Jessie, my pet; thank you very much!" And General Carden placed his arm around his daughter's waist, drew her fair face down to his, and kissed her fondly.

"You must not read all the evening, papa, because I have so many things to tell you," said Jessie, smoothing back the scant gray locks. "I just must talk to some one of my triumphs abroad. Cousin Edith is coming tomorrow, and I know I shall bore her to death. Now I will be quiet as a mouse for an hour, and then you must talk to me—or, rather, let me talk to you. You don't know what a relief it is, papa, to converse with some one who hasn't a French or German accent." And Jessie Carden opened a book and drew a chair near her father's side.

"I will be your listener, Jessie, when I have looked over the market reports and read the editorial on the President's special message," said General Carden, and a moment later he was deep in the mysteries of long columns of cabalistic figures, which he studied and pondered with an interest known only to those whose fortunes are centered in Wall Street.

They were in the drawingroom of Mr. Bishop's New York residence.

Thomas Bishop was born in New York City, and spent his early manhood in that metropolis. His father willed to him the old farm near Hingham, and when he won the hand of Helen Carden—the only sister to Marshall Carden—he took his bride to the old country mansion and passed the honeymoon beneath its broad gables and amid the typical New England surroundings. He held fast to his New York real estate, and managed his farm with a skill not surpassed by his neighbors. As a consequence, he waxed rich not only in Massachusetts, but in New York, sturdily refusing to touch a dollar of his wife's fortune, which that good woman invested with a caution not imitated by her brother.

Obeying an instinct which has all the effect of a natural law, Thomas Bishop had drifted back to his birthplace, retaining the old Hingham mansion as a summer residence. The age of sixty found him hale and hearty, the owner of a brownstone residence in Madison Avenue, New York City, and delighted to share its comforts with Marshall Carden and his daughter. In deference to the general's pride, the Bishops accepted a nominal stipend for the accommodations furnished. No wreck cast against the rocks of speculation ever stranded on a shore more pleasant or in waters more quiet.

"It is remarkable how easily a new concern can establish itself in Wall Street," said General Carden, laying aside his paper and slowly wiping his glasses. Jessie raised her eyes with dutiful interest. "It was not so in the old conservative days. It then took years to establish a standing and a credit. Now a man can come out from the West, rent a suite of offices, put out his sign, and have the Street by the ears in thirty days. For example, take this man Blake, who has established the firm of Blake & Company. No one ever heard of him in New York until recently. He suddenly appeared here from San Francisco, and conducted a campaign which swept two old established houses off their feet. His profits were conservatively estimated at eight millions of dollars. A month ago he transferred his activities to this city. Since then we have heard of nothing but the doings of James Blake. You cannot pick up a paper without being compelled to read of what James Blake has done, what James Blake is about to do, what James Blake's opinion is on this question or on the other. Here is an article," continued General Carden, picking up a paper, "which gives an account of a conference between James Blake and the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. They say Mr. Blake is only twenty seven years old. Jessie, my dear, it is a great thing to be born fortunate! You were not wise, darling, in your selection of a father." And General Carden smiled sadly.

"I've the best and dearest and grandest father in the world!" exclaimed Jessie, placing her hand lovingly in his. "But I'm not going to let him read the papers any more this evening. Let's forget all about the old stocks and talk of those we know. Papa dear, you won't be angry if I ask you a question?"

"Certainly not, Jessie; what is it?"

She hesitated for a moment, and the color mounted to her cheeks. Jessie Carden had returned from Europe the day before, and this was her first evening in company with her father.

"Has any word been received from John Burt? I—I thought Mr. Morris would know as soon as any one."

General Carden's lips tightened. He pulled nervously at his pointed gray beard, and the military mustache bristled aggressively.

"Papa dear, you promised not to be angry. I have a right to know this."

There was a flash in the tender eyes and a warning curve in the pretty lips as she withdrew her hand from his. The crimson left her cheek, and she looked frankly into her father's face. There is in innocence the bravery of truth and the calm modesty of virtue. General Carden was disarmed. His resentment passed and left a dull pain on his conscience.

"Nothing has been heard from Mr. Burt so far as I can learn, Jessie," he said. "Possibly his grandfather may have news. I am reasonably sure Mr. Morris has none, and I doubt if the subject much concerns him. We will talk of something else, my pet."

The door opened and Mrs. Bishop entered.

"Here is your evening mail, Marshall," she said, handing her brother a number of letters. "And here is a letter for you, Jessie."

Jessie opened and read a note from Arthur Morris. It congratulated her on a safe return from abroad, and closed by asking permission to call and pay his respects on the first evening which would suit her convenience. The letter lay idly in her hand and her thoughts were far away when the general uttered an exclamation.

"A most astounding coincidence! Really, this is quite remarkable!"

"What has happened, papa?"

"You remember that I was speaking of the striking success of a Western man named James Blake? Well, here is a letter from him. This is what he writes." And General Carden read with evident pride the following letter:

JAMES BLAKE & COMPANY,  
WALL STREET,

New York, May 27.

DEAR SIR:

I am informed that you hold an equity in ten thousand shares of the stock of the L. & O. Railroad Company. I have customers who are interested in this property, and have the honor to represent them in certain negotiations now pending. It is possible your interests may be conserved by con-

fering with me on the matter. I am in my office from ten o'clock A. M. until one, and from two o'clock until half past four. I shall be pleased to meet you at your earliest convenience. To a gentleman of your experience in affairs of this nature, an injunction to secrecy is unnecessary.

Awaiting the pleasure of a conference, and trusting that it may result to our mutual advantage, I have the honor to remain,

Very truly,

JAMES BLAKE,

President, James Blake & Company.

To General Marshall Carden,

No. — Madison Avenue, New York City.

"That is odd, isn't it?" said Jessie. The general's face glowed with pleasure. "Do you own ten thousand shares of stock in a railroad, papa?"

"I own an equity in that amount of stock in an alleged railroad," he said with a grim smile. "They didn't teach you about 'equities' when you were abroad, did they, little girl? I thought not. An equity is something you think you own, and hope you will realize on, but do not expect to. It is a shadowy interest in a property; generally the possible salvage from a mortgage. Do not bother your head about it, pet. From whom is your letter, Jessie?"

"From Mr. Morris. He wishes to call some evening this week."

"Ah, um—m." The general cleared his throat and appeared to be concerned only indirectly. "Let's see; this is Tuesday; Edith is coming tomorrow. Suppose you invite Mr. Morris to take dinner with us on Thursday evening. Edith will be glad to meet him, and we will have a little party of four. Is that agreeable to you, pet?"

"If it suits you, papa," was the quiet response.

"I have nothing to say about it, Jessie, and am only making a suggestion."

"I have no engagement for Thursday evening," said Jessie carelessly. "I will write and ask him to call at that time."

"I have not told you of the change in Mr. Morris' affairs," said General Carden with some eagerness, "nor have I mentioned my good fortune in consequence of that change. Randolph Morris, after amassing many millions of dollars, has retired and transferred the bulk of his property to Arthur, who has greatly changed in the last eighteen months. The responsibilities of his new position have obliterated that fickleness which was his youthful fault. Arthur Morris is one of our future generals of finance. He is a recognized power in Wall Street and a factor in local politics;" he paused and regarded his daughter intently.

"And your good fortune is what, papa?" asked Jessie, without lifting her eyes.

"A much more important position has been awarded me, with a corresponding increase in emolument," replied General Carden, with more of dignity than of pride. Jessie well knew that no salary or position in the gift of Arthur Morris could compensate for the lost freedom of an independent fortune. Tears trembled on her lashes as she threw her arms around her father's neck and spoke words of congratulation, prompted by deep sympathy and filial love.

"We will talk no more of gloomy things," she declared with a laugh which brought the roses to her cheeks. "Listen to this, papa!" She ran her fingers over the keys of the piano. The liquid notes swelled into the intoxicating melody of a gipsy dance and quivered with the trilling of birds among the trees. Then followed the pulsating rhythm of a martial march which fired the blood of the old soldier and kindled the light in his eyes. For half an hour Jessie played. When she ceased she began a spirited recital of some of her experiences abroad. She mimicked the staid old German professors, and imitated the mincing French dancing masters, and the general laughed until the tears coursed down his cheeks.

General Carden made an appointment with James Blake, and was promptly admitted to the private office of the famous operator.

"If you have no objection, general," said James Blake, after the usual commonplace remarks which preface business transactions, "I would like to hear from you the exact status of this block of L. & O. stock."

"There is no secret about it," replied the former banker. "It is a matter of record—unfortunately of bankruptcy record. A number of years ago I became convinced that the L. & O. Railroad had a great future. In my opinion it occupied a strategic position which some day would make its stock of great value. I purchased fifteen thousand shares on speculation, depositing the usual margins. After a small rise the stock began to decline. I sold five thousand shares at a slight loss. Then the panic swept the country. Not dreaming that my bank would be involved, I decided to protect my L. & O. stock, and accordingly bought it in at fifty, paying the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash. Then the crash came and my bank went under with others. Randolph Morris was my

principal creditor. To meet his claim I sacrificed my Boston residence and all of my personal property. In the mean time L. & O. had severely declined. After several conferences, Mr. Arthur Morris consented, as a personal favor, to lend me two hundred thousand dollars on the stock. It was therefore hypothecated to him for this amount. Interest and other charges have accumulated until Mr. Morris has now a claim of two hundred and forty eight thousand dollars against the stock. It was quoted today at twenty seven. At this figure, assuming that so large a block could be liquidated, my equity amounts to less than twenty two thousand dollars. The money advanced by Mr. Morris was sufficient to meet all claims against me, dollar for dollar, and I was honorably discharged from bankruptcy." General Carden drew himself up proudly.

"At what price does Mr. Morris propose to sacrifice the stock?" asked Blake.

"At twenty six. He has a purchaser who will take it at that figure, though I have an option on it at the same price under our contract. I have no such sum of money, nor one tenth of it. The stock has been as low as twenty six and a half several times recently, but some one has taken all offerings at that quotation. I have long since abandoned hope of realizing more than a few thousand dollars from my original investment of half a million."

James Blake made a rapid calculation on a writing pad.

"I have a proposition to make you, General Carden," he said. "Your statement tallies exactly with information which has come to me. When the stock drops to twenty six—which it may do at any time—I will advance you the money to exercise your option on the condition that you deposit the stock with me and place it in a pool to be handled at my discretion. I will charge you only the usual broker's fees. If in the mean time the stock advances to a point where you wish to sell, I am to have an option on it. As you know, L. & O. has not been above thirty for two years. As an evidence of my good faith in this matter, I now offer you thirty five for your stock—eight points more than the market price. After meeting the Morris claim this will leave you a balance in excess of one hundred thousand dollars in cash. I earnestly advise you to reject this latter offer, General Carden, and to accept my first proposition to take up the stock at twenty six and pool it with me."

General Carden looked into the hand-

some face of the young man who calmly made this proposition. Of his sincerity he had no doubt, but the temptation to grasp the competence dangling before his eyes was almost irresistible. The weight of years and the blows struck by untoward fortune had weakened his spirit and all but shattered his confidence. For some moments he was silent, but in that time the old hopes awoke and the courage of youth came back to him.

"I will follow your advice, Mr. Blake," he said firmly. "My only ambition is to insure the happiness of my daughter. Perhaps I have no right to again risk money which rightfully belongs to her, but I will make one final attempt to regain a hard earned fortune. I shall not ask you to explain your remarkable offer, by the terms of which you practically tender a gift of one hundred thousand dollars. We are strangers, and I certainly have no claim on your liberality. I hope and believe that the business judgment which impels this proposition will be justified by the outcome. I accept your original offer, Mr. Blake."

Blake called a legal subordinate, and in General Carden's presence dictated the terms of the contract, duplicate copies of which were signed and witnessed. A clerk entered with a slip of paper. Blake glanced at it and passed it to General Carden.

"Here is a certified check on our bank for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said. "When L. & O. drops to twenty six cash the check, make a settlement with Mr. Morris, and deposit the stock with me. I take this precaution so that there may be no chance for delay, and a cash transaction will acquaint no one with the principals. Do not have the slightest anxiety as to the future movement of the stock. I should be glad, General Carden, to place a credit to your account with our bank—say twenty five thousand dollars."

"I appreciate the courtesy, Mr. Blake, but must decline," said General Carden with dignity but feeling. "I am already in your debt. You have reposed a confidence in me which I hope to repay. I should be pleased and honored to have you accept the humble hospitality of my home. For obvious reasons," continued the general, smiling, "it would be impolitic for us to dine or associate in public places while this financial matter is in progress, but within the seclusion of my home I should like to become better acquainted with you, Mr. Blake, and testify my appreciation of your generosity."

"I accept with pleasure," replied Blake. "I have lived so many years in hotels and clubs that such an invitation promises a genuine treat."

"If you have no conflicting engagements, dine with us on Saturday evening."

"I have none, and shall do myself that pleasure. Until then, adieu, General Carden. Again let me caution you not to disturb yourself over the movements of L. & O. Good afternoon, sir!"

James Blake shook hands with the general, and turned and entered John Burt's private office.

### XXIII.

On the Saturday afternoon following his interview with General Carden, Blake strolled into his favorite club. Handsome, dashing, and popular, deemed the possessor of millions, and invested with a prestige such as seldom comes to men of his years, he found the doors of exclusive clubs opened to him, influential members devising ways to circumvent the exactions of waiting lists. Scores of new friends and admirers were scattered through the rooms. He was chatting with Kingsley when Arthur Morris arrived and at the first opportunity led Blake to a secluded corner.

"Pardon me, old chap, I don't often talk business after hours," apologized Morris; "beastly bad form and all that sort of thing, don't you know, and you will excuse me for mentioning a little stock matter, won't you?"

"Certainly, Morris. What's up?"

Morris looked cautiously around and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Once in a while I get hold of a good thing, and I've got one now," he began. "We can help each other out now and then, don't you know! There's going to be a boom in L. & O."

"Yes? What makes you think so, Morris?"

"Can't go into explanations, old chap, but you buy a little L. & O. When it drops below twenty six it will take a jump of eight or ten points. That's straight! The road's in great shape! Good business, good crops, and—something's going to happen! You're safe to buy five or ten thousand shares, take my word for it, old chap!"

"Much obliged to you, Morris." Blake took out his memorandum book and carefully made a note of the proffered advice. "Nothing moves so fast as the stock of one of these little roads, once it gets started. I imagine you've got control of

the stock. You needn't tell me, old man—I'll do my own guessing. We Yankees are great on guessing."

Morris looked at him shrewdly, chuckled, slapped him on the back, and arm in arm they sauntered down the room.

"Don't buy until it drops below twenty six," he warned Blake as they parted.

"All right; I'll watch it. Thousand times obliged to you."

Blake ordered his coachman to drive to the Bishop residence. He lay back on the cushioned seat and laughed softly.

"Wall Street is the only place in the world where a truthful man can get a deserved reputation as a liar," he soliloquized. "Morris would save many a dollar by following his own advice. What a scoundrel he is! To think that such a hound is engaged to Jessie Carden! Well, money's a good thing, but if I were a woman I wouldn't marry Morris if he had a billion."

The carriage drew up at the Bishop residence. General Carden greeted Blake in the drawingroom. It was restful to contemplate this house, to breathe its air of domestic luxury, and to contrast it with the frigid elegance of the bachelor apartments where Jim's recent years had been spent. Blake found himself wondering if a day would come when the magic of a woman's hand would create for him a place worthy the name of home.

In an opposite corner of the room he noticed a portrait of Marshall Carden in the uniform of a general. When it was drawn, the beard and mustache had not been touched by the gray of years. Blake's eyes wandered along the walls until they rested on another portrait—that of Jessie Carden. At first he would have sworn it was the canvas he had seen in the apartments of Arthur Morris, but the one before him was mounted in a heavy gold leaf frame, while its duplicate was surrounded by an oaken border ornamented with silver filigree. He paused in the middle of a sentence, his eyes riveted on the canvas.

"A portrait of my daughter Jessie—one of Steinbach's best productions," explained General Carden with fatherly pride, mistaking Blake's amazement for polite admiration. "She returned from abroad only a few days ago. You can get a better light from this point," he continued, rising and conducting his guest to a spot where the work of the artist showed to advantage. "It was painted nearly three years ago," added General Carden. "Ah, here she comes now!"

As he spoke, Blake heard the faint rustle

of silk and the music of laughing voices. The portières parted, and Mrs. Bishop entered, with Jessie and her cousin, Edith Hancock. With old school dignity General Carden presented James Blake.

The portrait was a libel. The genius of the artist had failed to transfer to canvas the beauty of the living, breathing Jessie Carden who stood before him.

There is born in every man's brain the image of an ideal woman—the fair goddess to whom his imagination pays devotions; a vision floating beyond the reach of extended arms; the elusive phantom of the soul's desire, ever present yet ever distant; the *ignis fatuus* of fancy hovering above the swamps of realism. James Blake's ideal was dethroned the moment he looked into Jessie Carden's eyes and felt the mysterious thrill of her presence.

To her cordial greeting he stammered a reply, and felt relieved when General Carden engaged him in conversation on a topic of political interest. Mrs. Bishop pleaded a theater engagement and excused herself.

After a delightful hour spent over dinner, during which Blake was in lively humor, the young ladies left the general and his guest to the enjoyment of cigars. For the first time in his life Blake would have willingly sacrificed the soothing delights of the weed. General Carden discussed the latest gossip of the stock market, Blake responding absent-mindedly in monosyllables. He was glad when his host gave the signal and conducted him to the drawingroom, where they found Jessie and Edith awaiting them.

Edith Hancock was a charming girl, and though James Blake was enthralled by the rarer beauty of Jessie Carden he paid her companion a sincere tribute of admiration. Scores of beautiful women had come into his life, but never had he met any worthy to be compared with these fair cousins. The family resemblance was so marked that neither brush nor pen could precisely limn the peculiar charm which distinguished Jessie's beauty above that of Edith.

In fact, the accurate critic might have contended for the latter. He would have pointed out that Jessie's nose was slightly retroussé—a departure from the exact canons of beauty which could not be charged against Edith Hancock. Edith's hair was a shade lighter than the dark brown tresses of Jessie Carden, but her eyes were of the same shade. It is not possible to explain why one of two diamonds scintillates with greater brilliancy; nor can words disclose the secret of the

charm that lurks in the eyes of a supremely beautiful woman. It is not found only in the physical beauty of the eyes, but in the mirrored image of that individuality which, for lack of a better term, we call the soul.

At the general's request Jessie played several of his favorite pieces, Edith standing by her side and deftly turning the music pages for her. They then sang a duet, a German folk song. Jessie's voice was a pure contralto—tender, rich, and wonderfully expressive. Blake was passionately fond of music, and though he had had little opportunity to cultivate his decided natural talents, he was nevertheless a tolerable singer and a capable critic.

"That was grand!" he exclaimed, his handsome face aglow with admiration and with the inspiration of the music. "I have never heard 'The Wanderer's Night Song' rendered more exquisitely. Please favor me with 'Der Tannenbaum,' will you?"

"Willingly," said Jessie, as Edith smiled her assent. "But 'Der Tannenbaum' is much more effective with a tenor part. You sing, do you not, Mr. Blake? Something tells me you do."

"I'm sure Mr. Blake sings," asserted Edith. "Come, Mr. Blake, the general shall be our audience!"

"I have been charged with singing, but never by such fair accusers," laughed Blake, stepping forward. "I trust the general will not mete out a punishment to fit the crime. Sing the English translation, and I will do my best to carry a part."

Blake acquitted himself famously. Never did he forget his delight when after the first measure Jessie looked up over her shoulder and paid him the compliment of a smiling glance—a look of surprise and appreciation. His thoughts at that moment were far removed from John Burt.

General Carden applauded vigorously, and demanded an encore. The trio sang several songs, and the old soldier lay back in his armchair and let his mind drift back to the hours when the one of whom Jessie was the image lifted her sweet voice in the ballads he loved to hear. At his request they sang "Douglas, Tender and True," "Robin Adair," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie," and several old war songs.

Then Jessie proposed a rubber of whist, and in the cut she became the partner of James Blake. Jessie played well, and they defeated the general and Edith.

No matter how pretty a woman may be, she imperils her reign by displaying dull-

ness or lack of interest over a card game. Most men play cards to win—be the stakes money or the mere flush of success—and though they may smile at the woman whose blundering dashes down their hopes, they do it with ill grace. And Jessie played to win from the first lead until the last trick was gathered in.

"That was a glorious victory!" declared Jessie, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Don't look so disconsolate, papa, we beat you fairly and squarely. Let's go to the conservatory. I want to show Mr. Blake those lovely bulbs I sent you from Holland, and I know both of you men are famishing for a cigar;" and leaving Edith and the general to follow, she escorted Blake to the great glass house, with its arched roof and wilderness of palms, ferns, and flowers—the one expensive luxury which Thomas Bishop allowed himself.

"I know this is not much of a treat to give you," ventured Jessie. "I had forgotten that you have spent all of your life in California, where the loveliest flowers in the world grow wild. It must be beautiful there!"

"But I have not spent all of my life in California," Blake said, glad of the opportunity to bring up a certain topic.

They had inspected the tulips, in which Jessie took so much pride, and were seated near a fountain, beneath the drooping branches of a Brazilian palm. The general and Edith were on the opposite side of the fountain, half obscured by its spray, which seemed to blend with the smoke from the old gentleman's cigar. He was listening to Edith, but only when she laughed was her voice audible above the splash of the waters. The night was clear and warm, and the stars twinkled oddly through the glass dome. The air was fragrant with the breath of flowers. Blake's cigar was of choicest Havana. The fairest woman he had ever met was looking into his face. He wondered if he had been translated into Paradise.

"I lived in California only seven or eight years," he continued, "and I had little chance to study flowers. For nearly five years I was in the mountains, where an occasional violet was about all I saw. What little knowledge I have of flowers dates back to my boyhood days in New England."

"New England? I understood papa to say you belonged to that haughty clan known as 'The Native Sons of California.' What part of New England, Mr. Blake?"

"Massachusetts," he answered proudly.

"I was born in Boston, less than half a mile from where the tea was thrown overboard. My mother's name was Smith, so I'm a Yankee all over."

"So am I," laughed Jessie. "John Hancock once lived in the house where I was born, and Samuel Adams was there many, many times. I'm as much of a Hancock as Edith, though she won't admit it. Papa is jealous because he does not trace back to any famous Americans, and says that Hancock was not much of a banker, any way. He claims that such men as Mr. Drexel or Mr. Peabody did more business in a week than Mr. Hancock did in all his career. Don't you like Boston better than San Francisco, Mr. Blake?"

"Really, I remember very little of Boston," replied Blake. "When I was a small boy we moved to Quincy, and from there to a farm near Hingham. My most vivid memories cluster around the old farm in Rocky Woods, as the people who lived there used to call it—and may yet, for all I know."

"Did you live in Rocky Woods?" The dark eyes opened wide, and Jessie looked wonderingly into Blake's face.

"Why, yes, I lived there for several years. Do you mean to tell me that you ever heard of that desolate patch of rocks, pines, stone fences, huckleberry swamps, and cranberry marshes?"

"Certainly I have. Uncle Tom—Mr. Bishop—lived there for a generation, and spends the summers there now. I have often been there. You must know where the Bishop house stands?"

"Of course I do! Is that the Thomas Bishop who was the only wealthy farmer near Rocky Woods? I've driven past the house thousands of times. It was my boyish idea of a magnificent mansion. My folks were very poor in those days, Miss Carden, and it's not likely your uncle remembers the Blakes, though now that I recall it my father worked for Mr. Bishop two seasons during haying and harvesting. And I helped him. I was a lad of thirteen or fourteen then. You remember the big meadow at the foot of what they called Pine Ledge?"

"Yes."

"I helped rake the hay into windrows and pile it into cocks in that meadow. Once, when it threatened to rain, your uncle came out and helped us. I killed a big black snake right near the spring under the old willow tree. One day, when it did rain, I ran to the house, and the hired girl asked me into the kitchen and gave me doughnuts and a glass of milk."

"Was her name Susie?" asked Jessie with interest.

"That was her name!" exclaimed Blake. "She was a big, good natured woman, who always had her sleeves rolled up to her elbow. She had a worthless husband who lived in Weymouth, and who used to come to the farm and wheedle her out of her hard earned money. Mr. Bishop chased him away once with a pitchfork."

"That was before I went there," said Jessie. "Susie's husband died when I was twelve years old. She used to show me his picture, and cry, and tell me what a good man he was. Isn't it strange, Mr. Blake, that both of us are familiar with that out of the way country? Where was your father's farm?"

"It was the old Leonard farm then. Do you know where Peter Burt lived—Peter Burt, the old crazy man who used to pray at night from the top of the big rock?"

"Yes," said Jessie softly, with a little catch at her breath as the blood mounted to her cheeks. James Blake watched her face intently. Both were thinking of John Burt, but with what different emotions! Since the sun had set that day, a gulf had opened between John Burt and James Blake. How wide and how deep it was Blake could not tell. And Jessie Carden? Intuitively she felt that James Blake knew John Burt. In a flash it occurred to her that Blake's business with her father was a subterfuge. Was he the bearer of tidings from John Burt? Perhaps John was dead. If alive, why did he not come himself? She waited breathlessly for Blake to continue.

"If you follow the road which passes Peter Burt's to the east, and turn to the right at the first crossing, you will come to the farm house where we lived," explained Blake. "It is about three quarters of a mile northeast of Peter Burt's."

"I know exactly where it is!" Jessie's eyes glowed with excitement. "And you knew John Burt! I remember now that he often spoke of you. He always called you 'Jim,' and rarely mentioned your last name. It was always 'Here's where Jim and I did this thing,' or 'One time Jim shot three squirrels out of this tree.' You two were always together when you were boys. He told me of the first time you met, and the ridiculous fight you had on a log when you both fell in the creek. And you ran away from home. Did you ever meet John Burt in California, Mr. Blake?"

James Blake was not deceived by the

careless tone in which she asked this question. He possessed the cruel advantage of a gambler who knows his opponent's hand. With grim joy he reflected that John's injunction for secrecy was still in force. He must either mislead Jessie Carden or prove false to his friend; but for the first time the deceit was his own and not a sacrifice for another.

"Of course I knew John Burt," said Blake reflectively. "Dear old John! I owe him thirty five dollars. When I ran away from home he gave me every dollar he had, and I've not seen him since. Did you say he had gone to California? No, I never saw him there, but that's not strange when one stops to think that the Golden State is eight hundred miles long and two hundred and fifty miles wide. I am going back to Hingham as soon as I get time, and was intending to look John up. And you knew him! That, of course, was after I left for the West. Really, Miss Carden, I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. Ah, here come Mr. and Mrs. Bishop! I had no idea it was so late."

Thomas Bishop was introduced, and after a brief conversation, in which Jessie told her uncle that their guest came from Rocky Woods, Blake excused himself. He promised to call again.

"Then we will continue our recollections of Rocky Woods, Miss Carden," he said on leaving. "It seems good to meet some one who has lived in the old place. I don't know when I've spent so enjoyable an evening. Good night!"

Instructing his coachman to drive to his apartments, James Blake closed his eyes and attempted to review what had happened. He found it impossible. One emotion held mastery of him—he was in love, madly and defiantly in love, with Jessie Carden. He thought of Arthur Morris and hated him. He thought of John Burt and pitied him.

Could she be engaged to Morris? Now that he had met her, he found himself unconsciously repeating John Burt's indignant declaration: "It is a lie, an infamous lie!"

Did John Burt love her? Did she love John Burt? These were the stinging, burning questions which seared Blake's brain, but the clamor of conscience was drowned in the louder din of passion. Awakened love loosens a million eloquent tongues to plead for self, and falsifies the voice which should speak for others. The love of a man for a woman is the sublimation of his egoism, his unconscious exaltation of desire.

(To be continued.)